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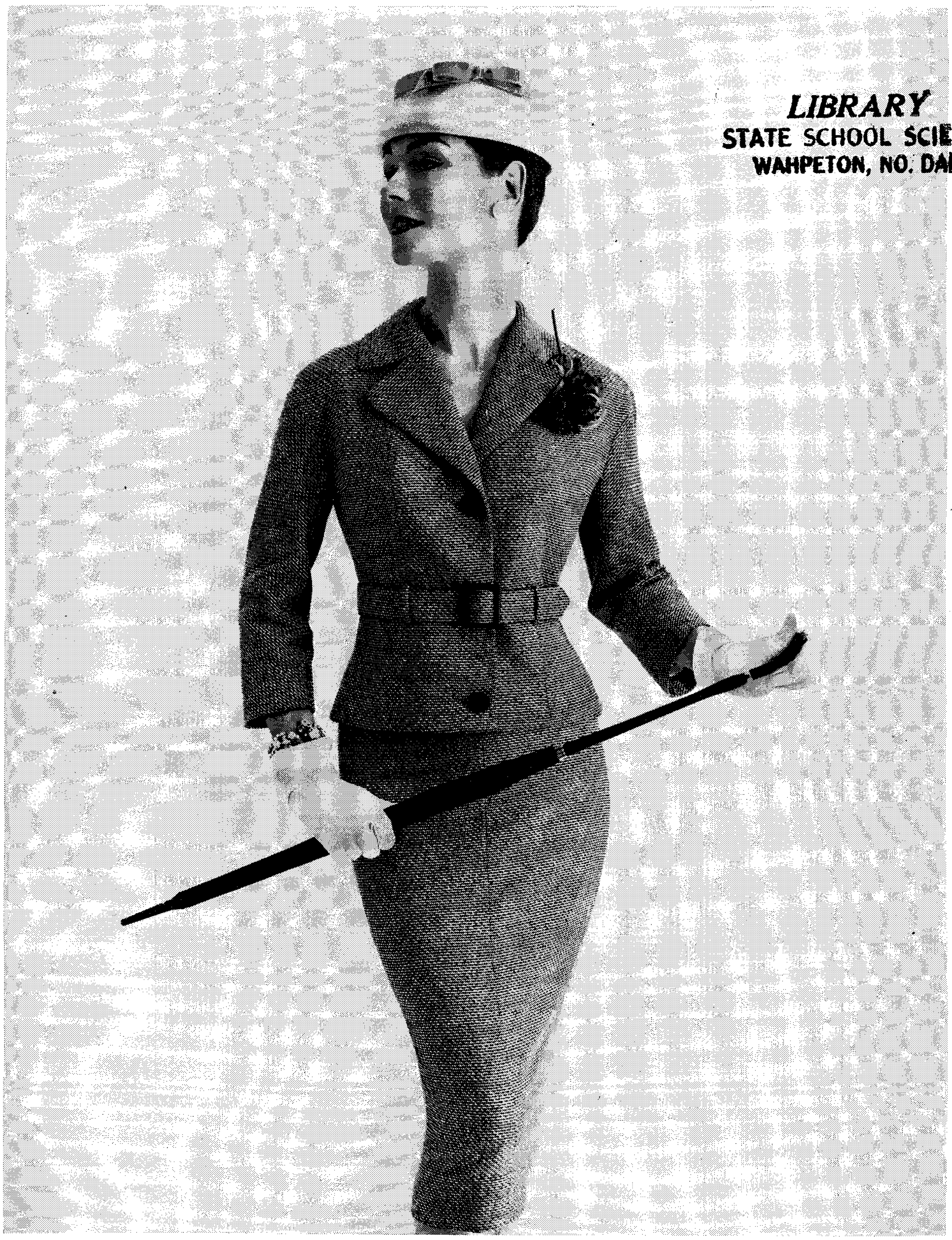

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Chalk Garden—There is real wit in Enid Bagnold's comedy about a household that might have been invented by Evelyn Waugh. Gladys Cooper is at the head of a cast that includes Siobhan McKenna, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Percy Waram. Cecil Beaton did the set and costumes. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth is glorious as a woman who vanquishes an electronic brain, but otherwise William Marchant's comedy isn't very distinguished. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have turned a Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis into a wonderfully touching play. Young Susan Strasberg achieves a triumph in her Broadway début, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are extremely persuasive in other leading roles. Garson Kanin directed, and Boris Aronson provided the telling set. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—Noel Coward's 1925 comedy about two suburban matrons still brooding over a bygone lover owes its lively moments entirely to Nancy Walker, who registers a superlatively farcical performance. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne bring all their old magic to this rather faint Lindsay-Crouse comedy concerning a couple of mind readers who outwit the whole Russian Army. The rest of the cast includes Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are both laudable in this melodrama centering on a drug addict and his upstanding wife, the play itself, by Michael V. Gazzo, is not too expertly written. Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva are also in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Margaret Sullavan at the top of her form in Carolyn Green's neat if not memorable comedy about a woman who manages to enjoy the best of several worlds. The supporting company, consisting of Robert Preston, Claude Dauphin, Robert Emhardt, and Mary Finney, is very helpful, too. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play about Joan of Arc is eloquent and moving, and Julie Harris gives one of her most compelling performances in the leading role. Joseph Anthony has directed a talented company that includes Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Joseph Wiseman, and Theodore Bikel, and Jo Mielziner's setting is a masterpiece. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this buoyant roughhouse comedy, and it is hard to think of a happier combination. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the excellent cast, which was directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Paddy Chayefsky's play about the romance between a man and a girl half his age has its funny and fairly touching moments, but both the style and the subject matter are generally rather bleak. Edward G. Robinson returns triumphantly to the stage in one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker. Joshua Logan produced and directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—A wildly funny show about a hillbilly who amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Adapted by Ira Levin from the novel by Mac Hyman, the comedy employs Andy Griffith as its hero, and he is extraordinarily capable. Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall are brilliant as a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—This adaptation, by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, has lost some of the quality of Eudora Welty's novel, but it is still a better-than-average comedy. David Wayne heads a cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—Michael Redgrave is a fine, resonant Hector in Christopher Fry's adaptation of Giraudoux's thoughtful treatment of the Trojan legend. The admirable supporting cast includes Walter Fitzgerald, Diane Cilento, Barbara Jefford, Leueen MacGrath, and Morris Carnovsky. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

Time Limit!—Conventional melodrama and political theory are rather oddly blended in this piece by Henry Denker and Ralph Berkey about a captured officer who collaborated with the Communists in the Korean War. Arthur Kennedy, Richard Kiley, Allyn McLerie, and Patricia Benoit play important roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch," has posted another cheerfully rowdy comedy, though this time the ingredients are rather more familiar. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Walter Matthau, and Martin Gabel are pretty funny as Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BUS STOP:** An animated group of characters are assembled at a wayside restaurant in this drama by William Inge. The cast now includes Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Elaine Stritch, and Albert Salmi. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.) . . . **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A drama by Tennessee Williams in which Patricia Neal (for the moment) and Burl Ives head a cast directed by Elia Kazan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. Included in the cast at present are Eli Wallach, Gene Blakely, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 24.) . . . **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Pipe Dream—Richard Rodgers' and Oscar Hammerstein's rather fumbling musical adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," which deals with life among the lovable loafers who populate the cannery rows of California. The music Mr. Rodgers has supplied for the affair is the best thing about

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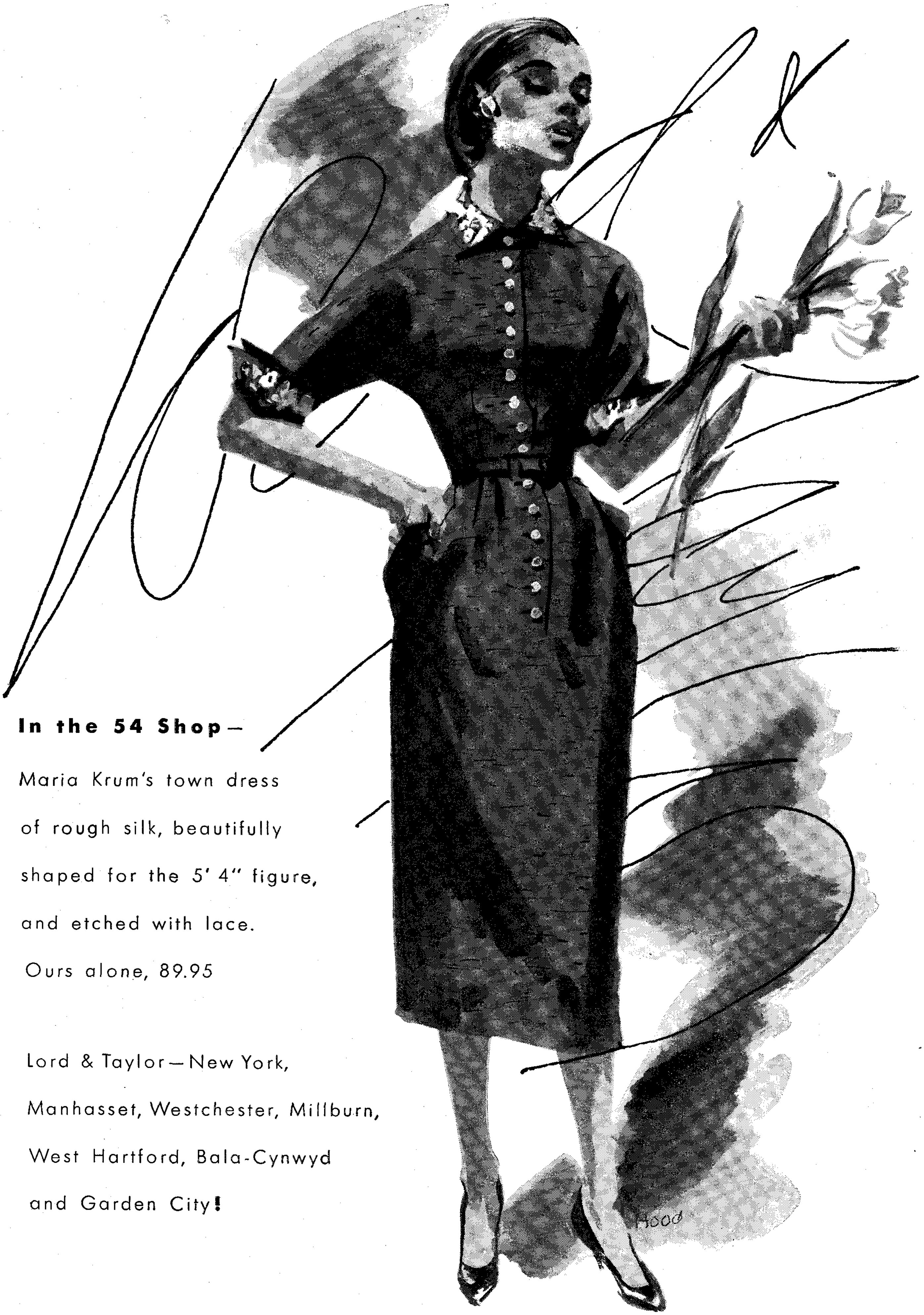

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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it, and a couple of the tunes are among his most appealing. The cast includes Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler, and they are all reasonably tolerable. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—DAMN YANKEES: A story of a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Treasurers Club of America Sunday evening, March 18.) . . . **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and others), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.). . . **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SILK STOCKINGS:** Cole Porter wrote the songs for this musical version of "Ninotchka," and Hildegarde Neff and Lawrence Brooks currently head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in a musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and score by Frederick Loewe. Staged by Moss Hart and presented by Herman Levin. Opens Thursday, March 15. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. Wonderful—A musical, with Sammy Davis, Jr., Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman did the book, and Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss the music and lyrics. Produced by Jule Styne and George Gilbert, in association with Lester Osterman, Jr., and directed by Jack Donohue. Opens Thursday, March 22. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, March 16-18: "Tosca.". . . ¶ Starting Friday, March 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A double bill made up of Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and María Martínez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. José Quintero is the director, and Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—James Daly, Ruth Ford, and Viveca Lindfors in August Strindberg's play "Miss Julie," adapted and directed by George Tabori. Miss Ford and Miss Lindfors also appear in a companion piece—Strindberg's "The Stronger." (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

President Theatre—"The Beautiful Changes," a play written and directed by Howard Liebling, with Ruth Altshul and Daniel Gordon. Previews Friday through Sunday, March 16-18. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 20. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

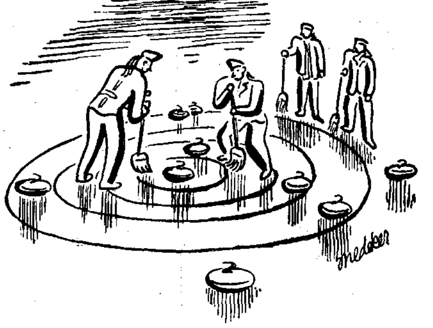
Provincetown Playhouse—Henrik Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and staged by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

Shakespearewrights—"Romeo and Juliet," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 15: "Four Temperaments," "Allegro Brillante," "Illuminations," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Interplay," "The Cage," "Prodigal Son," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Jeux d'Enfants," "The Still Point," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Four Temperaments," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 18: "Interplay," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 18: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Illuminations," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 20: "Jeux d'Enfants," "The Still Point," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 21: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Swan Lake," "The Still Point," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "Serenade," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 25.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a dance hall of considerable grandeur, offers dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra, led into action by Mr. G. himself, and a rumba band open fire. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Palm Court, where James Kirk's harp is at work during the cocktail hour, is the nineteenth hole for the Ivy League and three million commuters. Mr. Kirk reappears at the dinner hour in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Selected specimens of local and West Coast fauna, staring in rapture at people they haven't seen since brunch. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band are in the pit.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Lucille and Eddie Roberts, exerting a blend of necromancy and radar, read the customers' private papers out loud; then Gloria De Haven, a very pretty posy, hums some tunes, occasionally with the aid of her father, Carter De Haven, a spry old guy from the early days of vaudeville. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio stitch up acceptable dance music. Everyone shows up for dinner and supper, except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show, and Mondays, when all is quiet. . . . ¶ A little orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The combined orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter, pianist, fashion plate, and casual tenor, makes the evening hours in the Persian Room seem like minutes. At dinner and supper, Richard Hayman gnaws on two or three harmonicas with evident enjoyment, and Edith Adams, now a dizzy blonde, sings and clowns in a manner indicating that she's not wholly prepared to recite. Mark Monte's minuscule band brings up the rear. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Cristof Kayloff sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string ensemble plays at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea still holds its own against the cocktail. No dancing. . . . ¶ There's more LeFleur music at dinner every night in the Edwardian Room. No dancing.

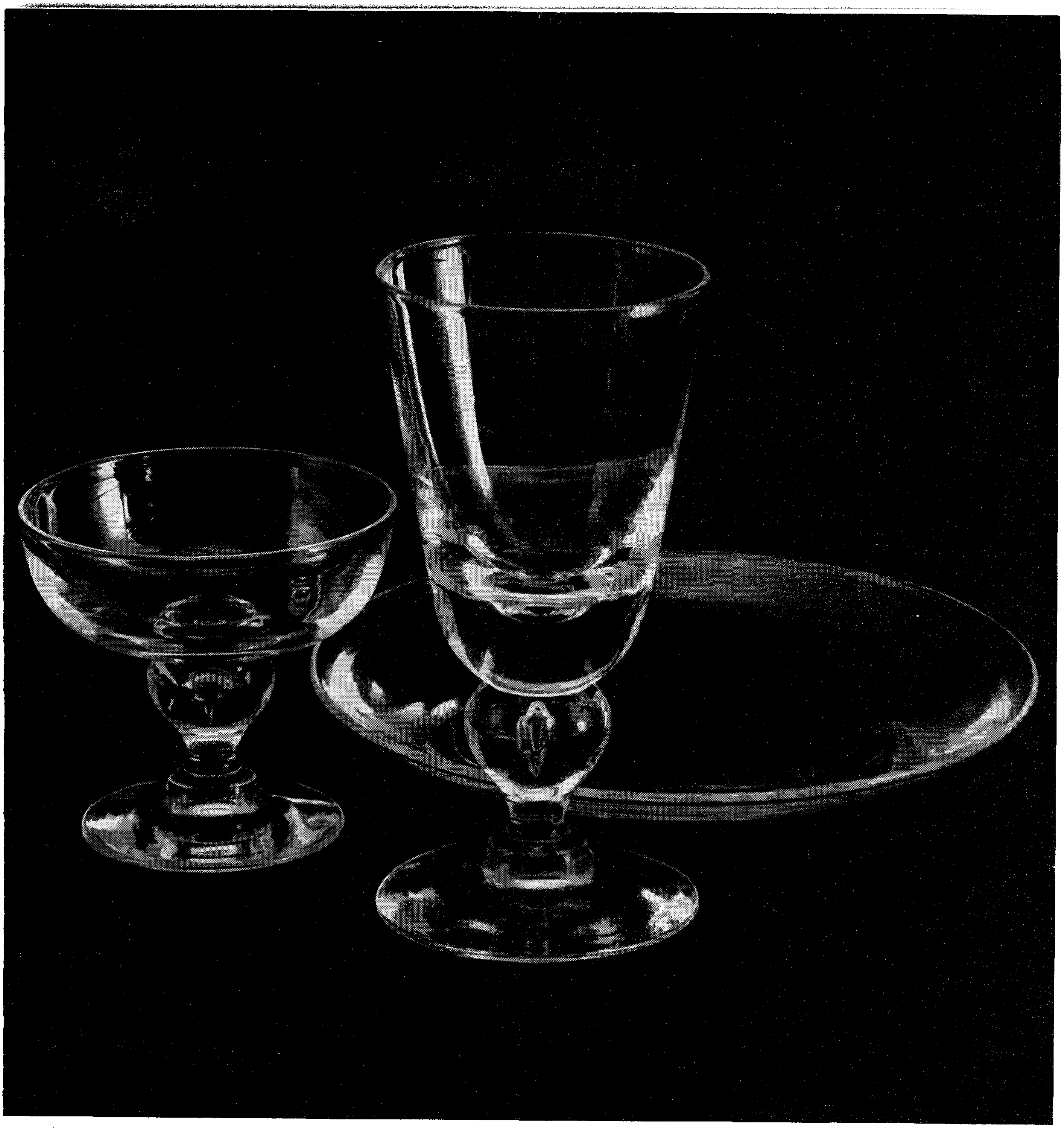
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his family tree are in the Grill for dancers who are reluctant to take any rash steps. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a town house that's always in apple-pie order, pulses all evening to the débutante-speed bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. After the theatre, Monique Van Vooren, one of the last of the lamented John Murray Anderson's spectacular showgirls, slithers through a bouquet of songs. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The solemn reaches of the Café Rouge resound to the solid orchestra of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, who have obligingly equipped their vehicle with such accessories as Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—People who love to visit the town, but



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wouldn't live here if you etc., often use this country store as their entering wedge. Two bands equipped with Chauncey Gray orchestrations play ticktacktoe in one corner.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The cream of the crop of troupers who throng the perky musical comedy here consists of Larry Daniels, a sound man on certain subjects (married life, Miami, the dress business), and Neile Adams, the choicest of several delectable young ladies. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The rites of spring are being celebrated full-throat in the Empire Room by Benny Goodman and his acolytes, among them Urbie Green, Hank Jones, Mousie Alexander, Jimmy Maxwell, Mel Davis, Budd Johnson, and Mitzie Cottle, Mr. G.'s new singer. The dancing this music induces is in the same vein. Nat Brandwynne's vast orchestra also pours forth dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari and a trio led by Joe Harnell, whose piano is above and beyond the call of dance-band duty, takes care of the eight-to-one weekday sessions, and Mischa Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday party.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can take an eagle's-nest look at New York, way down yonder, and wonder what it will be like if they ever get it finished. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A well-kept arboretum, adorned by the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has charge of the keyboard. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Cy Walter makes the fashionable anteroom here into a listening post for his renowned offbeat piano studies. He's at work during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The new version of this old *Kaffeeklatsch* is smaller, brighter, and just about as talkative. Kurt Maier is still providing a quiet dinner and supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (Goldie) Hawkins' latest cabaña is by far his most comfortable one. The music (Mr. H.'s pepper-and-salt piano and Wayne Sanders' gloriously romantic ditto) and the table-hopping contest (no prizes) begin at dinnertime every evening. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): One of those telephone-at-your-table operations, with Renato Rossini's guitar gliding through some warm and romantic Spanish trifles from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): The small fry appear to enjoy this amalgam of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Something new and neat under the midnight sun—boy and girl understudies singing their little hearts out after the theatre. Ralph Lowe, of "Damn Yankees," and De Harless, of "Silk Stockings," are chanting now; on Tuesday, March 20, Kevin Scott, of "Fanny," will assume Mr. Lowe's portfolio. Ralph Strain gets to the piano at cocktail time, except Sundays; Carl Norman reports after dinner, except Mondays. They are both mood musicians of a superior grade. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE YOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, the dean of perambulatory violinists, wanders from bar to dining room and back all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the slightly stark bar of the Hotel Earle, showing off his large collection of show tunes. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery with just the right amount of Hungarian song, violin, and zimbalon thrown in. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

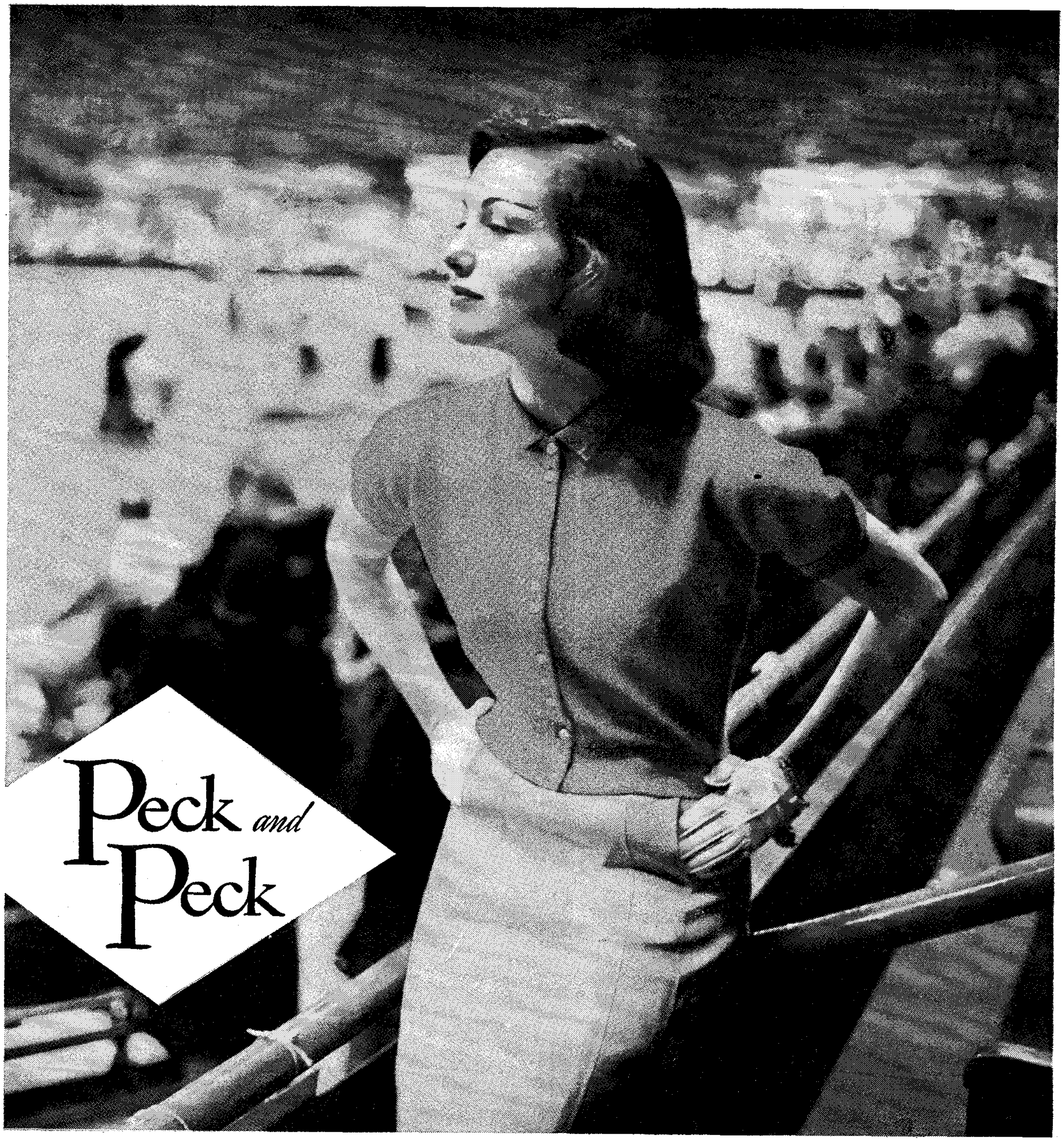
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier, a matey little West Indian beachcomber, is carrying on with three boon companions, all of whom own and operate steel drums. Also present are Jorie Remes, a wry mixture of Delphic oracle and Circe; and Joey Carter, a young man to whom some funny things happen on his way to work. All hands operate to the vibrant background of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturday nights, Alex Fogarty contributes his sociable piano at cocktail and dinner time. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The songs are served up by Mya Angelou, a rather brisk breeze from off the Pacific, and Eve Roberts, a more modest local violet; the humor is served up by Igor & H., two adroit young sculptors whose mobiles are constructed of the very best barbed wire. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A wind tunnel that starts going full blast around midnight. The major reasons: Kaye Ballard's musings, straight from the analyst's couch and untouched by human hands; the basso-profundo carolling of Sylvia Syms, who gives her songs of pathos a big lift and her songs of bathos a swift kick in the pants. There are further contributions by Phil Leeds, whose sense of humor runs slow but deep; Tiger Haines and the Three Flames, batting out raucous melody; Jimmie Daniels and his man-of-the-world ditties; Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy; and Hazel Webster, the Village's senior pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Twenty feet underground, Julius Monk, who has converted many a freshman into varsity material, is now presenting a varsity all his own (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews) in a revue that is neat as a button, bright as a pin. The orchestra is the double piano of Murray Grand and Sam Keen; the nonsense begins at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): At nine-thirty, Mel Tormé starts twisting melodic lines into those tremendous Tormé pretzels. He is aided by his own piano and drums; the harp and piano of Corky Hale, his girl guide; and a couple of sidemen. Stan Free is the solo pianist. This arrangement will be in force through Saturday, March 17, and possibly longer. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer, who gives the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a very special reading, holds this small world in the hollow of her hand whenever she sings. There's bright piano, every evening from cocktail time until the early hours, by Sam Hamilton and/or Bob Printz; Miss M. arrives after the theatre, and rests on her laurels Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Lovey Powell, Brooks Morton, and Butterfly McQueen are deployed in this pleasant, peaceful little garret. Miss Powell sings in an aware, thoughtful way that should probably be made compulsory; Mr. Morton does literate piano; Miss McQueen, the ditherer of "Gone with the Wind," dithers. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the twin pianos in the bar. Twice a night, two newcomers (Karen Anders, who sings, and Robert Keefe, who jokes) join in. Miss Anders stays home Sundays, when ancient movies show up; Mr. Keefe stays home Mondays. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, a prime example of the open-all-night manner of balladry and pianism, rises and shines with vast *élan* in a room a trifle too cavernous for even such a heart-warming operation. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is apt to go up in smoke with (or without) the least provocation. His call to arms is answered by Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. Ted Roy, who is at the keyboard during intermissions, leaves on Wednesday, March 21, and will be replaced by Ralph Sutton and Buzzy Drootin, performing in tandem. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The jazz here is now occasionally laced with clowning, some of which never would be missed. Jonah Jones, who heads a quartet, keeps his cornet well muted; Dorothy Donegan, who heads a trio, plays piano with miraculous precision and tremendous percussion. Their music begins at eight-thirty. There's cocktail and dinner piano, too. Sunday evenings, the inventive and nimble Jack Elliott and his modernist trio (no clowning) are in charge. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a collection of hardened muscle men. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A weekend fraternity house for alumni of the modern school. On Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, Matt Dennis and Don Elliott's quartet will be on duty. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his sturdy craftsmen—Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Keg Purnell, and Sonny White—offer valid evidence that the handmade music of our ancestors is still a match for the slickest mass-production sound effects of the new age. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Mondays are for



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jam sessions, and Sundays are for rest.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Paradise enow for pianists. The incumbents are Billy Taylor, leading his vanguardist trio; Eddie Heywood, leading his middle-ground trio; and Johnny Mehegan, a truly abstruse theorist. Mr. Mehegan is at the piano from six to nine-thirty, flanked by his Juilliard student body; Saturday is his free evening. The Heywoods are off Sundays; the Taylors are off Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Eddie Davis trio and the Art Farmer-Gigi Gryce quintet keep it cool. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The circular bar is affording America's first look at a new girl musician, Jutta Hipp. Miss H., a recent arrival from West Germany, is still in the process of sublimating her influences, but there's no doubt about her ability to play progressive piano. Her trio checks in at ten; Frannie Thorne, who has forsworn Yale for the more liberal arts, gets to the piano at nine. No action Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The mile-long boardwalk behind the enormous bar is a parade ground for music that is part New Orleans, part Chicago, and part bedlam. Among the instigators are Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins. The cannonade is just about continuous from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): A soapbox for minority groups that have special brands of music to get off their chests. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers depart on Thursday, March 15; Jimmy Smith's trio, which stays on, will be joined by Sal Salvador's quartet. On Friday, March 23, the Mitchell-Ruff duo will replace the Salvadors. Closed Tuesdays.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Among the hot potatoes expected to drop into the grill on Saturday, March 17, are Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, Jimmy McPartland, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Joe Marsala, Herman Chittison, Hank Duncan, Jo Jones, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend canteen eminently suitable for the little ones. The order of the evening is beer, pretzels, and pristine jazz. On Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, the pied pipers scheduled to show up include Ralph Sutton, Buck Clayton, J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Eddie Barefield, Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PIERRE BONNARD—Twenty-three pictures, ranging in date from 1896-1946, on loan from private collections and museums; through April 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

BYRON BROWNE—His twenty-sixth annual show is built around a still-life-with-newspaper theme; through March 31. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—About half of the oils and gouaches on exhibit (the earliest painted in 1910 and the latest in 1953) have been lent by private collectors, and practically all are having their initial showing in New York; through April 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings, sober and tasteful in color, though a little reticent in expression; through Saturday, March 24. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Hazily romantic, stylized oils, done in broad strokes and bands of color; through Saturday, March 24. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR DOVE—The first showing as a group of twenty oils and two pastels (1910-44), which have just been discovered by the Dove estate; through March 31. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils and ink collages produced in 1955 by this painter of the modern Paris school; through Saturday, March 17. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

JULIO GONZÁLEZ—Running simultaneously with the big show at the Museum of Modern Art, this contains a group of sculptures as well as a number of designs for works left unfinished at his death; through April 7. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Solidly constructed abstract oils, painted in a "compartmented" style of considerable originality; through March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ALLAN KAPROW—Abstract Expressionist paintings with a lively feeling for color, many of them of city subjects; through Saturday, March 17. (Bernard-Ganymede, 19 E. 76th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

FRANZ KLINE—Paintings, mainly in black on white, that show a good deal of controlled power; through March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

FUMI KOMATSU—A young Japanese painter, who is having her second exhibition here within a year; through March 31. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

EUGENIO LUCAS Y PADILLA—Paintings and drawings by a nineteenth-century Spanish artist whose work has often been confused with Goya's, though it is interesting enough in its own right; through Saturday, March 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES OSCAR—Gently evocative abstract paintings, rich in color and nicely balanced in design, in a promising first solo showing; through Saturday, March 24. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

PICASSO—Eleven paintings and two sculptures, turned out between 1932 and 1952, on view for the first time in America; through April 7. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JEANNE REYNAL—A new group of this artist's abstract compositions in mosaic, in her best exhibition to date; through Saturday, March 17. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

ANDRÉE RUELLAN—Paintings of circus subjects, Paris scenes, and still-lifes, in addition to drawings, chiefly of figures; through Saturday, March 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

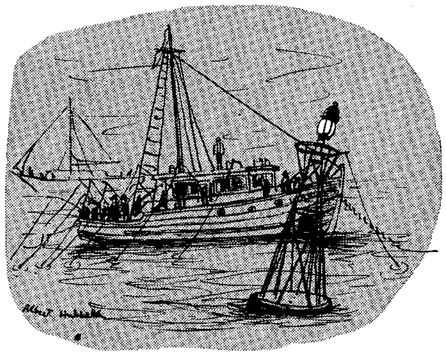
ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Abstract Expressionist oils that have a truly beautiful feeling for delicate gradations of color; through Saturday, March 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—Sculptures in welded metal (plus some drawings) signalizing some interesting new developments in both his style and subject matter; through March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

MOSES SOYER—His realist paintings, principally figure studies, include quite a few of dancers; through March 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

HEDDA STERNE—Adroitly simplified, very rhythmically organized abstractions, often suggesting modern industrial motifs; through March 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

POLYGNOTOS VAGIS—Figures, animals, and other stone sculptures by this Greek-born artist, who for many years has lived in America; through March 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)



SOL WILSON—Provincetown scenes are prominent among his 1955-56 oils, which include landscapes, interiors, and coastline views; through Saturday, March 24. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-first annual exhibition, containing two hundred and twenty-eight oils and sculptures, contributed by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 18. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—The seventh annual exhibition of American paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by candidates (all non-members) for Institute Grants in Art; the twenty-nine participants include Carlyle Brown, Dong Kingman, and David Smith. Through Sunday, March 18. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—Twenty-three sculptors who have acted as jurors for past Village Art Center shows will be represented in an invitation exhibition. Included are José de Creeft, Nathaniel Kaz, Ivan Mestrovic, and Hugo Robus. Starts Saturday, March 17, at 8 P.M. (Village Art Center, 39 Grove St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

COLLAGES—Eighty-five items make up a survey extending from the first collages by Picasso, Schwitters, and other early modern masters to examples by such younger men as Motherwell and Marca-Relli; through March 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

DRAWINGS—Works by old and modern masters, ranging from Tintoretto and Callot to Matisse and Modigliani; through March 31. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils by such living artists as Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Leon Kroll; through Saturday, March 17. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART CENTER OF THE CONGRESS FOR JEWISH CULTURE,** 25 E. 78th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by forty artists, among them Marc Chagall, Chaim Gross, and Sigmund Menkes; through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Renato Birolli, Max Beckmann, Kay Sage, and others; through Saturday, March 24.

NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.—The March exhibition comprises fifty-six paintings selected by a jury from the three hundred that were submitted. The first prize was awarded to David Goldstein. Through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BURR,** 108 W. 56th St.: Sid Gotcliffe; starting Monday, March 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)... **CRESPI,** 205 E. 58th St.: Milton Silver; starting Monday, March 19. (Weekdays, 1 to 6, and Thursday and Saturday evenings until 9.)... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Sidney Laufman; starting Monday, March 19.... **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Alfonso Ossorio; starting Monday, March 19.... **SAGITTARIUS,** 46 E. 57th St.: José Montañes; starting Monday, March 19. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6:30.)... **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Charles Le Clair; starting Monday, March 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)... **STABLE,** 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Group show; starting Monday, March 19.... **WHITE,** 42 E. 57th St.: Howard Gibbs; starting Wednesday, March 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

NOTE—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by contemporary American artists, among them Stuart Davis, Chaim Gross, Robert Gwathmey, Ben Shahn, and William Zorach, at the Downtown Community School, 235 E. 11th St., on Thursday and Friday, March 15-16, from 8 P.M. to 11 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, March 17-18, from 1 to 6, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by five major American artists who have died within re-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cent years—Lyonel Feininger, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt—taken from the Museum's collection and on loan from several sources, including the artists' estates; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish sculptor known for his pioneering work in brazed and welded metal; through April 8. (A good complement to the exhibition is the González show at Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)... ¶ A review of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec; starting Wednesday, March 21. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, illustrated books, and other examples of work done during the past four years by advance students in graphic arts at Yale University; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection VI," composed of paintings and sculptures by Cézanne, Seurat, Bonnard, and others, mostly from the Museum's permanent collection; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition covering fifty years and including oils, gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through May 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of a hundred and one oils, temperas, water colors, and drawings by Morris Graves, many of them never shown before in New York; through April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 15, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Dolores Wilson, Thelma Votipka, Giuseppe Campora, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Jean Madeira, Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Monday, March 19, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Cesare Siepi, Albert Da Costa, Charles Kullman, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Tuesday, March 20, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Eleanor Steber, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Lorenzo Alvary.... ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Risë Stevens, Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann.... ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Mildred Miller, Patrice Munsel, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, Paul Schoeffler, and Otto Edelmann.... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Herva Nelli, Jean Madeira, Gino Penno, and Ettore Bastianini.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 15, at 8:45, and Friday, March 16, at 2:30 (both with Wilhelm Backhaus, piano).... ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Saturday, March 17, at 8:45 (no soloists).... ¶ Guido Cantelli conducting on Sunday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 18, at 2:30 (with Wilhelm Backhaus, piano); Thursday, March 22, at 8:45, and Friday, March 23, at 2:30 (both with Walter Gieseking, piano); and Saturday, March 24, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8:45, and Saturday, March 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Raya Garbousova, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a concert performance of Johann Strauss's operetta "The Gypsy Baron," in an English translation by George and Phyllis Mead, with Jarmila Novotna, narrator; Brenda Lewis, soprano; Ralph Herbert, baritone; the New York Concert Choir; and others. (Town Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8:30.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Robert Scholz conducting. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program, with Myra Hess, piano. . . . ¶ Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8:15. A regular program; no soloists. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Liturgical Music by Mozart—Howard Boatwright directing the choir of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, of New Haven, and the chamber orchestra of the Yale School of Music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and other soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Thursday and Friday, 9 to 5. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Roger Wagner Chorale—Roger Wagner directing his Chorale, with thirty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Emory Glee Club—Malcolm H. Dewey directing this university group from Georgia. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler, with Fernando Corena, bass. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Friedrich Gulda—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8:40.)

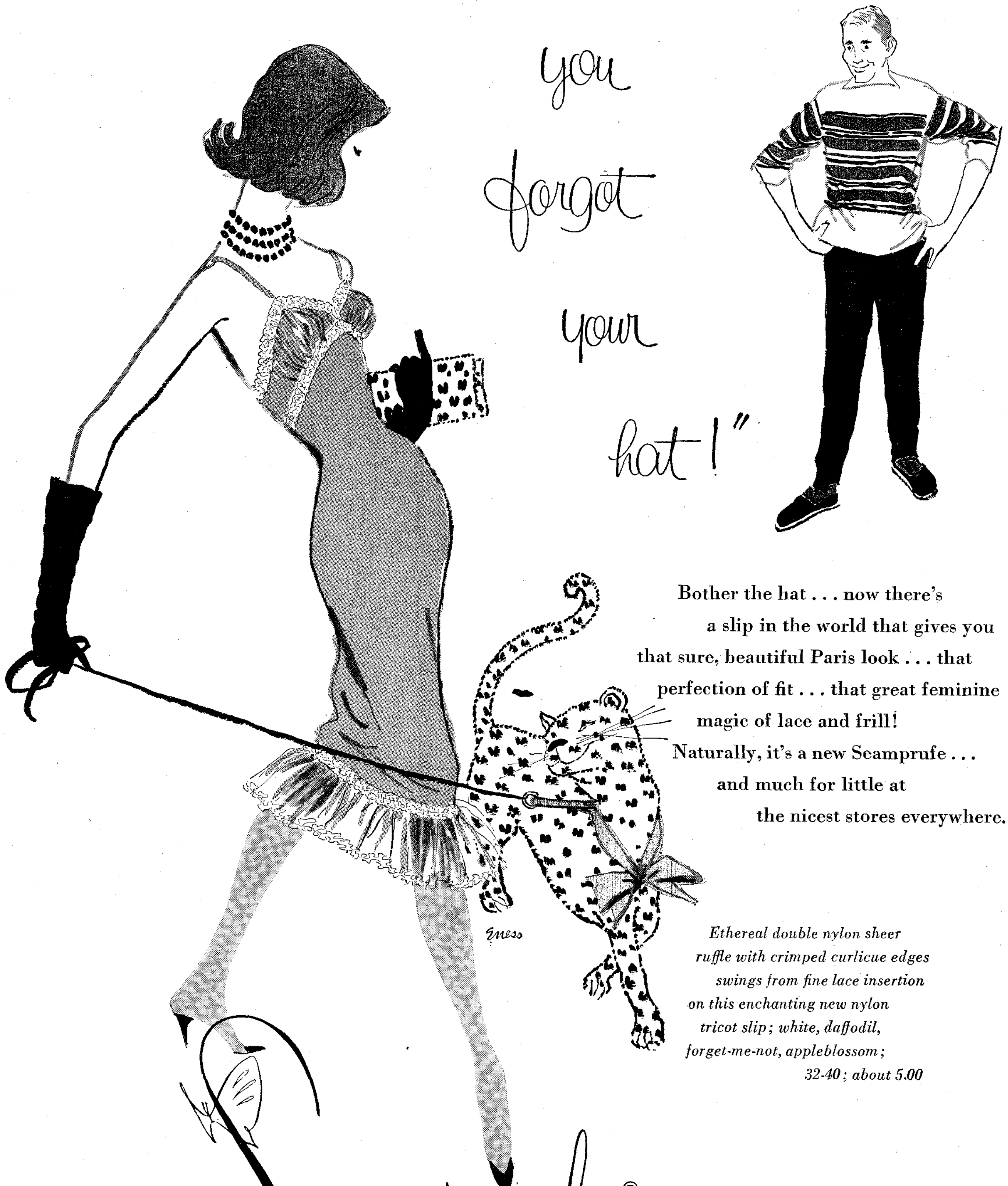
National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Richard Bales, Norman Dello Joio, and Charles T. Griffes, performed by the Kohon String Quartet; Mary McMurray, mezzo-soprano; and pianists Jane Carlson, Patricia Ienni, and Isabelle Byman. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Donald Shirley—Piano, with Richard Davis, bassist. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Arthur Ferrante and Louis Teicher—Duo piano. The second in a series of three recitals for the benefit of the Carl Friedberg Music Foundation. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 5:30. For tickets, call MO 2-0231.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-56—The seventh in a series of eight concerts (each followed by a discussion period, presided over by one or more composers) will involve Max Pollikoff, violin; Leonid Hambro and Douglas Nordli, pianos; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Otto Luening, composer and flutist; composers Philip James, Mel Powell, Lester Trimble, "You're lovely with that spotted cat, but darling you forgot your hat!"



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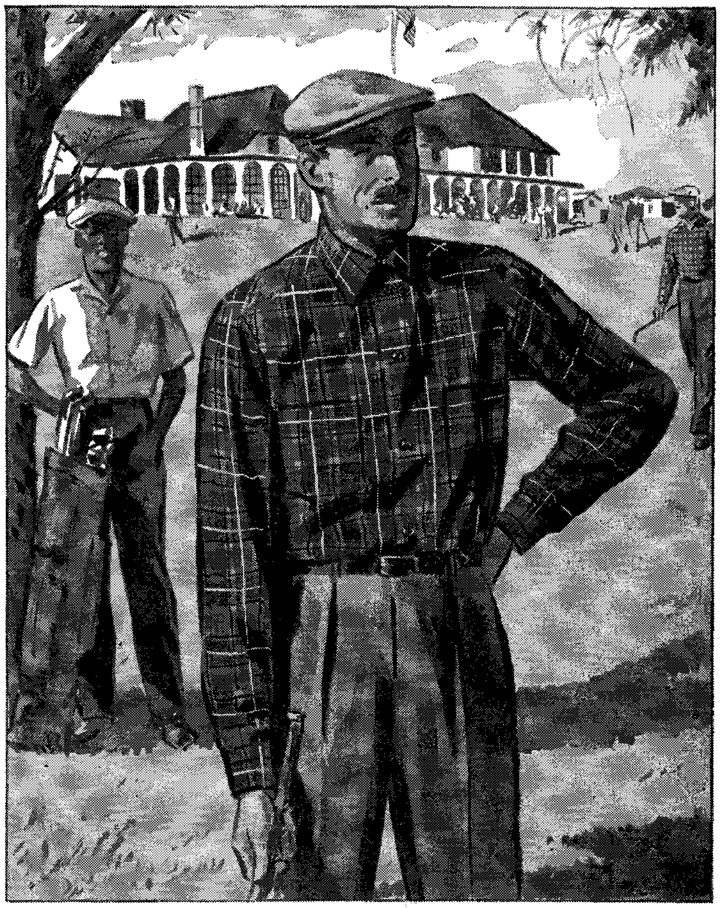

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Vladimir Ussachevsky; and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 18, at 5:30.)

Harold Kohon—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 5:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Alexander Schneider—Piano and violin, in the first of two programs of Mozart sonatas. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Monday, March 19, at 9.)

George London—Bass-baritone. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Associates—The last in a series of five concerts will be performed by the Claremont String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Galimir Quartet—With Patricia Neway, soprano. The last in a series of three programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, March 22, at 8:40.)

Irmgard Seefried—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Roland Hayes—Tenor. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 24, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars along with Woody Herman and his Fourth Herd. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 17, at midnight.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 16: Isaac Logart vs. Gasper Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 23: Charles Humez vs. Ralph Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)... ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8: Golden Gloves Inter-City and Sub-Novice finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, March 15, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. ... ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Stanley Cup Playoffs (tentative schedule): Saturday, March 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 25, at 7.

Indoor Polo—Saturday, March 17: A match in the Al Parsells Memorial Tournament and a non-tournament match.... ¶ Saturday, March 24: A semifinal match in the Al Parsells Memorial Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, April 17. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The final children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society. Thomas Scherman will conduct a program featuring Igor Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," with Chinese puppets. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 24, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Play—The Salome Gaynor Theatre presenting "Hans Clodhopper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 24, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—How time, calendars, and the seasons are related to the earth's motions in space is demonstrated in the current show, "Our Spinning World." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)...¶ "The Long Gray Line," with Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, March 23), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. ...¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Saint Patrick's Day Parade—The annual junket of Erin's sons and daughters starts at noon *on Saturday, March 17, at 44th Street and* Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 96th Street.

Drama and Poetry Readings—At the **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM**, Y.M.H.A.: A company of actors, headed by Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth, in a reading of Sean O'Casey's "I Knock at the Door." (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 18, at 3 and 8:40.)... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum: Robert Frost reading from his own works. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

International Flower Show—The ultimate in horticultural achievement. In addition to formal and informal gardens, bursting with dogwood, tulips, roses, carnations, and the like, you'll find tools, gadgets, and outdoor furniture for both the city and the country gardener. (Wanamaker Building, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, from 10 to 10.)

The Empire State—An exhibition of made-in-New York products, pointing up the state's economic, commercial, and industrial history. Included are an antediluvian Kodak, ageless but far from noiseless Remington typewriters, detached collars, a 1932 jukebox, and Lord knows what else. Through April 29. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture; terra-cotta sculptures; old French pewter and silver; table china and glass; nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; and a group of textiles, tapestries, and carpets. The property of Comte Horace de Palanquin and others.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24, at 1:45: Part I of the sale of items from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—American, English, and French furniture and decorations; astronomical instruments; chess sets; silver and porcelains; Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, architectural elements, and stained glass; and Near Eastern and Chinese art. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 17.... **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 5.)—Monday, March 19, at 8: A benefit (five dollars) auction of paintings (including a work apiece by Homer, Ryder, and Sargent), small sculptures, and decorative objects.

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Madonna, reflecting the beautiful serenity
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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

DIABOLIQUE—In this French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, there are plenty of fine, suspenseful moments as the wife and mistress of a cad join forces to effect his elimination, but maybe the ending isn't quite as plausible as it might be. The acting is superb, the cast being headed by Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse, who play, respectively, wife, mistress, and cad. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

THE DIVIDED HEART—A poignant English film, based on fact, involving a small Yugoslavian boy, the German couple who have raised him from babyhood, and his mother, who turns up and wants to reclaim him. Michel Ray is excellent as the boy, and so are Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen as his foster parents. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 18-20. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting March 20.)

I'LL CRY TOMORROW—Susan Hayward emoting all over the place, sometimes effectively, in a reworking of Lillian Roth's autobiography, which is mostly concerned with the perils of drink. Besides her dramatic doings, Miss Hayward does well in the singing line, rendering such songs as "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along," "Sing You Sinners," and "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe." (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 21.)

LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL—A hugely comical adaptation of three stories by Alphonse Daudet. The film, made in France, was written, directed, and produced by Marcel Pagnol, and is at its best when it is depicting some priestly dilemmas, such as how to stave off hunger while celebrating Mass and how to maintain dignity in a monastery recently launched as an elixir manufactory. The cast is headed by Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely, and they are all exemplary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

OKLAHOMA!—A somewhat overblown wide-screen treatment of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

RICHARD III—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean chronicle about the tail end of the Wars of the Roses. As the last of the Plantagenets, he is a bewildering character, and the movie itself tends to dawdle. However, the cast, which also includes Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown, and Norman Wooland, is apt in its readings of Shakespeare's lines. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 20.)

CALL ME MADAM (1953)—A movie based on the Lindsay-Crouse musical about an American ambassadress abroad. With Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, and Billy De Wolfe. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 15.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 21.)

FANFAN THE TULIP (1953)—Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida in a French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 20, tentative.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE FROGMEN (1951)—Underwater activities by a U. S. Navy demolition team, led by Richard Widmark. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; March 18-20. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; March 19-20.)

JULIUS CAESAR (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 16-17.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 16-17.)

THE PURPLE PLAIN (1955)—Gregory Peck cast as a flier brooding about his widowed state and Win Min Than as a Burmese girl (which indeed she is). A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 21.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 15.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1954)—An English adaptation of the Bard, made in Italy. With Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 20.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 20.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 21.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through March 18, showings at 3: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Starting March 19, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926), with Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
RICHARD III.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
March 15: "Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas.
From March 16: "Slightly Scarlet," John Payne, Arlene Dahl.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Sins of the Borgias," Martine Carol, Pedro Armendariz.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"All That Heaven Allows," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Picnic," William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 20: "The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.
From March 21: "Anything Goes," Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanmaire.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Last Hunt," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Dark River" (in Spanish), Adriana Benetti, Hugo Del Carril.

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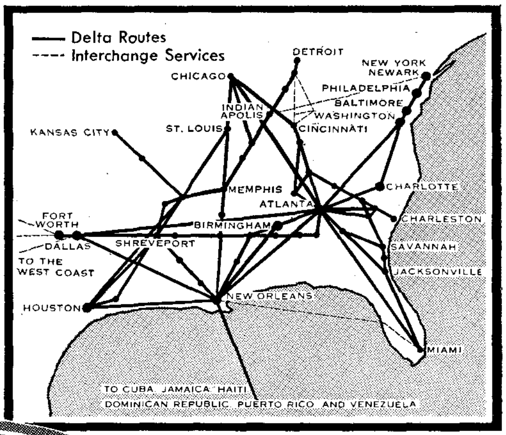
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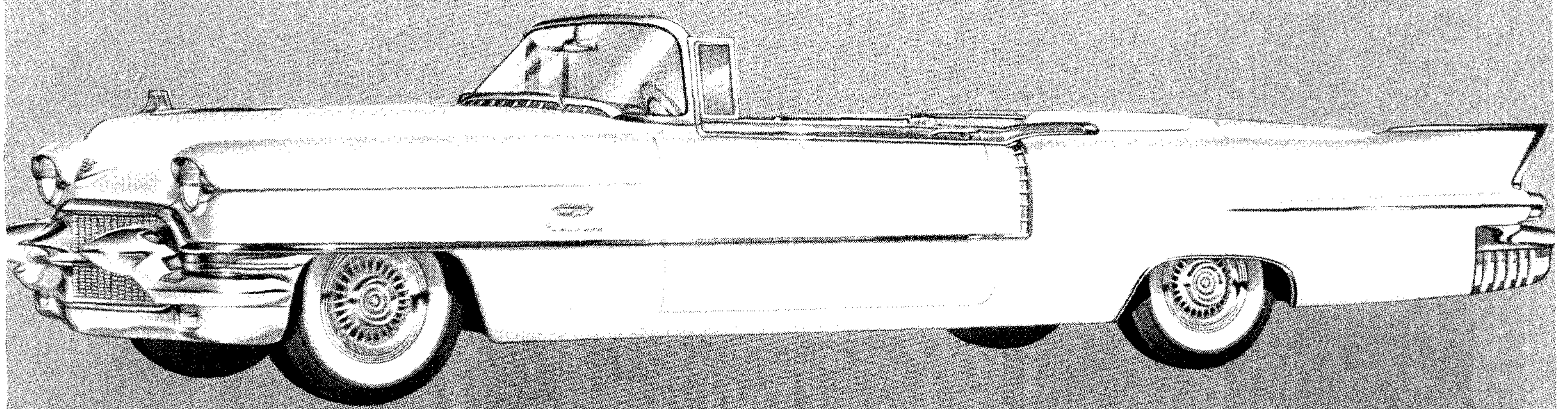

Eldorado

BY CADILLAC

Illustrated on this page are the most exciting Cadillac cars ever to find their way from drawing board to production line. They are Cadillac's Eldorado models—the Eldorado Biarritz, pictured above, and the Eldorado Seville, pictured below. Both are markedly advanced in every phase of design and engineering . . . featuring a special 305-h.p. engine . . . hand-crafted interiors . . . and special color and trim throughout. In beauty, in luxury and in performance they are the finest existing expressions of the Cadillac ideal.

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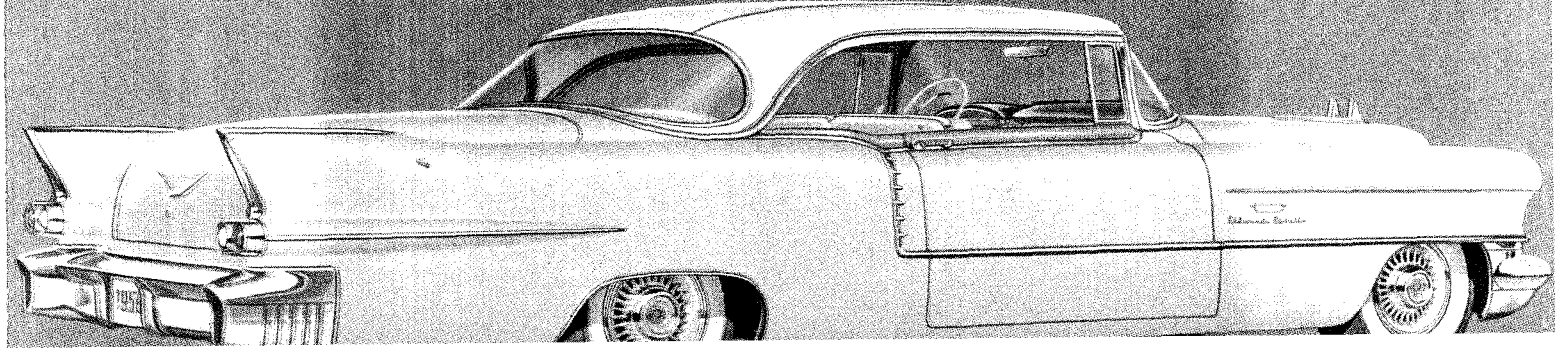

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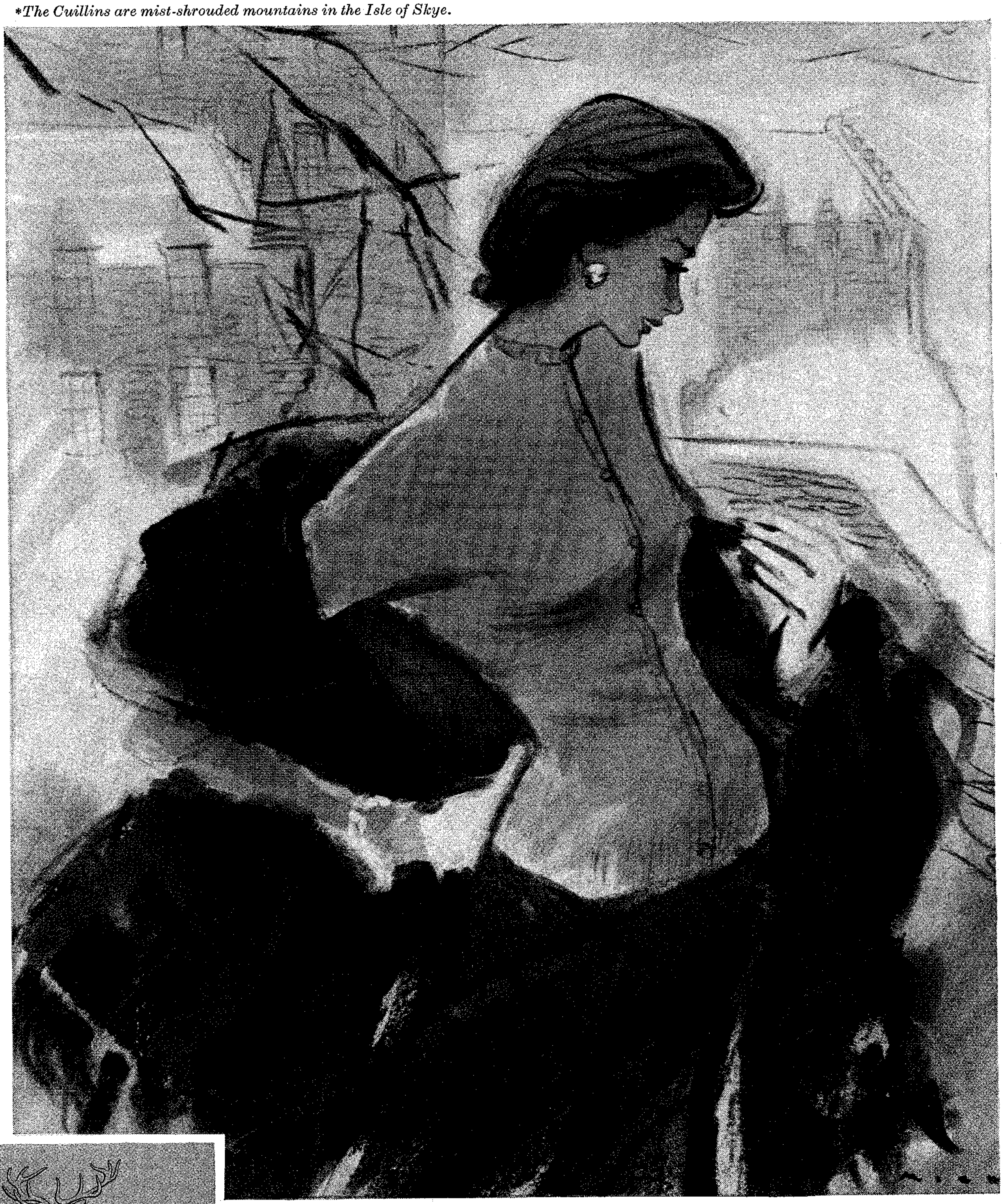
**The Cuillins are mist-shrouded mountains in the Isle of Skye.*



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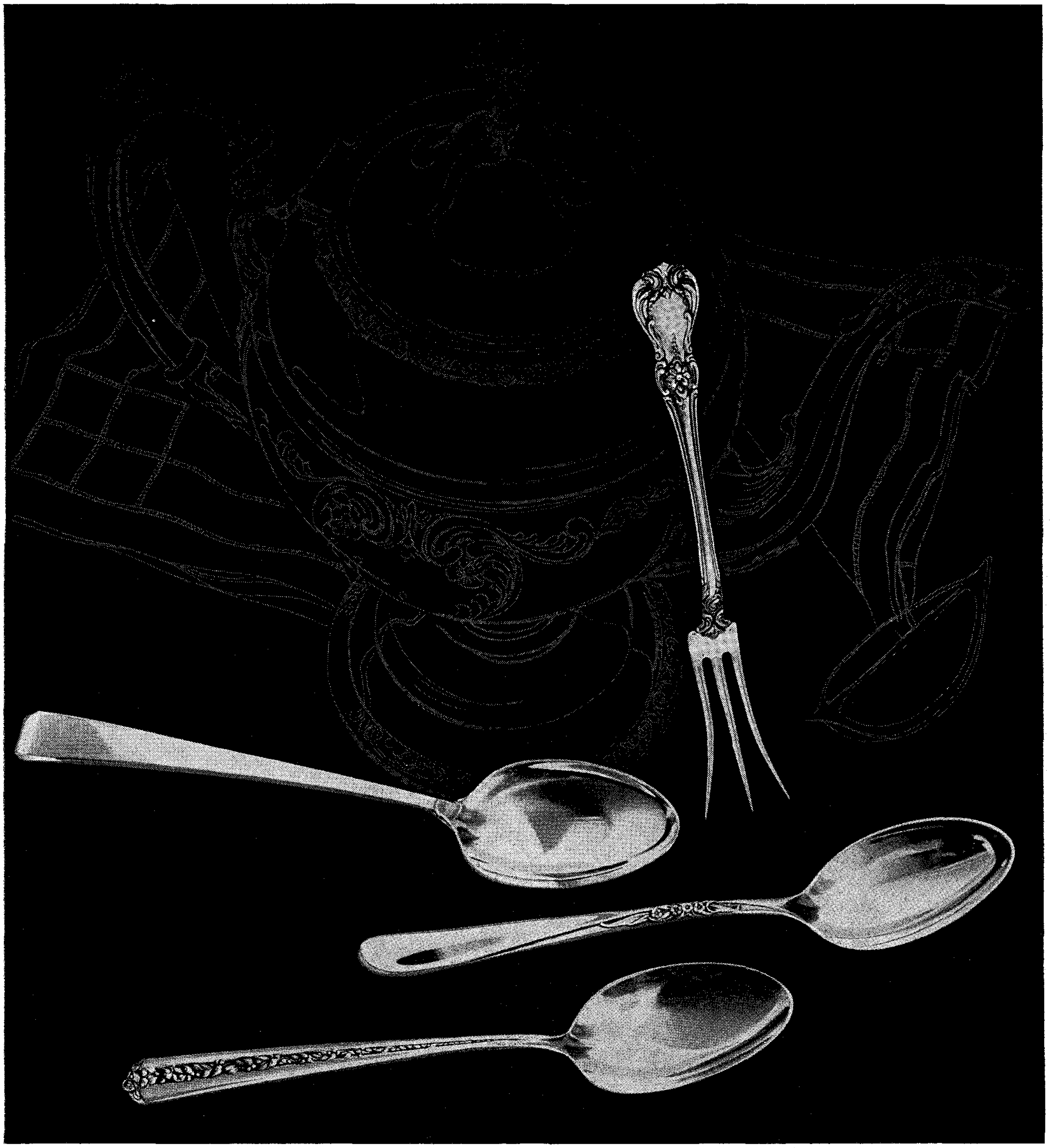

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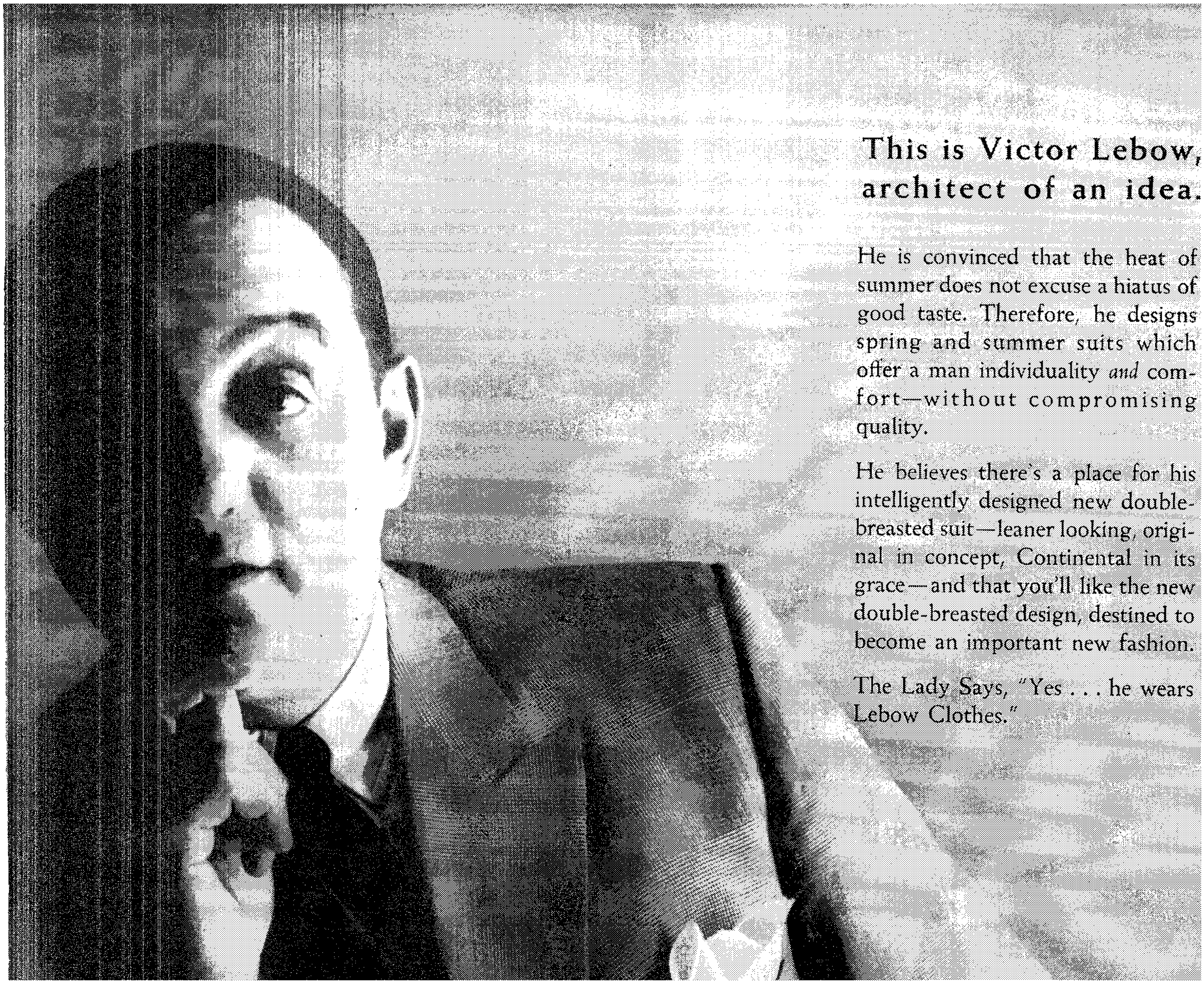

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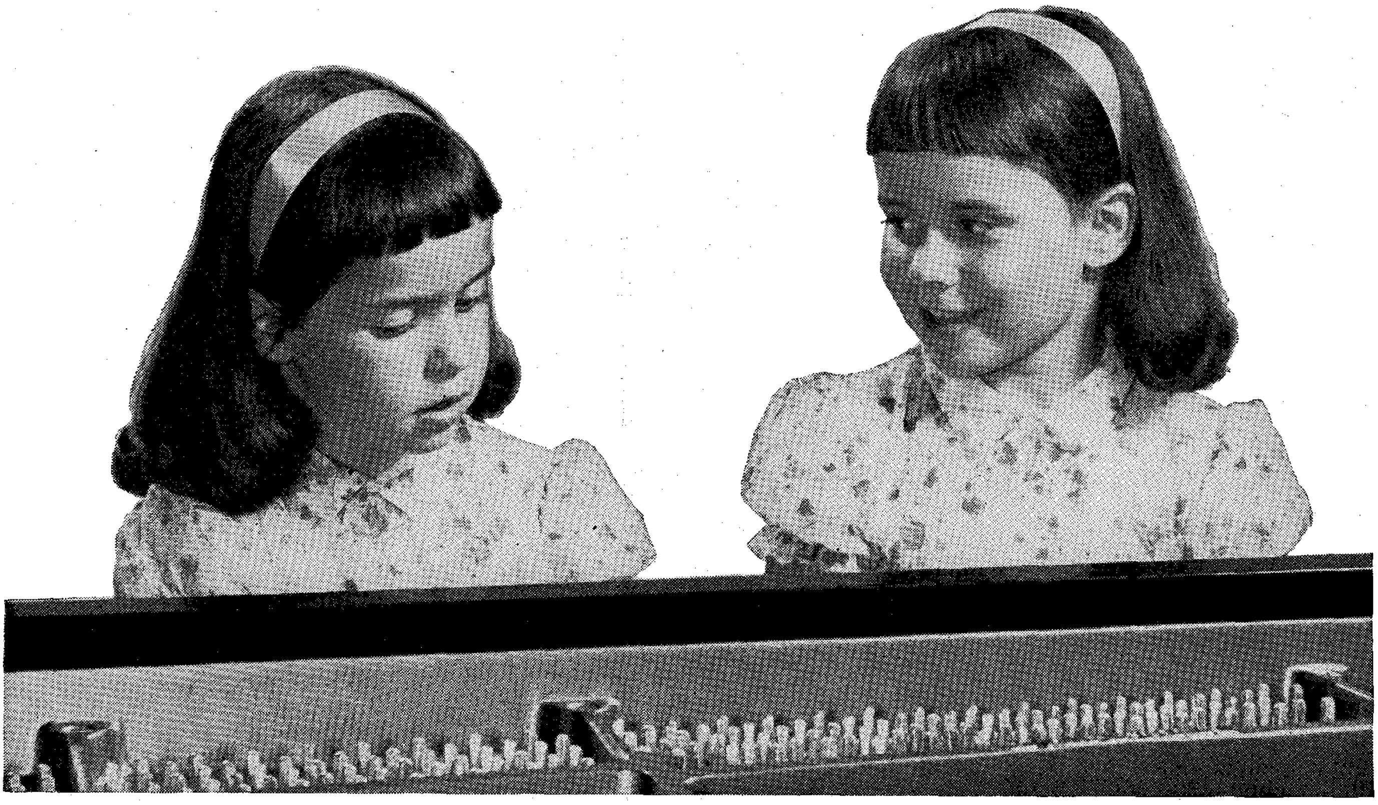

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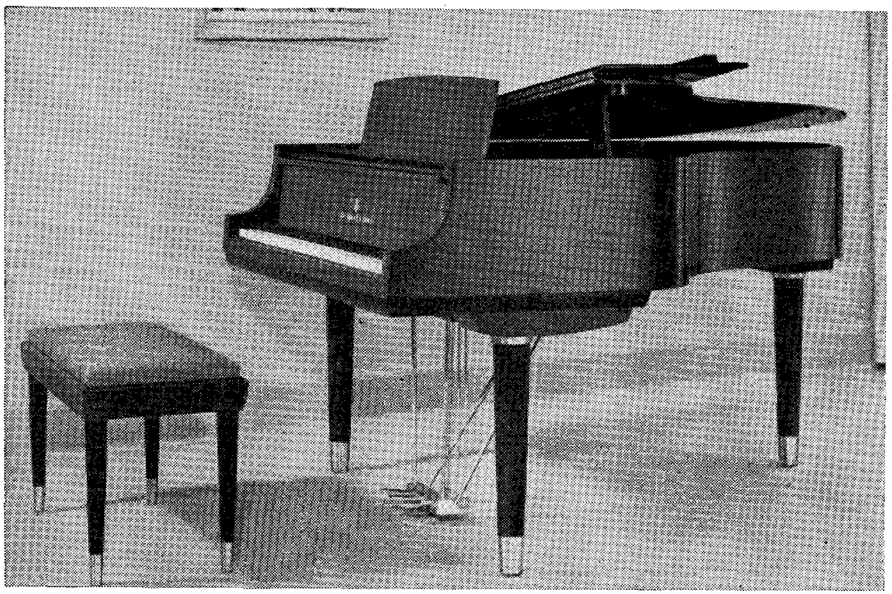

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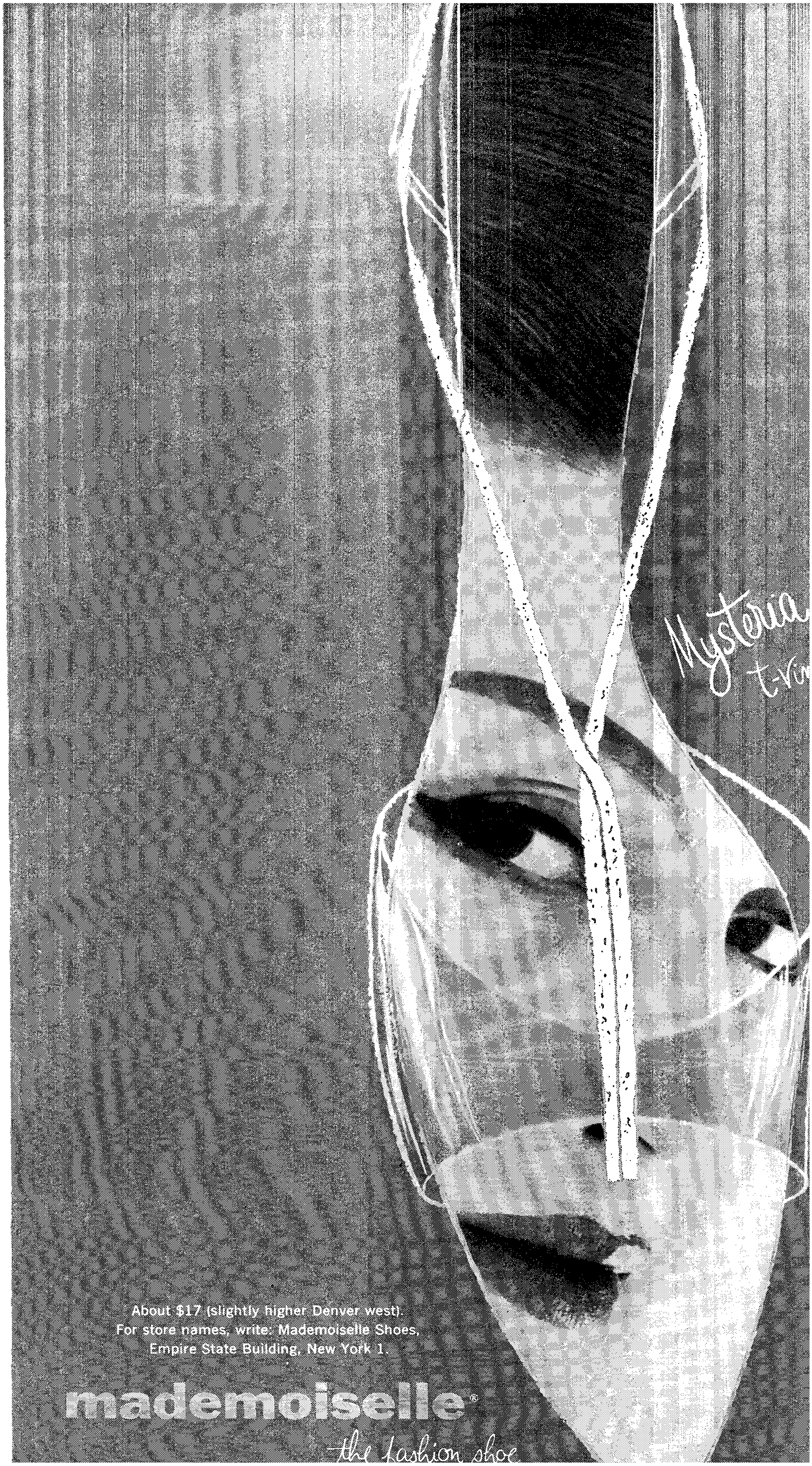
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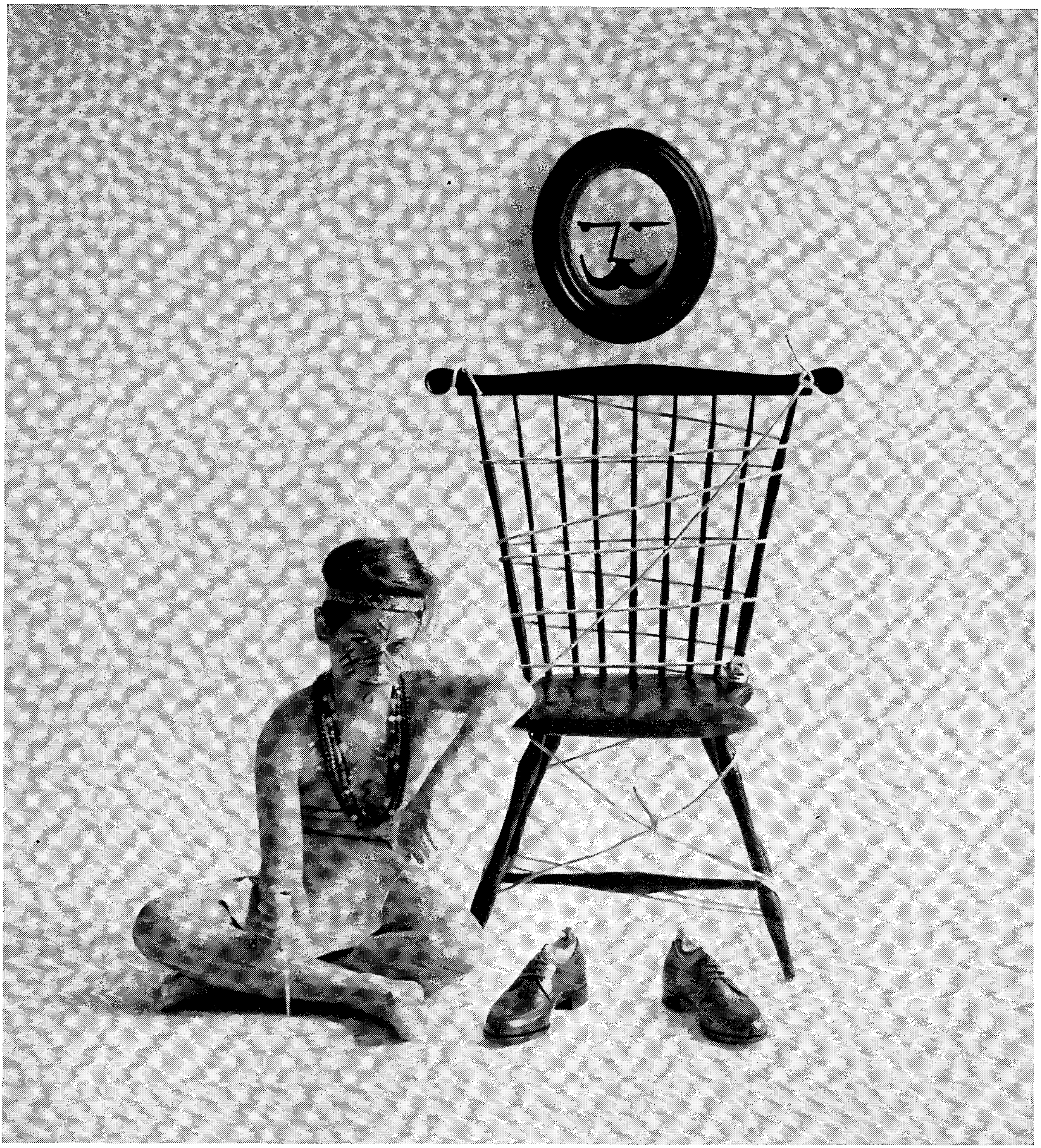

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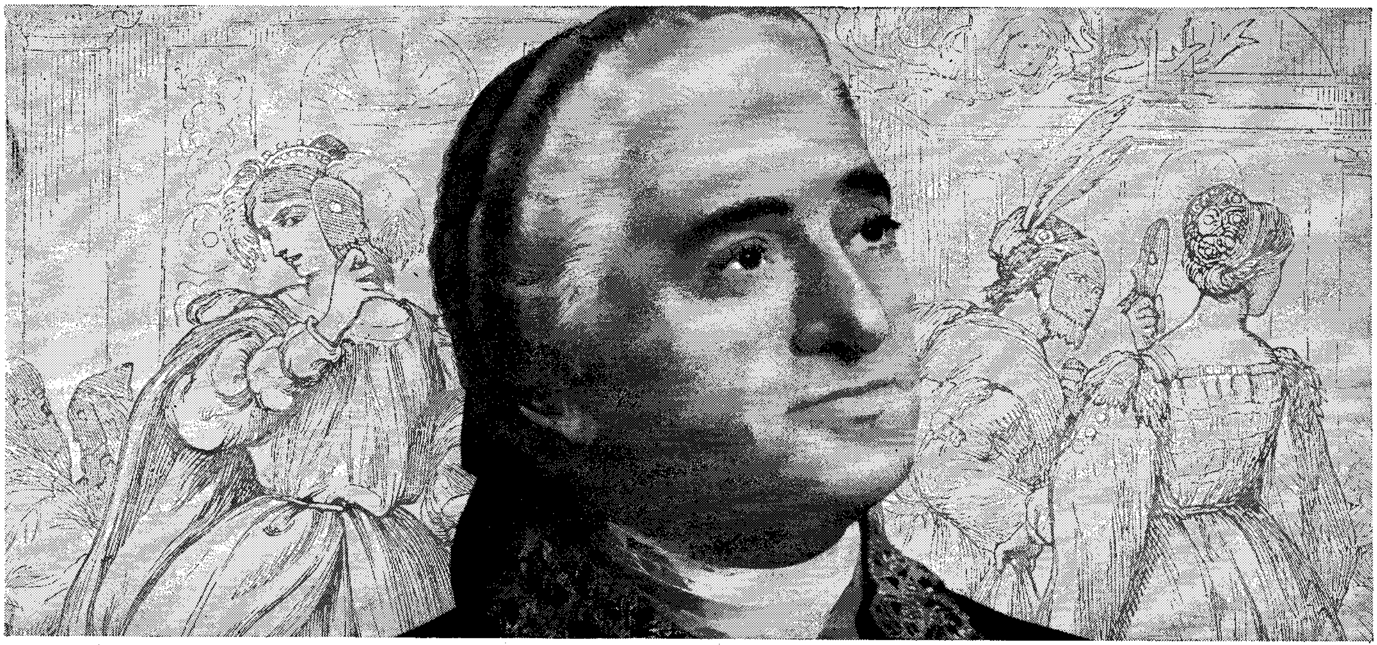

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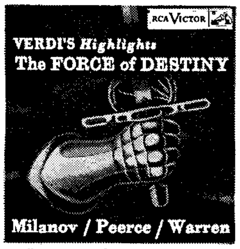
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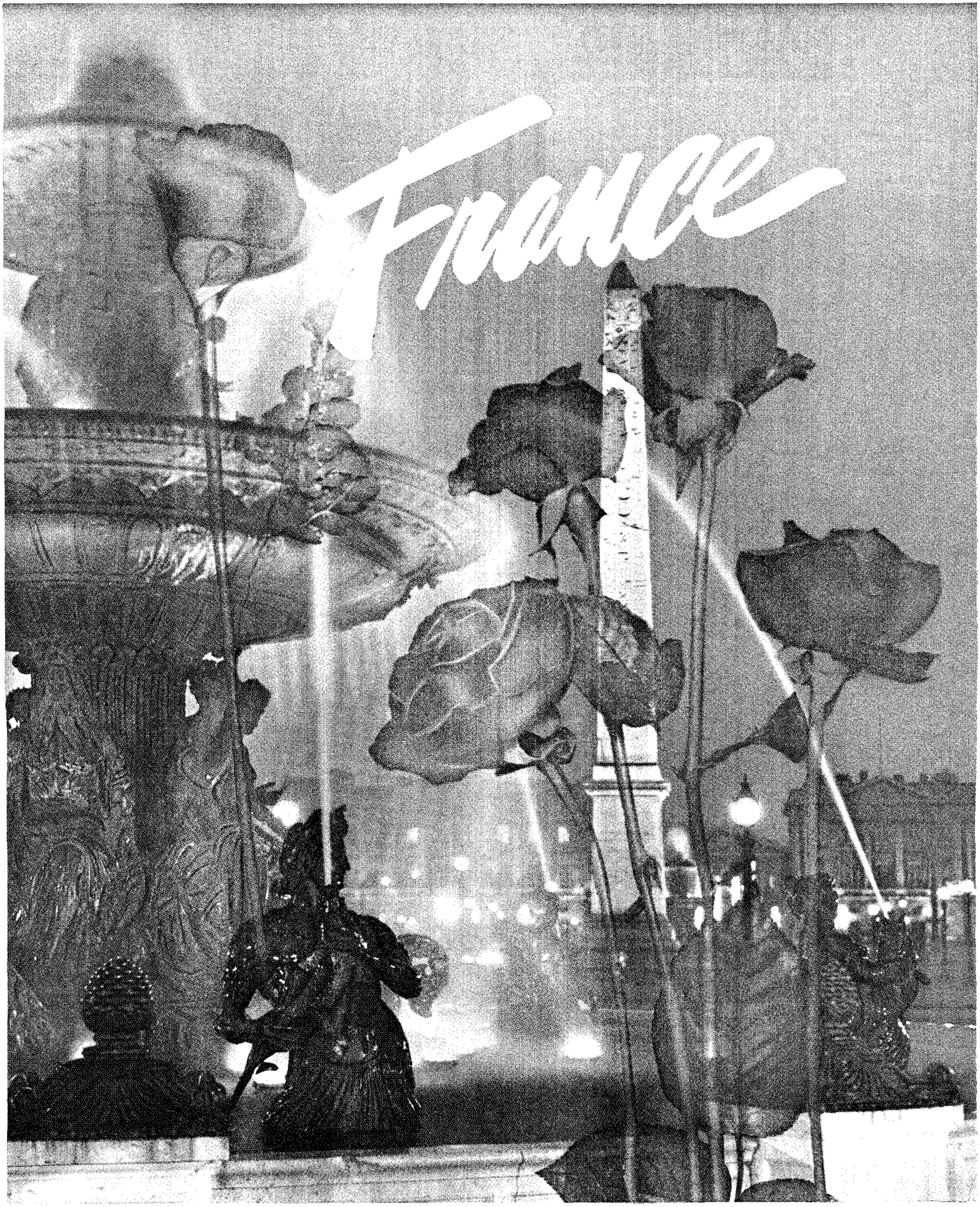

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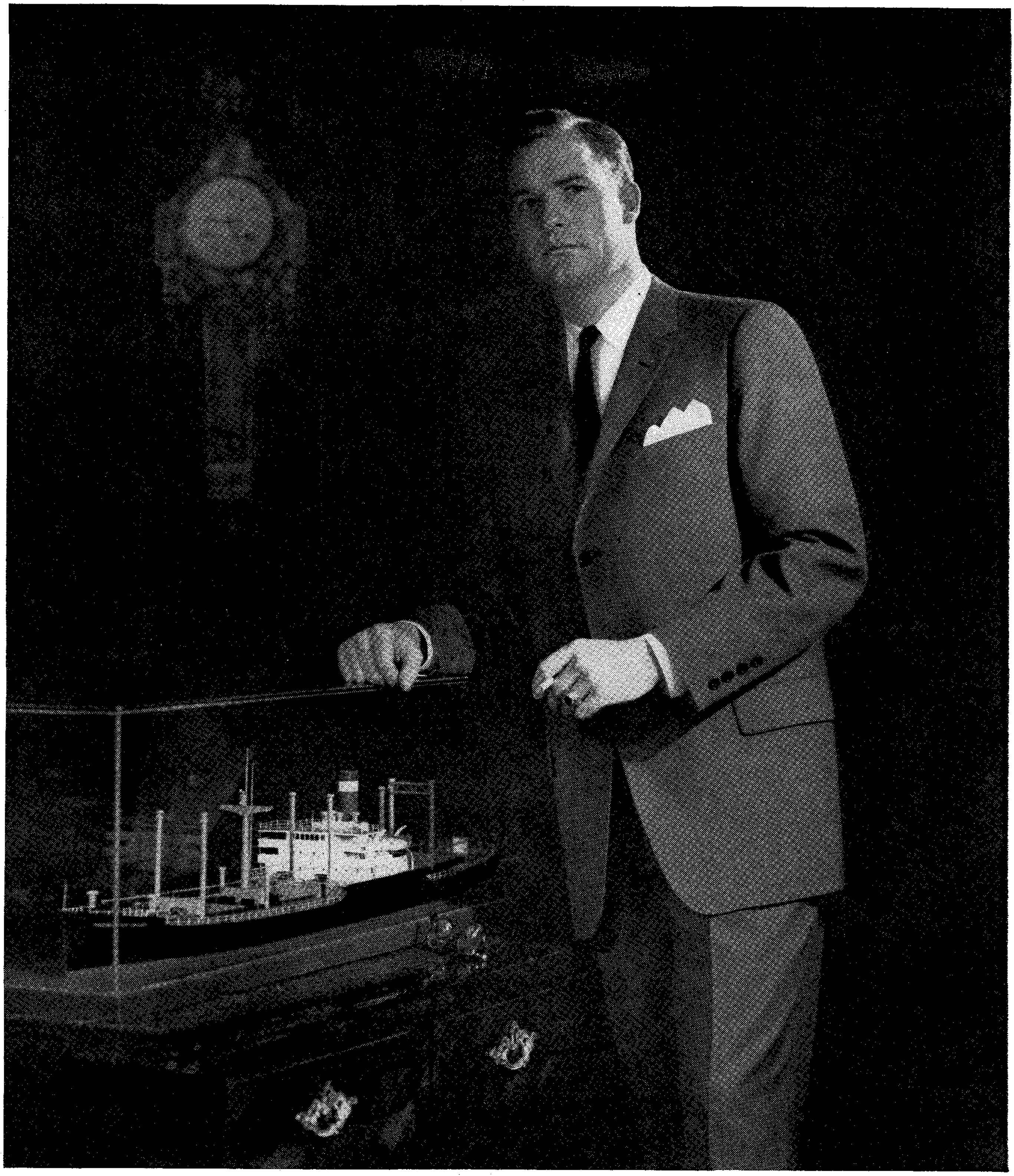

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Governor has signed a bill making it easier for parents in New York to give their children securities, and the act drew hurrahs from the president of the Stock Exchange, who declared, "There is no better way, in my opinion, to provide our children with an intimate knowledge of the way our business system works than by giving them an actual ownership interest in one of our leading corporations." Maybe so, maybe not. Children can quickly get bored with reading market quotations (no pictures), and, besides, their interest in our business system is quixotic. At times, they consider it nothing more than an intolerably cumbersome method of gratifying their desires. Let one of them send in a cereal-box top for a space ring, and a two-week delay in delivery may strike him as a personal affront and evidence enough of gross managerial incompetence to warrant his switching his allegiance from General Foods (now selling at around ninety-two) to Kellogg (unlisted). And might it not be dismaying for impressionable children to find out in their studies of industry that, as we've learned from a recent biography of W. K. Kellogg, the growth of his healthful, profit-packed corporation was impeded, and at one point nearly throttled, by a bitter legal squabble over business matters with none other than his own brother?

STOCKS
BONDS

A FEW weeks ago, we remarked here on the interior confusion of one of the big airlines; now an entirely different airline comes up with some confusion—good old Trans World Airlines, Inc. A Mr. Meyer M. Cahn, of 2050 Thirty-third Avenue, San Francisco 16, California, had the bad fortune to set out for Cleveland just a few weeks ago on a plane that ran into weather trouble, so that the trip took him twenty-four hours, instead of eleven. After he got back home, he was soothed to a considerable degree by a nice, crisp, frank letter from Mr. John A. Collings, executive vice-president of T.W.A., apologizing for the whole thing, thanking him for having selected T.W.A., and looking forward to extending the airline's services soon again, under more pleasant circumstances. Mr. Cahn felt all warm inside after reading the letter and glanced back over it fondly. Only then did he notice how the global corporation had addressed the letter, which was:

> Mr. Meyer M. Cahn
> 2050 33rd Avenue
> San Francisco 16, Missouri

New City

ONE of the best-known architects in the country is a middle-aged, barrel-chested man named Victor Gruen. Distinguished by heavy brows, unruly dark hair, and a no less unruly Viennese accent, Mr. Gruen is a sort of intracontinental guided missile, maintaining offices in five cities—New York, Beverly Hills, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Detroit. In the last city is Northland, the world's largest integrated shopping center and Mr. Gruen's most conspicuous work; it covers a total of 163 acres, contains 80 shops and department stores, has parking space for 12,000 cars, and has 80 acres of trees and gardens. When Mr. Gruen was in town recently, to oversee the opening of a new shop on Fifth Avenue, we had an opportunity to discuss with him a subject dear to his heart and ours—the radical remodelling of our beloved but exasperating city. Mr. Gruen's office and living quarters occupy three floors of a handsome building down on West Twelfth Street, designed some fifty years ago by Stanford White. We had our talk in a pleasantly cluttered study, and when we commented on the absence of push buttons and other contemporary gear, Mr. Gruen gave a ferocious growl. "Desks that slide in and out of walls!" he said. "What nonsense! I believe in throwing out old irrelevancies, not in adding new ones."

When we brought up the question of city planning, Mr. Gruen grumbled that "planning" has become a dirty word in this country. "Almost as bad as if Lenin had invented it," he said. "The fact is no city was ever planned enough. Planned and replanned. Here in New York, we're like a big family that's all dressed up with no place to go. Wherever we turn, it's jostle and bustle and frayed nerves and bad tempers. In Detroit, six or seven thousand people make their way to Northland on Sunday afternoons. The stores are closed, so what are they doing there? Looking for open space. They window-shop and stroll through the gardens and sit on benches and soak up the sun and enjoy the fountains and sculpture. What Northland teaches us is this—that it's the merchants who will save our urban civilization. 'Planning' isn't a dirty word to them; good planning means good business. Besides, any improvements they make are tax-deductible. Sometimes self-interest has remarkable spiritual consequences. As art patrons, merchants can be to our time what the Church and the nobility were to the Middle Ages."

Proceeding from the general to the particular, we asked Mr. G. what he would do to make New York over. "First off, get rid of the warehouses," he said. "Second, get rid of light manufacturing. How ridiculous for this show window of the world to have block after block given over to factories! I assure you the change could be very simply arranged. All that is needed is new zoning laws, banning warehouses and factories after, say, 1970. Within a couple of weeks, some live wire would have bought up hundreds of acres of Jersey marsh and be offering special terms to early settlers, and the stampede would begin. Those of us who were left could then start agitating in favor of putting all surface traffic in midtown underground. Tunnels for trucks, buses, and taxis. Taxi-drivers are among the leading promoters of urban hysteria; the sooner we help them to be less hysterical the better." Mr. G. lowered his brows and glared at us. "You are troubled by all those tunnels, are you not?" he inquired. "You wonder whether there is room for them in the present underground jungle of pipes and wires. Did you never think how absurd it is to bury beneath tons of solid pavement equipment that is bound to go on the blink from time to time?" He leaped from his chair and thrust an imaginary pneumatic drill against his polished study floor. "Rat-a-tat-tat!" he exclaimed. "Night and day! Tear up the streets! Then pave them! Then tear 'em up again!" Flinging aside the imaginary drill, he threw himself back in his chair. "In my New York of the future, all pipes and wires will be strung along the upper sides of those tunnels, above a catwalk, accessible to engineers and painted brilliant colors to delight rather than appall the eye."

As for aboveground Manhattan, Mr. G. envisions bands of superhighways girdling the perimeter of the island, and, just behind them, extending to Third Avenue on the east and to Eighth Avenue on the west, ribbons of multiple-decked parking lots covered over with gardens and broad walks, and, at intervals, apartment houses a hundred and fifty stories high. Down the spine of the island will be grassy malls, skating rinks, outdoor theatres, playgrounds, and more gardens. "The chief means of travel will be walking," said Mr. G. "Nothing like walking for peace of mind. And, for when our feet get tired, there will be thousands of comfortable benches and scores of charming sidewalk cafés. Much of this that I dream of is bound to happen; some of it is already happening in other cities. Still, New York is the city I worry most about. It was here I landed in 1938, fresh from Vienna, with an architect's degree, eight dollars, and no English. I ran into a friend on Fifth Avenue, and he asked me to design a store for him. That was Lederer's, on Fifth near Fifty-fifth Street, and it has been described in certain architectural books as the first really modern store in town. So for New York I covet perfection. And someday you will see—I will run into another friend on Fifth Avenue, and we will work things out."

•

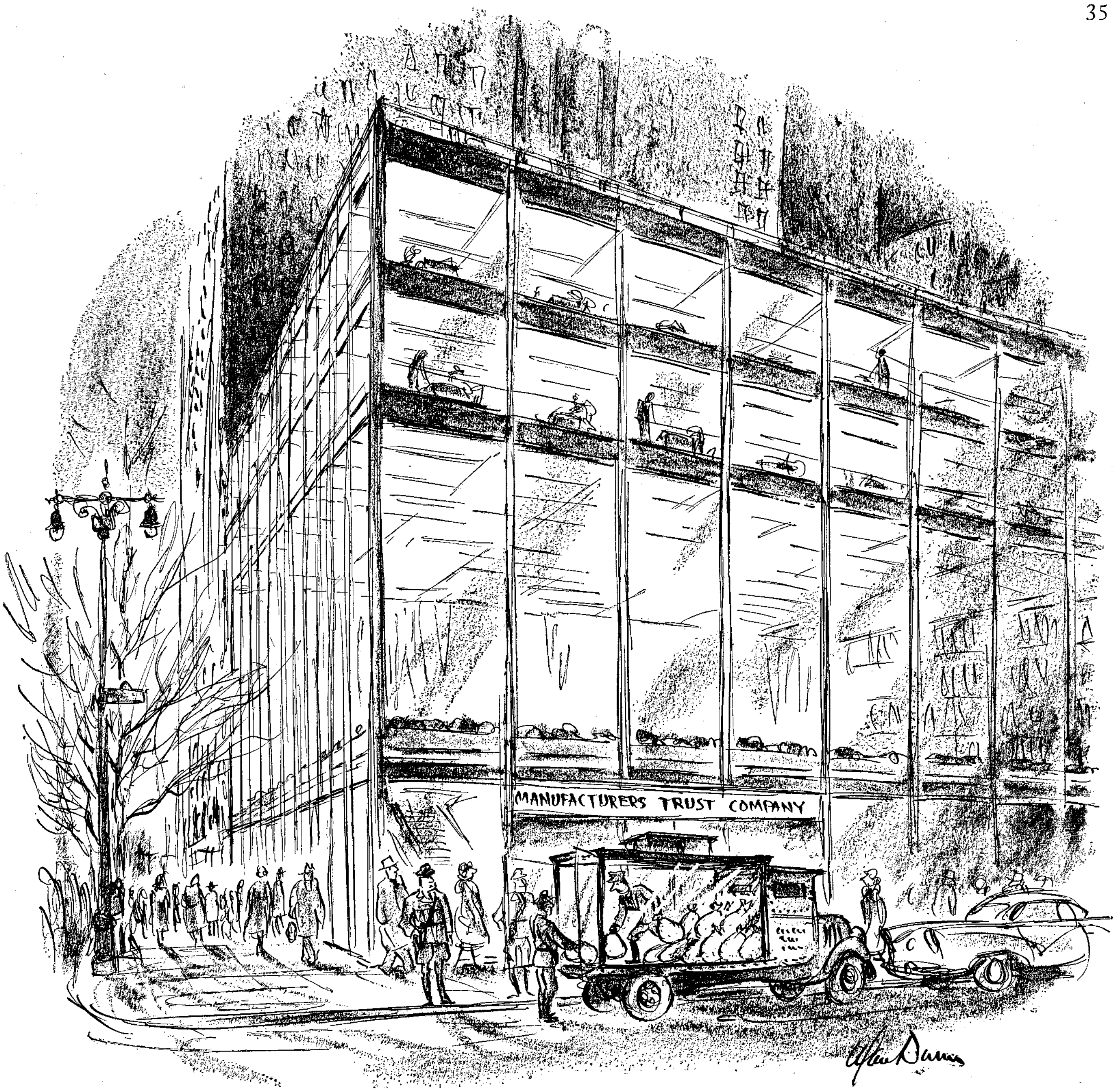
GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: The House of Herbs, Inc., of Salisbury, Connecticut—and a decent old firm, too—is now marketing a product it calls Tomato Teasoning.

First Time

THE President's two most recent press conferences have been among the biggest and most important ever held, and point up the fact that such conferences are now practically a fourth branch of the government, fitted more or less cozily into place between the executive and legislative branches. How long has this powerful and peculiar institution existed? Well, it happens that the first Presidential press conference took place exactly forty-three years ago this week, on March 15, 1913. The President who gave it birth was Woodrow Wilson, and a reluctant parent he was. Previous Presidents had seen newspapermen informally from time to time, singly or in small groups, and this had led to complaints of favoritism by the newspapermen they *hadn't* seen. To usher in an era of good feeling, Wilson's secretary, Joseph Tumulty, prevailed upon him to invite the entire Washington press corps to the White House. Wilson, who had been in office only eleven days and had had little to do with the press as Governor of New Jersey, expected ten or twelve reporters to turn up. He was astonished when well over a hundred of them crowded into the room. According to his official biographer, Ray Stannard Baker, Wilson was "nervous and embarrassed and inclined to be reticent."

With the President on that occasion was his stenographic secretary, a lad of twenty named Charles Swem, who had joined Wilson's staff immediately after his nomination and was to take down all of Wilson's speeches and many of his letters throughout his eight years in office. Since 1928, Mr. Swem has been a court reporter here, preparing stenographic records for the New York Supreme Court. He was good enough to grant us a press conference of his own the other day, during the noon recess, and to tell us his memories of that long-ago March day. A small, round man of sixty-three, Mr. Swem said that he recollected the conference very well. "The President stood behind his desk and I sat at his right," he said. "The reporters packed in tight all around him. I took down everything he said, transcribed it, and handed out carbons, and I daresay you can find it in the history books. The only reporters I can think of who were there and are still alive and kicking are Arthur Krock and David Lawrence."

We asked Mr. Swem if he agreed with Baker's account of Wilson as "nervous and embarrassed," and Mr. Swem said at once that the President had been nothing of the kind. "I never saw him ill at ease—not then or any time," he went on. "He was reserved, a hard man to ruffle, and the greatest extemporaneous speaker I've ever listened to. I saw him lose his temper only once. That was at a later conference. Some reporters had been speculating on the possibility of his daughter Margaret's getting married, and he was mad as hell. Said he hadn't been brought up to speak of ladies in that fashion and wouldn't stand for it. Usually, the conferences were quiet affairs, with short, businesslike questions and answers. The truth is the President didn't *enjoy* the conferences, he submitted to them. Sometimes, he'd tell a joke to emphasize a point; other times he'd recite a limerick. I remember hearing him tell the one about the young lady from Niger who rode on the back of the tiger and the one that goes 'For beauty I'm not a star. There are others more handsome by far. My face I don't mind it, for I am behind it. It's the people in front that I jar.' Wilson used to put himself to sleep at night by reciting fifty or sixty limericks like that, one right after the other." When Wilson



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left the White House, in 1921, Mr. Swem went to work for the Gregg Shorthand people, editing their two magazines. He is still an associate editor of one of them. In 1927, he became the National Shorthand Champion, establishing a record of two hundred and eighty words a minute—a record that he is proud to say remains unbroken. A year ago, he presented part of his considerable Wilson memorabilia to Princeton, and there is more to come.

Taking Mr. Swem's advice, we consulted the history books to find out what Wilson said at the first conference. According to the stenographic record made and transcribed by Mr. Swem and reported by Baker, the President's opening statement went, in part:

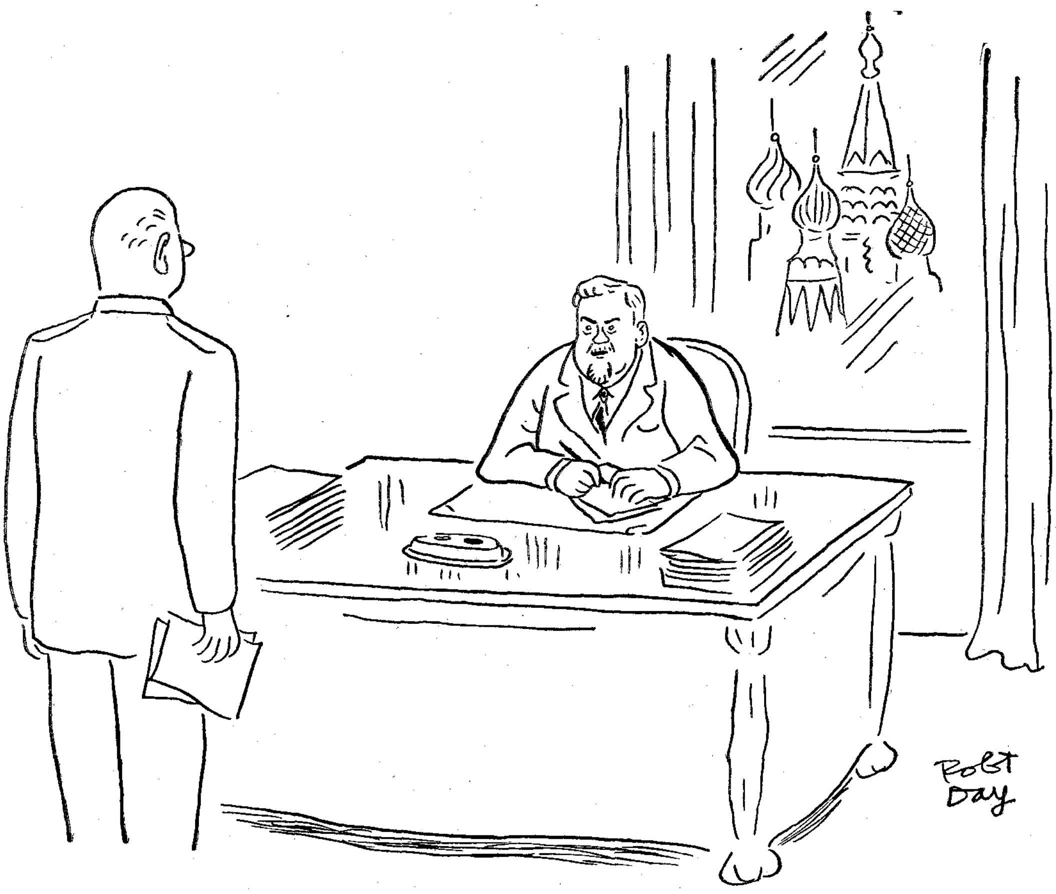
> I feel that a large part of the success of public affairs depends on the newspaper men—not so much on the editorial writers, because we can live down what they say, as upon the news writers, because the news is the atmosphere of public affairs. Unless you get the right setting to affairs—disperse the right impression—things go wrong. . . .
>
> If you play up every morning differences of opinion and predict difficulties . . . you are not so much doing an injury to an individual or to any one of the groups of individuals you are talking about, as impeding the public business. Our present business is to get together, not to get divided. . . .
>
> So the thought I have in dealing with you fellows is this: that you, more than any other persons, can lubricate—quicken—the processes by which you are going to do, what? Serve the people of the United States . . .
>
> I sent for you, therefore, to ask that you go into partnership with me, that you lend me your assistance as nobody else can, and then after you have brought this precious freight of opinion into Washington, let us try and make true gold here that will go out from Washington.
>
> Please do not tell the country what Washington is thinking, for that does not make any difference. Tell Washington what the country is thinking . . .

•

OVERHEARD in a club car on the Chicago-New York run: "The hardest thing I have to do is convince my salesmen that we're not trying to educate these people—we're trying to sell them books."

Bedouin

A LITTLE man with blue eyes and a scar on his chin got fired the other day, and the whole world was startled. The little man was Glubb Pasha, the job he got fired from was



"I've lost track. Do I owe him a letter or does he owe me a letter?"

• •

that of commander of the Arab Legion, and the man who fired him was, of course, the King of Jordan. Glubb Pasha, who long ago took to Bedouin dress, speech, and customs, and is almost invariably described in newspapers as a second Lawrence of Arabia, has been an important and yet obscure figure in the Middle East for the past quarter of a century. Throughout that period, England has been subsidizing Jordan (last year, to the tune of $25,750,000), and Glubb Pasha has been presumed to be the king behind the King. We haven't any inside dope on what his firing means, but we've learned a few things about the man, which we present herewith. To begin with his name, "Pasha" is Turkish for "Lord," and "Glubb" is English for "Glubb." The Arabs are said to call him Abu Huneik, which means either Father of the Little Chin or Father of a Jaw. His English names besides Glubb are John and Bagot. No sooner had he reached London after being sacked by the King of Jordan than the Queen of England made him a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, so he is now Sir John Glubb. He has received other royal favors, the Queen's grandfather having made him an Officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1925 and her father having made him a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1946.

Sir John was born in Preston, Lancashire, on April 16, 1897, the son of Major-General Sir Frederick Manley Glubb and Lady Letitia Glubb. He attended Cheltenham College and the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, and was wounded three times in the First World War. (The scar on his chin is a result of one of those wounds.) He first visited Amman, the capital of Jordan, in the middle nineteen-twenties, when he was on leave from a colonial post in Iraq, some dunes to the east. In 1930, he was appointed head of the Transjordan Desert Patrol, a special police section of the Arab Legion, and nine years later he assumed command of the Legion itself. He built the Legion into a first-rate fighting force of some twenty thousand men, which distinguished itself in the Second World War. He retired from the British Army Reserves in 1947 and shortly thereafter led the Legion in the Arab-Israeli War. Sentence of death was passed on him *in absentia* by the Israeli terrorist group called Irgun Zvai Leumi; last week, to even things up a bit, Arab papers were urging Jordan to sentence him to death.

Sir John is married to an Englishwoman, and has a son of sixteen and an adopted Arab daughter, aged twelve. He has remained a Christian, although, like a good Moslem, he abstains from drink and tobacco, and carries about with him a string of amber prayer beads. In England, he wears pin-striped gray suits or tweed jackets with gray flannels. His clubs are the East India and the Sports, and he has a country place in Kent. He is said to be a student of political science, is the author of the fairly inscrutable saying "What the South American continent is to the United States the Middle East is to Britain," and has written a scholarly paper entitled "The Sulubba and Other Ignoble Tribes of Southwestern Asia," which can scarcely have won him many friends among the Sulubba. He is also the author of a book called "The Story of the Arab Legion," which is peppered with mottoes from an oddly assorted pantheon of authors, among them Spenser, Cromwell, Tennyson, Johnson, Gibbon, Sallust, Burke, Hosea, Pascal, George Herbert, the Duke of Wellington, and Matthew Arnold. Sir John founded and helped to finance two kindergarten schools in Jordan, but for years his chief extracurricular interest has been archeology. Even when the men of the Legion were on the march, he ordered them to keep their eyes peeled for ancient treasure.

Deductible

AN auditor who works for the Internal Revenue Service reports that he was rather surprised the other day to find on the return of a lady taxpayer a deduction of twenty dollars for mice. When he got in touch with the lady and asked her to explain the mice, she told him not to be silly. "I just didn't want to spell out 'miscellaneous,' " she said.

Buckskin in the Bronx

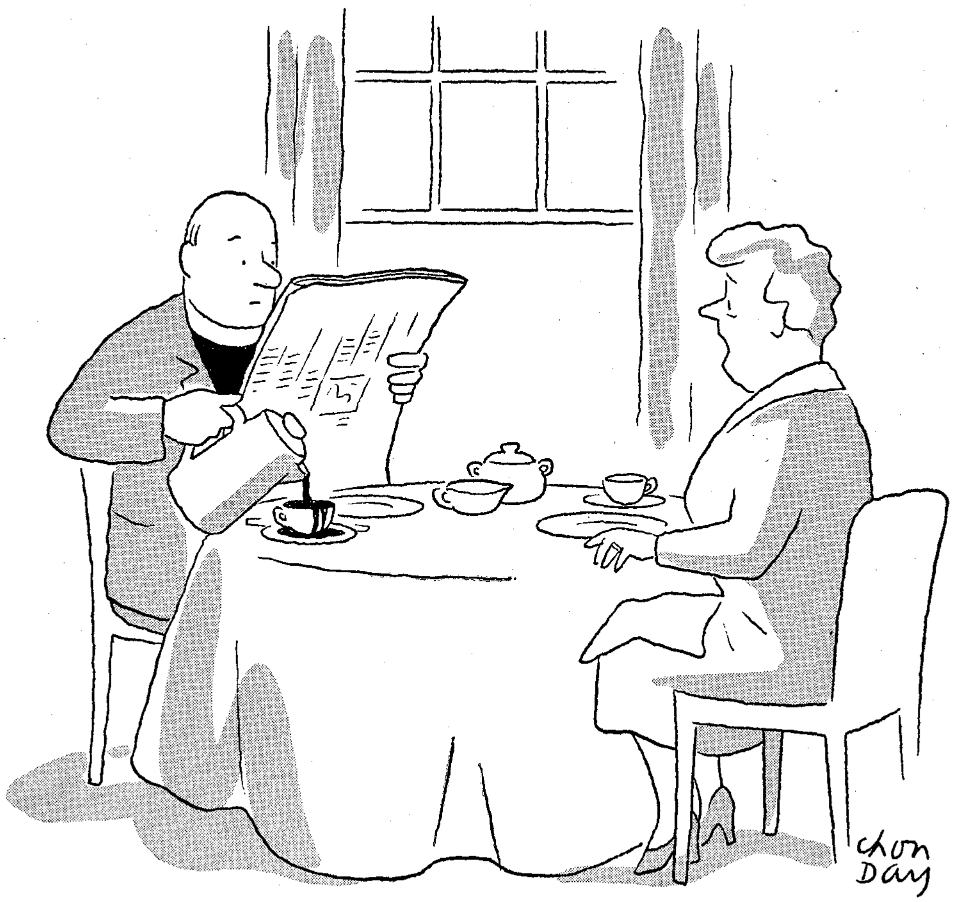
NEVER one to boggle at a trek, we journeyed up to the Bronx a week or so ago and attended the New York Sports, Travel, and Vacation Show, housed in the Kingsbridge Armory. Within the belly of that brick leviathan, a show was indeed in progress. A man on a platform in which a pool was embedded was swinging a long cord back and forth with impressive agility. His object appeared to be to lay the cord at full length in the pool; he did it again and again, each time to a thunderclap of applause. Next, on the same platform, a red-haired gentleman with a lady assistant, six Irish setters, several baskets of strait-jacketed birds, and a whistle took the spotlight. White pigeons, their wings restrained by little sleeveless sweaters, were placed around the stage for the dogs to fetch. The operation was addled by the man's erratic whistling; repeatedly, a dog would be inches from a pigeon when the whistle would sound, and the animal would have to return and see what the trouble was. In addition, the dogs were bothered by the master of ceremonies, an imitation cowpoke who frantically mouthed the microphone whenever one of the creatures took a step. Soon the pace was accelerated; ducks, similarly strait-jacketed, were tossed into the pool. The dogs retrieved them as tactfully as possible. Finally, what the m.c. described as "a real live black duck" was set free in the water. The duck was unfettered and evidently an old hand at his act, for throughout ten minutes of tumultuous chase, with the man whistling, the woman screaming, and the dogs barking, diving, whining, splashing, and falling off the stage entirely, he not only eluded his enemies but for long stretches rendered himself invisible even to the audience, which was emphatically on his side. The fowl was eventually trapped in a net, and the troupe exited. The last group of *artistes* consisted of four men in two canoes. Two men paddled while the two others, armed with poles capped by rubber bladders, swatted at each other until one fell into the water. "All r-r-right, folks," the m.c. said, "did you like the show?" We all shouted "Yes!" and dispersed to inspect the exhibits.

Our dominant impression was of buckskin. Every third demonstrator sported some version of pioneer garb. Behind thickets of arrows and fishing rods, Caucasians covered with hides and beads hawked buffalo moccasins, hunting bows, scalping knives, miniature things—miniature cabins, tiny totem poles, wee tomtoms, toy forts, squaw dolls—and pillows stuffed with balsam needles. "That's neat!" one grammar-school brave exclaimed to a companion. "You can smell the woods in bed." At the skin-diving stall, a movie was being shown on a TV-size screen of flipper-footed people snaking their way through coral formations as a male voice intoned subaqueous aphorisms: "The greatest danger to the diver is the diver himself. . . . Rise no faster than your own bubbles. . . . Swim calmly, easily, *safely*. . . . By learning to breathe underwater, man has achieved his age-old ambition of defying gravity. . . . And so today the Underwater Man is complete, even to his lungs." An old Earth Man ourself, we floundered ashore in the vacationland area, where such diverse regions as Egypt, Lake Winnipesaukee, and Rhode Island were advertising their alluring aspects. Silver Springs, Florida, was represented by a thatched hut, a blue-and-gold parrot, and a poster informing the curious that "Ross Allen of Florida's Silver Springs Is Paying Cash for Snakes and Other Reptiles." Seagram's Whiskey had arranged some scenic photographs and wooden birds underneath the provocative parallelism "Fine Whiskey and Moderation; Fine Hunting and Conservation: They Go Together." And, speaking of slogans, "The Book of Knowledge," in somewhat uneasy juxtaposition with the Bausch & Lomb rifle-sights exhibit, strove to win friends with "Educate Your Child. It Pays." To judge by the size of the crowds, most people felt that guns offered them quicker financial gain.

Hearing dreadful noises, we travelled in their direction and found a small boy tootling a goose caller. "No, no," the demonstrator snarled, snatching it away from him. "Say the word 'hoot' into it. Make it come up from your stomach." The man did this, and a flock of human beings gathered and began experimenting with antelope, coon, elk, magpie, predator, and widgeon calls. We left the cacophony behind us, pausing by the Trap Shooting Clinic long enough to watch about fifty clay pigeons rise and fall unmolested. "A lot of patients," a man near us observed. "But I don't see the doctors." On the way out, we looked at the Footrower, perfected by Harold W. Goff, of Huntington, Long Island. Two elderly gentlemen were in charge; one querulously watched the passing crowds while the other, with inexorable gravity, leaned back in his boat and pedalled the contrivance, causing metal oars to thrash about. Five girls walked by, and one of them said, "That's what I call comfort, heh-heh-heh-heh!"

Geared

A LADY we know on East Eighty-first Street has had phenomenal success growing cactus plants indoors. Visiting her the other day, we asked for the secret of her triumph. "Well," she said, "I bought these plants in El Paso, so I subscribe to an El Paso paper, and every time it says it rained in El Paso, I give the cactuses a little water."



"Careful, dear. Your cup runneth over."

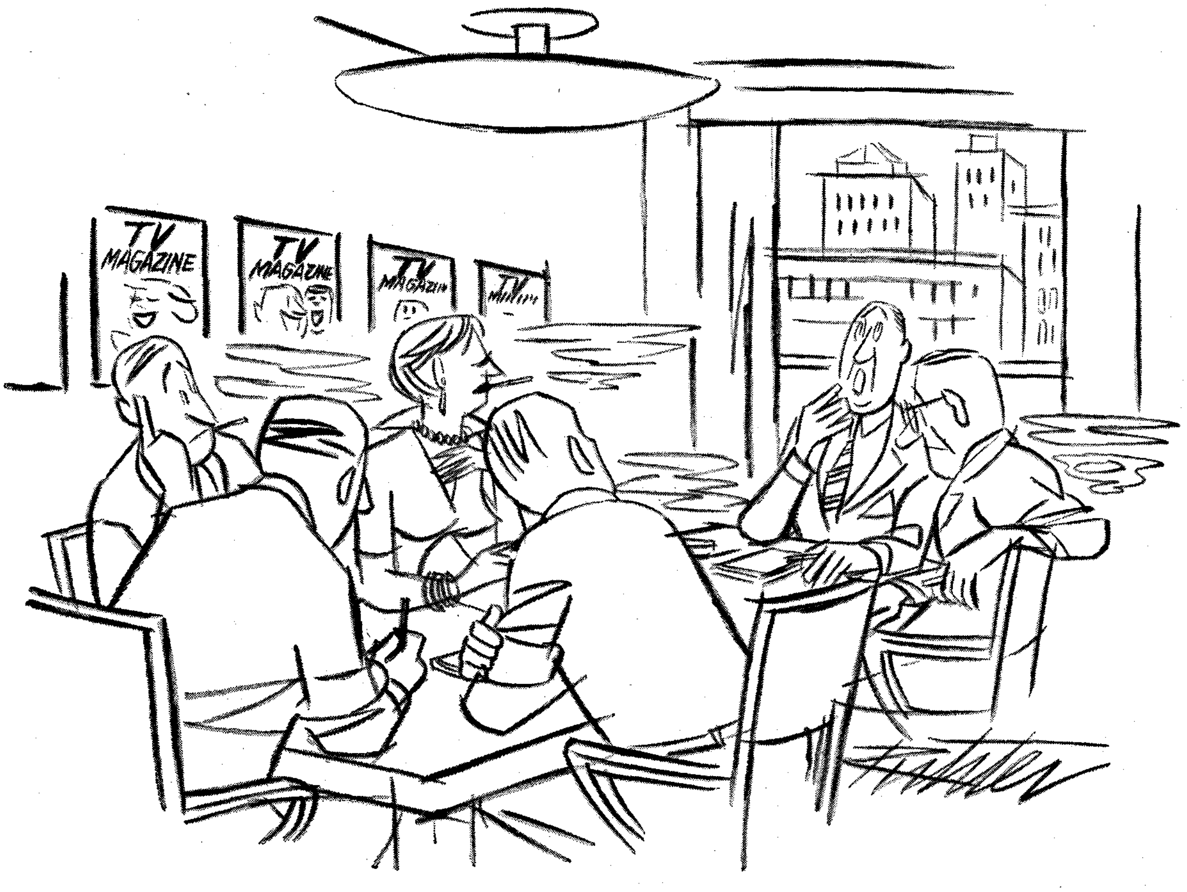
THE CORVIDAE

MOST Australians live in cities, but they are ashamed of this arrangement. Theoretically they are all sunburned horsemen in "the bush"—a term that is used for any part of the continent not actually covered by asphalt. At least, this was so when I was a small boy growing up in a limitless tract of Melbourne suburb. My mother and father had been born on Australian farms. When they spoke of Home, they meant the British Isles; when they spoke of "back home," they meant "upcountry." Thus, my parents conceived of it as both a kindness and a discipline that I should spend every school holiday—the two term holidays and the long Christmas summer holidays—with my country uncles. These were all on my mother's side, for my father's family seems to have survived only one generation of Australian farming, which is no picnic.

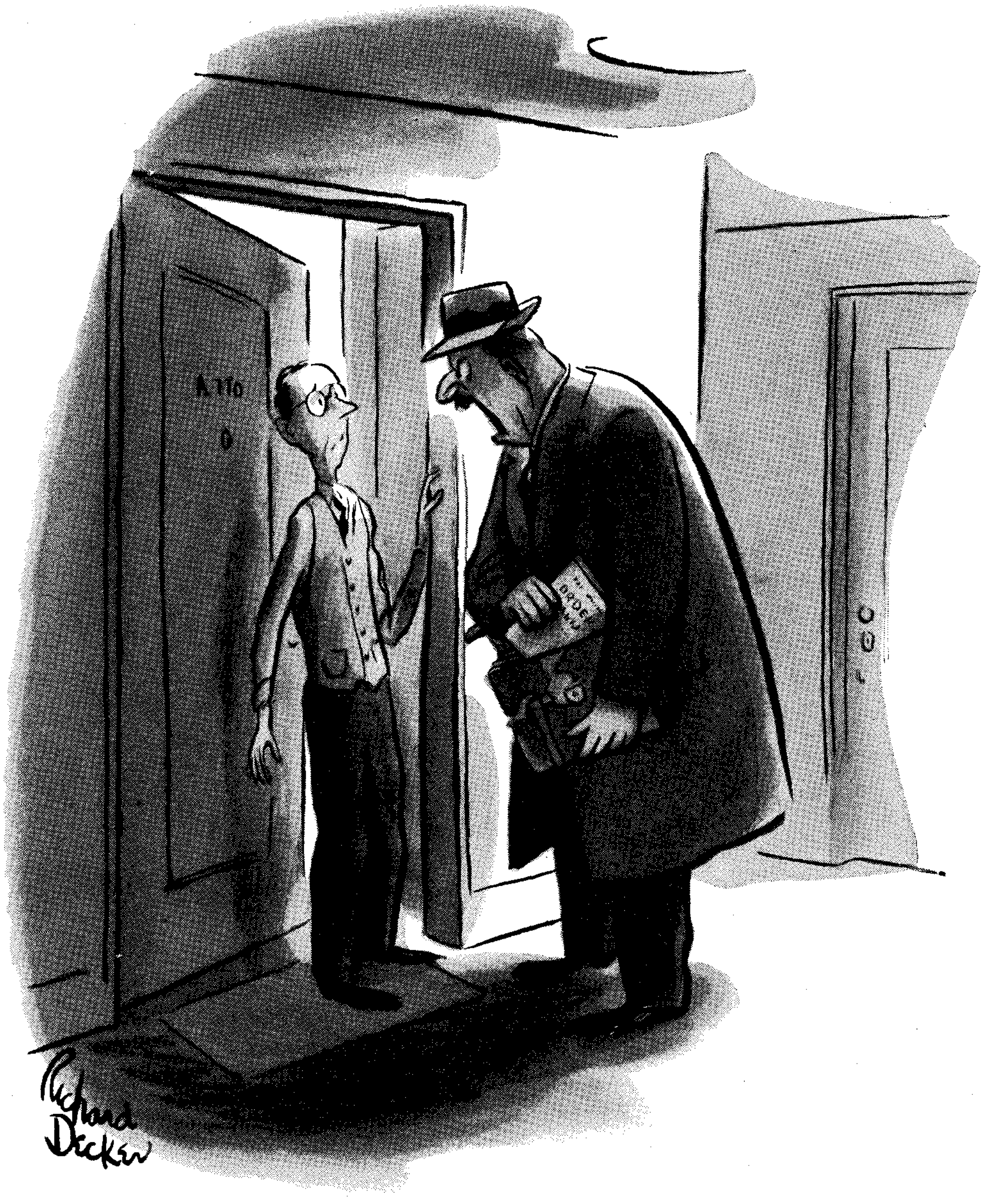
The choice of uncles was wide; there was a whole tribe or clan of them "on the land." They had place names, like a lot of barbarous feudal chieftains. There were the Kinnabulla McInstries, the Dimboola Leslies, the Wanboon Adamses (my mother was an Adams), not to speak of various related Gordons, Mahoods, Flockharts, and Glasgows, all with sound Ulster names (apart from their territorial designations) and all in sheep, though one aunt ("poor Aunt Bonnie") had married a man called Murphy, who drank and had a fruit farm—three equally disgraceful things.

If Australia was empty, it was not my uncles' fault. I had twenty-two first cousins—twenty of them on my mother's side. The tribe originated in County Antrim, round Ballymena, and they were everything an Irishman means when he says "Orangeman" or "Black Ulsterman." I see now that they held my father in some contempt for his city job, his Methodism, and his lack of land, money, or Scots-Irish blood. It is not in a boy, mercifully, to hold his father to account, but, little snob that I was, I regarded these Ulster-Australian graziers as greater men. This was especially true of the Wanboon McInstries. They were the richest and, as they say at sheep shows, the most "typie." It was mostly to the Wanboon McInstries, in northwestern Victoria, that I was sent. My mother had been named for my Great-Aunt Maggie McInstrie and had been a favorite niece, so it must have been out of regard for her that the Wanboon McInstries would give houseroom to a schoolboy, lest he sicken and die in malignant Melbourne air. For another thing, the family was comparatively small. The one son—my second cousin Rob—had grown up. He had become the Coongabbie McInstrie, with a place of his own "up" in New South Wales. There were still five daughters, married and unmarried, about the place. The family—or, rather, the clan—spirit was strong, and I was made to feel at home, although I must have been a nuisance, like a sheepdog pup underfoot in the stables.

I was dispatched from Melbourne by train. It was slow—twelve hours to do about two hundred miles. It shed parts as it went along, and toward the end of the journey it dwindled to a single coach trailing a string of empty freight cars. The engine sounded mournful blasts on its whistle, like a fogbound steamer, as it groaned its way from one inconclusive settlement to another. Dusk would come, and very bright stars, one by one, from the black edge of the plains, and then a more surprising thing—men standing beside the tracks crying, "Paper! Paper!" (This was before the wireless came to break the silence of the bush, and men marooned out there would go mad from the loneliness often enough for there to be a special word for them. "Hatters," these loony exiles were called. Bushmen who worked alone were the worst victims; they would ride for miles to the railway like scrub cattle blorting their way to a salt lick. It was the custom—as much honored as a swagman's right to water—for the passengers to throw out their city newspapers and magazines on the cry of "Paper!") In the middle of nowhere, you would see faces and tethered horses suddenly in the glare of the windows, then nothing again. Arriving at Wanboon (population nil; it was just a siding surrounded by the land of various McInstries) was arriv-



"Now, let's think. There must be some TV show that nobody else has given an award to."



"*What do you mean you're not interested? You sent for our free booklet, didn't you?*"

• •

ing at nowhere. There was a mile or so by buggy to the homestead; then, in the morning, I would wake in my cousin's old bed, to the sound of a million sheep and magpies.

The homestead, Gracelands, stood in the middle of I don't know how many thousand acres of sheep run. A sprawling jumble of buildings lay about it. Apart from the sheep, there were about thirty horses, a dozen dogs, a cow or two, and a vast proletariat of chickens. It was not at all like those streamlined American farms that look so neat photographed from the air, and I found it confusing, although there was no doubt in my mind who ruled the huge roost. The lord of man and brute was my Great-Uncle Hugh McInstrie, and I was very scared of him. He represented power and authority. He bellowed at his immigrant hands, housed them in huts papered with old newspapers, and made them heartily regret that they had left the intimate and familiar misery of a London slum or a Durham mine village. I think now there was no deliberate harshness in this; it was simply a product of the profound conviction that those who do not own land cannot expect to be happy in this life. Bearded and mounted on one of his seventeen-hand hacks, Uncle Hugh was a patriarchal figure; at seventy he had a "back" like a trooper of the Victorian Mounted Police, whose black helmets, carbines, bandoleers, "concertina" boots with white whipcord tights, and gray horses contributed a somewhat menacing ceremony to civic processions. The association was fixed in my mind by a verse in "Waltzing Matilda," the national song, that recounts the fatal consequences of stealing sheep:

Down came the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, One! Two! Three!

On an aged, big-barrelled pony, a relic of my Cousin Rob's childhood, I tooled along behind this personage, chafed at my bare knees, bursting with chatter and not daring to open my little gob. One visit, when I was twelve, I remember in particular, because of an experience with some crows. It was a dry year in a dry land. The thin trees shed their bark like snakeskin; the grass was brown and did not fully cover the hard brown earth. The plain was the color of a mangy brindled greyhound, and over it the sheep moved like lice. From time to time, the vigilant old master shepherd would see something untoward; it was lambing time, and there had been frosts, mild but enough to cramp the peristaltic movements of birth, so that here and there the legs or the head of a half-born lamb protruded from the hinder parts of a distressed ewe. Deft yet perfunctory, Uncle Hugh went among the lambing mob, a mounted midwife. Now and then a ewe would flee in panic from her deliverer; it was my role to dismount and run down this recalcitrant mother—a disconcerting task, because sometimes the face of the unborn lamb stared back reproachfully, it seemed to me, as I sprinted in its wake. Uncle Hugh would say nothing except to bark at the ragtaggle of dogs, but every now and then a heroic belch, a detonation like a threepenny firecracker, would issue from the thickets of his beard. He was the victim of some corrosive kind of indigestion. As he rode, he swigged a solution of baking soda from a silver flask; as far as I could hear, it did nothing to dampen the fires within.

In addition to this, as a sort of base fuel dump, a big gazogene of soda water stood perpetually on the south side of the veranda at Gracelands. This engine, about the size and shape of an old-fashioned, wasp-waisted dressmaker's form, it was the business of my Cousin Ishbel—the practical one—to fill. This she did with some trepidation. The device generated its own gas—carbon dioxide, I suppose—from the action of chemicals, and it needed strong nerves and light fingers to get the top screwed on before pressure built up. Once or twice, she was too late; the metal top whistled past her averted face like the warhead of a rocket, to bury itself in the plasterboard ceiling of the kitchen. Whenever I helped myself to this

AT MAJORITY

When you are old and beautiful,
And things most difficult are done,
There will be few who can recall
Your face as it is ravaged now
By youth and its oppressive choice.

Your look will hold their wondering looks,
Grave as Cordelia's at the last,
Neither with rancor at the past
Nor to upbraid the coming time,
For you will be at peace with time.

But now, a daily warfare takes
Its toll of tenderness in you,
And you must live like captains who
Wait out the hour before the charge—
Fearful, and yet impatient too.

Yet someday this will have an end,
All choices made or choice resigned,
And in your face the literal eye
Trace little of your history,
Nor ever piece the tale entire

Of villages that had to burn
And playthings of the will destroyed
Before you could be safe from time
And gather in your brow and air
The stillness of antiquity.

—ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

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bubbly water, I did so with the knowledge that if my Cousin Ishbel chanced by, I would be given a *look.* As a congenitally displaced person, I was then, as now, very afraid of *looks.*

Uncle Hugh's indigestion, I learned much later, was no casual affliction; it had deep roots in history and theology. He was one of, I think, six sons of Big Alec McInstrie, the first settler of this region—called the Mallee, from the hard-leaf, scrubby growth that covered the flat plains and gave shelter to the wallaby, the mallee hen, the emu, and the blackfellow. The tables of consanguinity are all jumbled in my head now, but I seem to recall that there was some marriage of cousins—Adamses, Glasgows, or McInstries—in this generation that related me to both sides of the family. It is difficult to see how they could have avoided this sort of marriage, short of the unthinkable expedients of marrying Catholics, English, or blackfellows. Rollers made of massive logs and towed by bullock teams demolished the scrubby growth of the Mallee, and Big Alec tore a huge "holding" out of this ill-favored wilderness. Here he held sway in a manner that was part patriarchal, part theocratic. He must indeed have been like those least sympathetic of pioneers, the Boers of South Africa. Mercifully, there was one difference: the blackfellows, unlike the Zulus and Hottentots, declined to become a race of slaves. When domesticated, they stole; they took off their pants to "go walkabout" (i.e., reverted to nomadism); conveniently and, it would seem, unanimously they decided to die, and flickered away into the dwindling bush to cough out their lungs amid the bones of sheep and kangaroo. They built no houses; their disappearance was total. Within sixty years of my ancestors' arrival on their unhappy hunting grounds, it was as if blackfellows had never been. There was no war and no Little Big Horn. They died, for the most part, of children's ailments—whooping cough and measles. It must have been an old story to the big harsh Ulsterman; had not his family, a few generations before, shouldered the aboriginal Catholic Irish off their ancient lands? Sly and feckless Gael, sly and feckless aborigine. It must have confirmed the patriarch in his savageries against land and flesh, confirmed his pitiless Calvinism.

So began a pastoral aristocracy, unique in that it had no serfs, though the God of John Knox would provide these in the fullness of time. Meanwhile, it fell to Big Alec's six sons to supply the omission. They were the arrows in his quiver, though the Biblical image is somewhat too delicate for the case; their work was brutal, continuous, backbreaking. Nasty, long, brutish, and hard. There is something fitting, I suppose, in the fact that the doctrine of Knox and Calvin should have returned at last, in its pure form, to the sort of terrain from which it had sprung—back to this near-desert, far from the winebibbers, tax gatherers, and bedizened women. Under the roof of bark or iron, the pioneer McInstrie presided—priest, taskmaster, and patriarch—in prayers to the just and jealous deity whom he resembled, or perhaps merely represented. At family meals—mutton, homemade bread, and tea—old McInstrie alone took a seat. He dispensed his blessing on this Spartan board, and the sons, huge, bearded, red-wristed, ate standing at their places. "Slow at meat, slow at work," said the patriarch. Across the years, my Great-Uncle Hugh's gastric juices sounded a protest against this scheme of things, though he never formulated his objections in words.

FASHIONS
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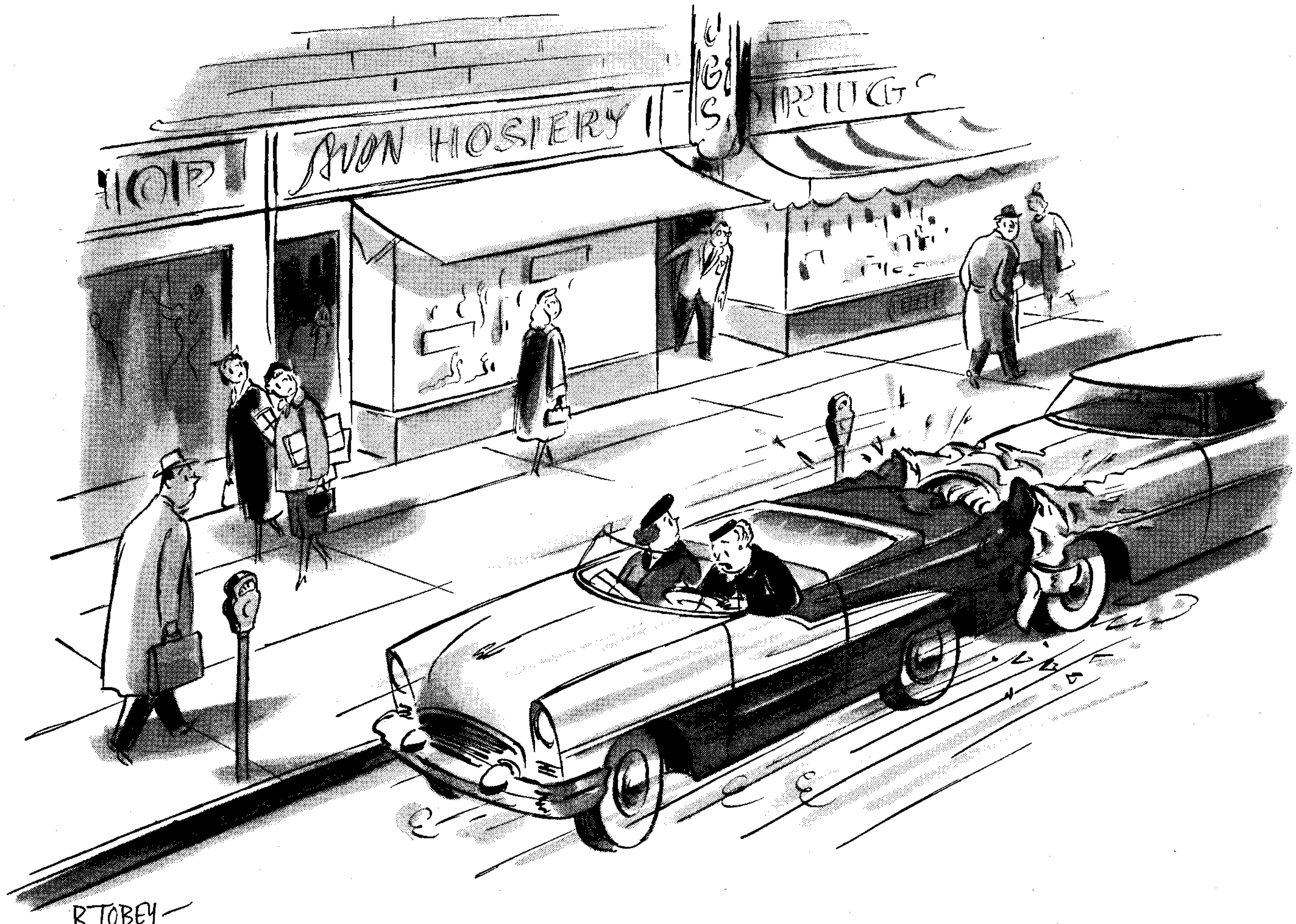
NEEDLESS to say, my character failed to meet the exacting standards of my great-uncle. I was a puny little fellow; I always had my nose in some book; I would never grow up to be an Ulsterman. What is more, I knew what an Ulsterman was. "A Scotchman," Uncle Hugh told me, "is an improved kind of man. An Ulsterman is an improved kind of Scotchman." It was probably meant as some kind of dim Scotch joke, but at that age I believed what I was told by men of seventy with beards. Of course, I was half an Adams, but then the name Lee cuts no ice in the real Deep South; it is merely English. Nor did I know the worst, though the McInstries must have known it. My father's mother's name was Guinney. She was the daughter of a Corkman, who was possibly a transportee, certainly a Catholic, and the McInstries must have been watching me narrowly for the moment this Papist taint should show itself. I think it must have been



"Oh dear! I pushed the wrong button!"

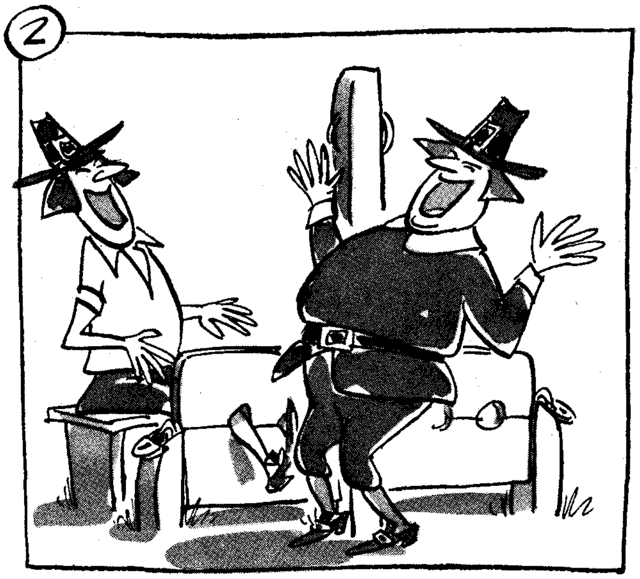
• •

on my peculiar attitude toward birds that the family suspicion focussed.

In those dreary plains, the sky and the birds that inhabited it alone had beauty. It was a magical experience to see a "mob" of galahs rise screeching from the khaki-colored plains; they kept a strict flight pattern, showing now their dove-gray backs and now, in a flash, their rose-colored breasts. Budgerigars were common as sparrows, and we ate them in game pie, like quail. Always the air was filled with the lovely carolling of "magpies"—really a kind of shrike, with a voice range between tenor flute and oboe. The "robins" were red as tanagers, and there were "wrens" like blue enamel. There were mallee hens, who hatch their eggs in nesting mounds in the manner of turtles, and there was the bowerbird, which makes a display house of woven sticks decorated with bright pebbles, wildflowers, and bits of broken glass. One species even paints the sticks with the juice of crushed berries. It was my ambition to find such a bower; the bird was the only artist living in that vast region, and may still be, for all I know.

My relatives thought there was something not quite normal in all this interest in ornithology. I should have been out massacring rabbits instead of mooning over birds. Nor was this the worst. Somehow, it had come out that I had signed a pledge to protect native birds. There was some propaganda in the schools about birds being fostered, and I was probably its most devout believer. I had joined the Gould League of Bird Lovers (John Gould was the Audubon of Australia), and had been awarded books and a very light gold medal for some ornithological precocity. I thus took my covenant very solemnly, but it must have seemed not quite manly, and even impertinent, to my country relatives. They knew that practically all living things except sheep, horses, and dogs (cows they despised) were destructive or, at best, useless. Long ago they had slaughtered the last emus, and if other birds were tolerated, it was only because they did not kill themselves by getting tangled up in barbed-wire fences. Certainly my relatives were not going to be informed by me that the straw-necked ibis ate grasshoppers or that the wedge-tailed eagle preferred rabbit. These magnificent eagles were common. My uncle shot them and spread their eight-foot wings along the top of fences, presumably as a warning to the others; someday one of them might take a lamb. Scotch-Irish Presbyterians have a natural and doctrinal faculty for putting others in the wrong, and subtly I was made to feel that I was in league with the enemies of good animal husbandry.

Sunday was a dreadful day; after breakfast, I had to put on my best blue serge suit and drive with the family, in my uncle's car, for thirty miles to church. The hot leather car seat prickled all the way. The church was perched on poles capitaled with sheet tin to defeat the "white ants," or termites. It had a corrugated-iron roof to let the heat in and wooden sides to keep it there. For never less than forty-five minutes, a man with a Scottish accent preached to the beards and sensible hats below him. There were also hymns. My head nodded in the heat; it would have hatched an emu's egg. The service, I daresay, had come unchanged from the wet stone kirks of Antrim or Perthshire; but, cold or hot, the discomfort, no doubt, was the main thing. I envied "the men"—Englishmen and slaves, and therefore not Presbyterians—lolling on their burlap bunks in



the hut and reading three-month-old copies of *John O'London's Weekly*.

I was not supposed to do anything on Sunday. I could read, because reading was not doing anything—James Oliver Curwood and Zane Grey, or a fascinating veterinary encyclopedia called the Australian Stock and Station Doctor, or a coverless copy of Emile Zola's "Nana," which I had found behind the dresser—or I could play with Cousin Rob's model donkey engine. It was a beautiful little machine of brass and steel, activated by a lamp of methylated spirits. I had seen with wonder how its little piston and flywheel worked in just the same way as the great early Steam Age monster near the haystacks, which powered the chaff-cutter.

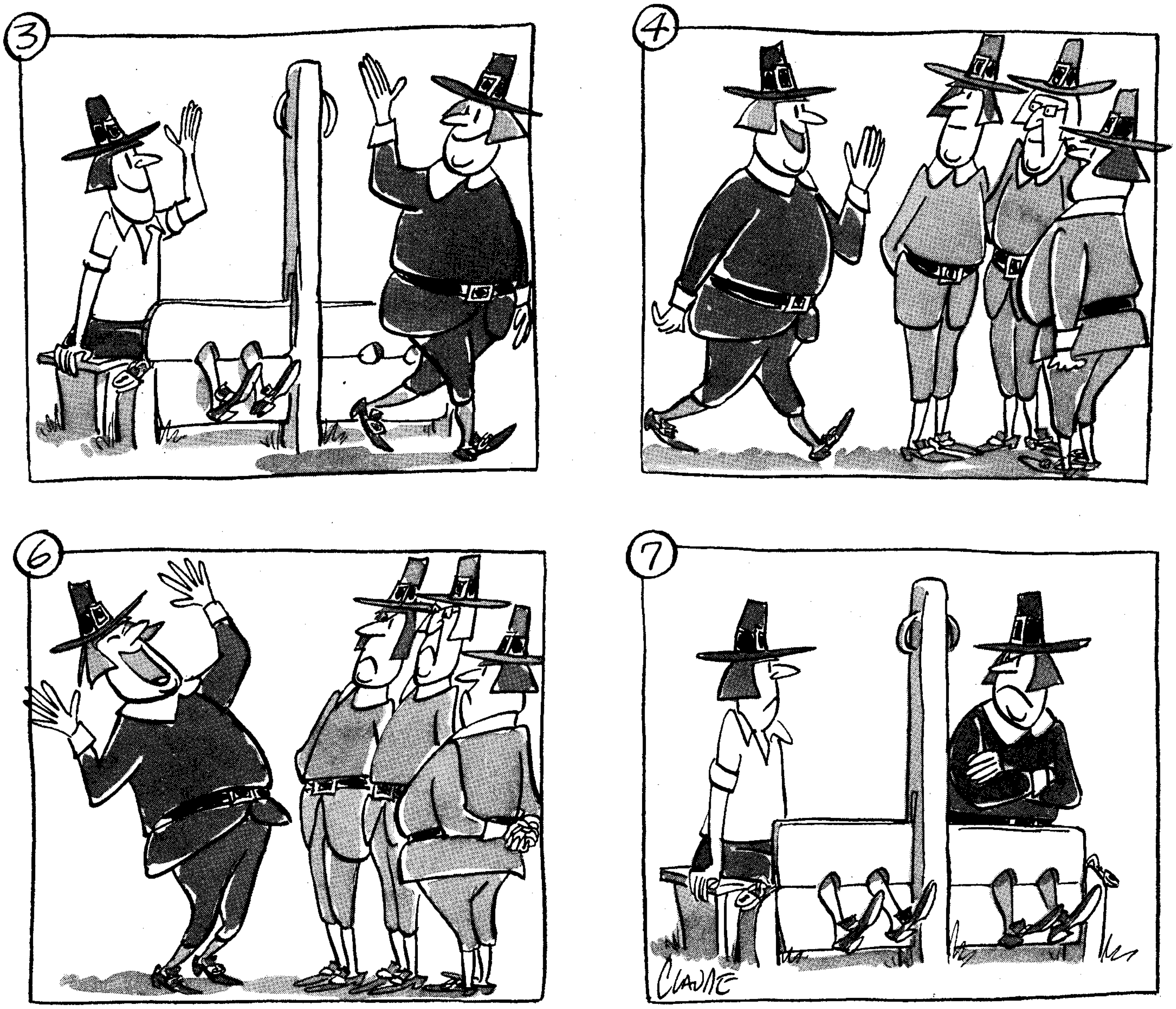
After Sunday-night family prayers, it was Great-Aunt Maggie's gentle custom to read from a popular anthology of Australian verse entitled "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes." My favorite was "The Sick Stockrider," one stanza of which my great-aunt always read with a peculiar intonation.

A steer ripped up McPherson at the Cooraminta yards
And Donavan was drowned at Sink-or-Swim;
Tim Burke who got in trouble in that business with the cards:
It matters little what became of him!
And Sullivan the rider at The Horsefall broke his neck;
Faith! The wonder was he saved his neck so long!
And Mostyn! Poor Frank Mostyn died at last a fearful wreck
In The Horrors at the Upper Wandinong.

I did not know at the time that "The Horrors" was Australian for delirium tremens, or that my Cousin Rob had taken to drink; I was under the impression it was the name for some terrible stretch of quicksand. In the books I was reading at the time, half the villains perished in bogs, quagmires, or quicksands; why not Mostyn?

One Sunday afternoon after lunch, still in my blue serge suit, I dawdled out to the stables and quietly saddled the pony. She was an opinionated little brute, and contested my invasion of her retirement with every mule-headed quirk at her command. She liked to trot, but finally I forced her into a resentful canter. I was not a confident horseman; moreover, the comfortable rocking-horse gait went better with the galloping metre of "The Sick Stockrider," which was then buzzing through my head. I had not broken the Sabbath idly; I had an objective—the lambing paddock behind the cathedral-size woolshed. I had seen plovers there. Like a small wading bird to look at, the plover has more a lark's habits; it lays its speckled eggs in a shallow cup on the open ground. There was a fair-sized mob of ewes and lambs in the paddock, and even more crows than usual. There were always crows. I tethered the pony and walked to where I had last seen the plovers. I was lucky. After about two hundred yards or so afoot, a plover dropped at my feet, crying and trailing a wing, pretending that it was broken. This was what I had come to "observe"—the plover's "broken-wing" defense of its open nest. My prize books had put me on to the dodge; I backed away from the plover, knowing that I was getting closer to the nest. This distressed the plover, which repeated its tactics several times. It is a pretty thing to watch, and perhaps even then I was conscious of its realism, in that it is based on an appeal to cruelty rather than pity. I must have cut an odd figure, weaving and backing in the middle of a thirty-acre paddock, a small blue-clad form pursued by ghosts in the glare of a hot spring afternoon. In this way, I fell, literally, having backed into a ewe, and cracked the back of my head on the iron-hard ground. I started to laugh—at that age one always tried to laugh—although there was no one there, but stopped, for I saw that the ewe had had its eyes pecked out.

The crows that had done this circled in the air out of gunshot range. The plover forgotten, I looked at the ewe; blood ran from each empty eye socket in a thin red line and clotted its whiskered cheeks. I tried to get the ewe on its feet; it kicked convulsively. I straddled it and



heaved at the valances of greasy wool round its shoulders. No use. A single sheep is no more tractable than a wild goat; nothing can be done with a single blind sheep. Panting and close to tears, I started for my pony, which stood flicking its tail at the flies in the shade of the thin mallee. I had got halfway there in a sobbing run when I was aware that the circling crows had dropped into an efficient circle round the ewe. The Corvidae are good at observing people. I ran back, trying to roar like my uncle. The crows again circled in the air.

I DON'T know how long I stood looking at the ewe. The sermon that day had dealt with Abraham and Isaac—Presbyterians are very fond of the Old Testament. During it I had opened and shut the blades of my clasp knife, trying to keep awake. It seemed now like an intimation of what I should do. I then discovered how hard it is to cut a sheep's throat with a small knife, and I was shaken and bloody by the time the ewe seemed to die. The pony shied at my bloody hands and shied again at an eagle spread on the woodshed fence. By the time I got back to the stables, I was pretty much of a nervous wreck. I washed my hands and the clasp knife before I took the bridle off the pony. I took my time; I was in no hurry to go into the house with my sensational confession.

They were all in the kitchen, eating scones and drinking tea round the long table, and talking about the *hubris* some neighbor had displayed in his choice of a hotel when he went to Melbourne. Although only a sheep farmer like the McInstries themselves, who stayed at Scott's, or even at my father's modest house, this neighbor put up at Menzies', where the "breeders" went.

"Menzies' for His Lordship," said my cousin Ishbel. "*Menzies'*." My Cousin Marie and her husband, Craig Gordon, were visiting. He was a big man who had ridden with the Australian Light Horse, and he voiced his distaste for the neighbor, who had been seen to wear plus fours.

Even my Cousin Flo (the kind one) showed her disapproval. "They buy butter and even eggs. *Eggs!*" she said.

"Ride in silk, beg in frieze," said Uncle Hugh cryptically. I brooded with them for a while about the criminal folly of this man who stayed at *Menzies'*, bought eggs, and wore plus fours. At least he had not killed a sheep. I decided to count to a hundred and then break the news.

"I had to kill a sheep!" I blurted out.

Full of scone, their jaws gaped.

"You had to kill a sheep," they all said.

My Cousin Ishbel gave me one of her *looks*.

"What?" bellowed my uncle. "A ewe? Where? Why?"

Miserably, I began my narrative. I

was soon made to understand its weak points; they all knew why the ewe was "down"—a hard lambing. Now, if I had ridden straight back to the house, there was a chance the lamb could have been saved.

"The crows," I went on explaining. "The crows kept coming back."

After a while, my uncle went out to tell one of the men to yoke up a gig and drive out and skin the ewe. I slunk out to the orchard with a book, and the family debate on my conduct got under way.

There were the usual prayers after Sunday-night tea. After we creaked to our feet (we had been crouching at our chairs), my Great-Aunt Maggie disposed herself to read. She chose a piece less lively than "The Sick Stockrider." As I recall, it presented in verse dialogue a debate on the virtues of bush life vs. that of the city. It was very long, and my aunt read slowly; it was longer than my uncle's prayers, and a good deal more intelligible, since her accent was less Scottish and she did not have the acoustical hazard of a beard. While she read, I looked at the rug she had spread on her knees—for in that near-desert the nights were cold after the hottest day. It was of tartan wool on one side and patchwork on the other. The patchwork was fur, the skins of many domestic cats—black, tabby, tortoiseshell, gray, and one splendid ginger-colored pelt big as a doormat. One of the farm cats had been caught with the feathers of a new-hatched chicken on its jaws, so they were all exterminated; with Presbyterian thrift, their skins had been sent to the fellmonger's. My great-aunt had personally conducted this felicide, by a technique I need not describe.

GREEN TRAIL
EXPERTS
BEGINNERS

My great-aunt's recitation came to its end. As might be expected, the protagonist of the pioneering virtues had the last word. She read this passage with the same peculiar intonation she used for the "Horrors" passage. As it concerned me, I got the point. The ballad ended:

> For the bush will never suit you
> And you'll never suit the bush.

I felt I had been preached at for the second time that day, and I was glad to escape to bed.

OVER morning porridge and tea, I avoided all eyes. After breakfast, my uncle took up his stance at the soda-water gazogene. Between barks and rumblings, he bellowed at me, "Well, what do you think of your birds now?" I said nothing.

Next: "How would you like to make a crow trap?"

As far as his principles let him, my uncle was a kind man, and I saw that he was offering me a chance to redeem myself. But there was something more. What about the pledge? Crows were native birds, were they not? A wild thought came to me. Would I have to return my gold medal?

By this time, I was trotting at my uncle's heels toward what was called the machinery shed. Open-sided, thatched with wheat straw, pillared with bleached trunks of iron-bark trees, this structure did give shelter of a kind to a rank of large, crude horse-drawn implements. All of them—the gang plows, harrows, seed drills, harvesters, and so on—were thickly gloved in a calcified blizzard of chicken dung. There were always a few crows about, hoping perhaps for eggs and grain, or more likely for the pickings to be had below the gallows rigged at one end to butcher the weekly sheep for the farm tables.

Here would be the place for a trap. My uncle's roars set one of his Englishmen scurrying about in the shed and the smithy for two-by-fours, spades, wire netting, and nails. I was issued a hammer and saw. While this went on, it occurred to me that my uncle knew more about crows than seemed possible for a non-member of the Gould League of Bird Lovers; in fact, he knew more about them than I did. His trap was based on the observation that crows, like buzzards and other carrion-feeding birds, need a short take-off run before they are airborne. Accordingly, from his instructions I set about making a net cage about ten feet long and six feet high with a crow-sized opening at the top. The crows would be lured into the trap by the carcass of a sheep and have no room to fly out the way they had come. No one knew better than I that a carcass was available, out there in the lambing paddock.

It took me all day to construct the trap. It was a pretty good job, although I had to get help with the netting from Walter, one of the Englishmen. He was rather surly about it. With his national instinct for social lines, Walter had shrewdly assessed my standing in the household, and he spoke freely. "Bleedin' abaht. Old baskit thinks 'e'll catch just one flamin' crow with this bleedin' contraption, 'e's got another think comin'." This while between us we hefted the carcass of my sheep into the middle of the trap.

Walter was bleedin' well wrong. Next morning, there were a dozen splendid black crows screeching like lost souls and flapping against the wire. I came back to the house to report my success, and traced my uncle by ear to the soda-water gazogene. "Twelve of them," I said with pride. He gave me a couple of stunning pats on the back and cocked an eye at me quizzically.

A disc plowshare hung on the veranda. My uncle beat a brisk tattoo on this with a short club—evidently the handle of a cricket bat—and two of his Englishmen came up to the gate. Then something else occurred to me about my uncle; he not only knew more about crows than I did, he was enjoying himself more than I was. He was a boyish patriarch. He walked jauntily out to the crow trap, twirling the broken piece of cricket bat like a shillelagh.

"Thirteen." He corrected my count with decision. "Thirteen black devils from Hell. In you go," he added. The Englishmen gaped, and so did I. "Always kill what you trap," said my uncle. He handed me the club. "In you go," he repeated as he made an opening for me in the wire.

Recurrent nightmares bring the scene back to me to this day. I only ask of the reader that he should imagine himself required to club to death thirteen large black birds with a wingspread little short of his own outstretched arms.

One thought filled my mind as I received the congratulations of all. Would this killing of crows go on day after day?

The crows solved the problem for me; the Corvidae are the most intelligent of birds as well as the drabbest. Not a one came near my trap again.

AS I left Wanboon, I received two gifts to take on the long trip home. One I had long coveted—my cousin's donkey engine, the only piece of machinery I have ever properly understood. The other was the cat-skin rug. It was felt that somehow one or the other would make a man of me in the end.

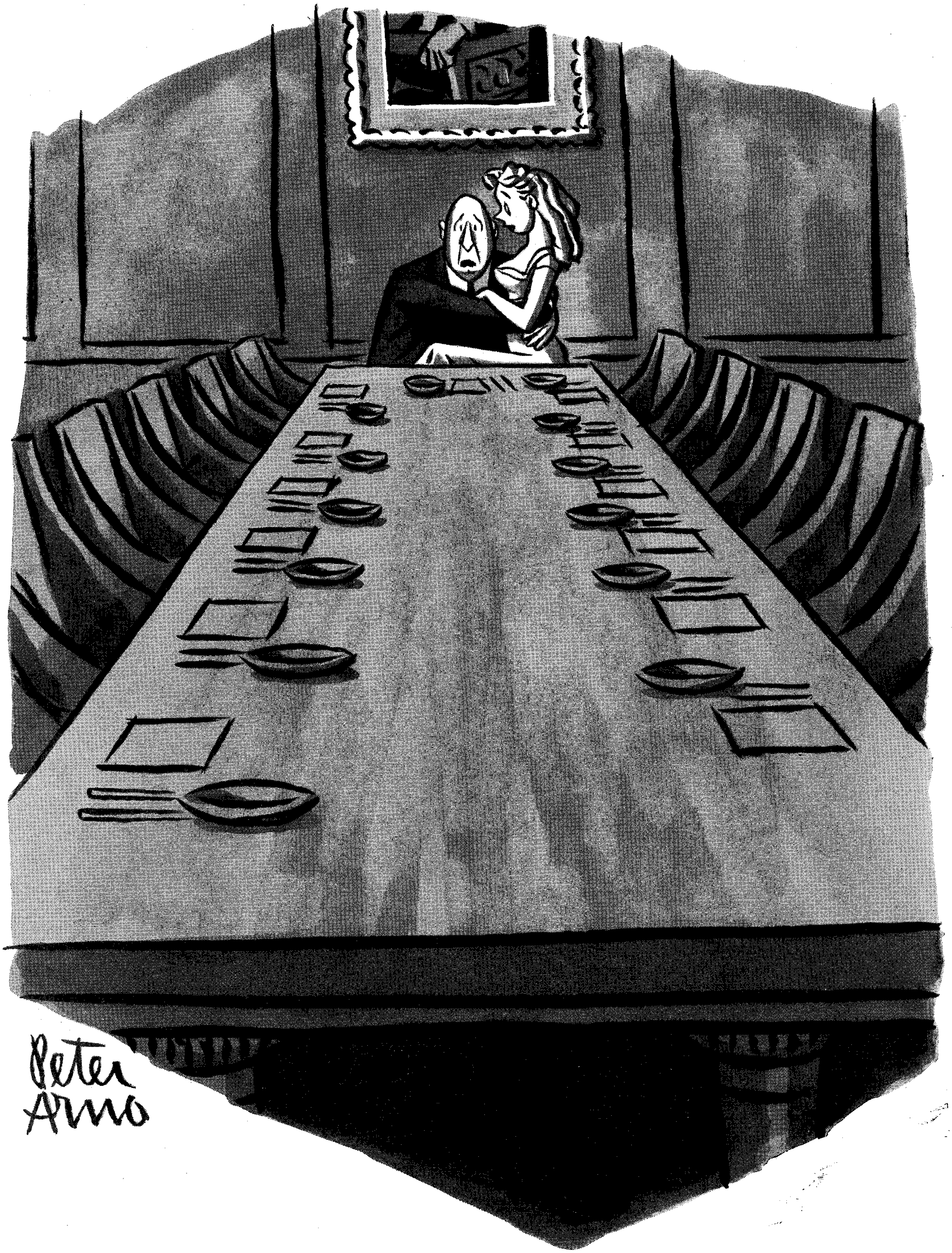
—ALWYN LEE

•

Mickey also had an answer ready for the inevitable question: "Do you have any definite aim?"

"Yes," replied the blond centerfielder. "I will strike out more than I should and I'll continue to concentrate on picking out good balls to hit."—*The Herald Tribune.*

That's answering the old question, Mickey.



"It's very lonely being Chairman of the Board, Miss Pearson."

THE OBJECT

THE Doctor gazed at Mrs. Bethel over the tops of his spectacles with his look of a wise old pussycat. "You're getting well," he remarked.

"Oh, am I?" cried Mrs. Bethel, delighted. She had always loved compliments.

The Doctor looked irritated; you could never tell how he was going to react. "Don't you know it yourself?" he demanded. "Do you have to hear it from me?"

"I'm sorry," she said penitently. "I didn't think—"

"Well, think, then," the Doctor said.

They were sitting facing each other on either side of the north window of Mrs. Bethel's room at Hardpan Farm, the sanitarium in the country that the Doctor ran for eight patients. Mrs. Bethel's hour of analysis was drawing to a close. Outside the window a few languid snowflakes drifted down on top of the hard-packed winter snow. But it was early March and already, Mrs. Bethel thought, the light was different, clearer, yellower; stronger at this hour of the afternoon. But was it? Or was she only imagining things again? She wanted to interrupt the Doctor, who had returned to his interpretation of Mrs. Bethel's last night's dream, and ask him, "Is it really lighter outside than it's been?" But she decided it sounded silly, and refrained.

". . . Your dream shows you're beginning to grasp the violation your nature suffered in your marriage to Alfred. To realize what domination you subjected yourself to, the power that you gave him," the Doctor was saying.

Mrs. Bethel nodded several times intelligently. The little stab of excitement she had felt lately woke again in her and she thought, Maybe that's the getting well. But the Doctor always said, "What is there to get excited about?"

"Alfred is the evil father, in the dream," the Doctor continued. "He has put on the garment of the good father, but in the dream you peep through the hole in the garment and recognize him for what he is." He paused, and looked at Mrs. Bethel. "You see, don't you?" he asked. "Don't say you do see if you don't see."

"Just— Why does he always have to be a father?"

The Doctor looked at her with infinite patience. "You didn't think he was a husband, did you?" he said. "You didn't think you were a wife?"

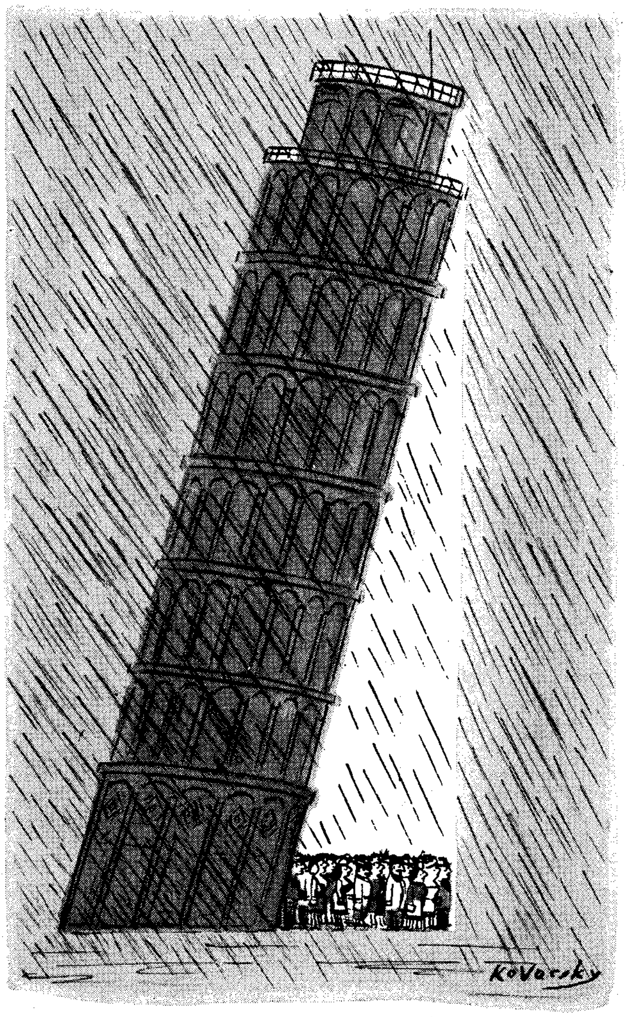
Mrs. Bethel turned the wedding ring upon her finger, abashed. It was humiliating to be told again that she was childish, after she had been making such an effort lately to act mature. The Doctor's sharp old eyes caught on what she was doing. "What have you got that thing on for?" he asked.

"I just never— I don't know," Mrs. Bethel said.

"We live by symbols," the Doctor said in his most philosophical manner. "The ring of marriage is a circular symbol representing union. It can also be the symbol of the most degrading bondage. Do you really want to still wear Alfred's ring?—Don't say you don't if you do."

But Mrs. Bethel suddenly felt quite spunky.

"No!" she exclaimed, and snatched the gold band off her finger. There. That ought to please him.



But you never could tell, with the Doctor.

"Don't put it on again" was all he said. After a moment he added, "In any way, shape, or form."

Mrs. Bethel shook her head several times, obediently. The Doctor looked irritated. "Now, let's get back to this dream of yours," he said.

WHEN the Doctor had departed, closing the door softly after him and trotting down the corridor to his hour with Miss Hughes, Mrs. Bethel lay down on her bed for her rest; her hour with the Doctor came directly after lunch.

But she did not feel like resting. Her thoughts flew about the room like trapped birds, dropping for an instant on the desk, where the discarded ring lay, dashing at the glass panes of the windows. Outside, it had begun to snow in earnest. In spite of her restlessness, Mrs. Bethel was not unhappy; gone, she realized suddenly, were the long dreary days of her humiliation, longing, and despair. She had not wept for a month. This must be what the Doctor meant by getting well. Her spirits rose a notch.

Her straying gaze kept being drawn back to the circlet of gold on the desk, as if by invisible leading strings. The ring seemed to glare balefully at her.

Suddenly she jumped up, went over to the desk, and snatched up the ring. With her other hand she threw open the lower sash of the window. Without hesitating, she tossed the ring out into the snowy driveway below.

Then she leaned out to see.

But there was no trace of the ring; it had disappeared into the drifts. She closed the window slowly, with a sense of achievement. Back on her bed she continued to have pleasurable sensations, as though of popularity and excitement. She felt quite like a young girl, for all her forty-odd years. "I've never even been married—really," she told herself, wide-eyed. The Doctor had said as much.

Or had he? She was not sure, and, unable to decide, she welcomed the arrival of the minute hand at the hour when she might get up.

WEARING a fresh white blouse and with her hair nicely brushed, Mrs.

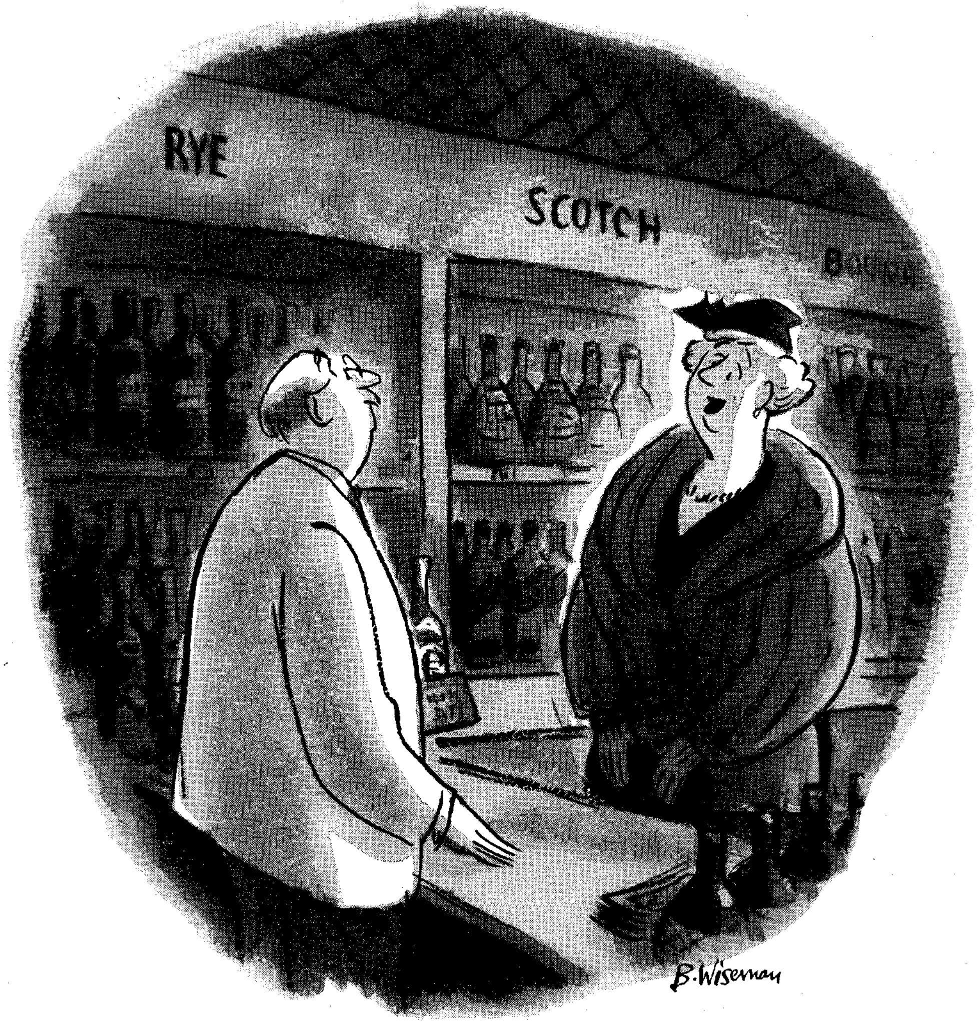
Bethel tapped at Mrs. Harley's door. "Resting?" she called softly. They had all learned—the patients upstairs—to speak in voices hardly above a whisper to each other, since they knew from experience how a loud noise could go in one ear and out the other like a sharp knitting needle.

"Come in," Mrs. Harley called back just as softly, for Miss Hughes would be resting after her hour with the Doctor, and from down the hall Mrs. Gleason, who out in the world was a successful dress designer, could be heard weeping, to the Doctor, because she was a failure and nobody would ever give her a job again. Mrs. Bethel slipped into Mrs. Harley's room like a wraith, and went and sat in the little rocking chair beside the south window, where the snow beat against the pane.

Mrs. Harley lay flat on her back on her bed. Under her neck and under each elbow and both knees were propped pillows. With arms and legs thus akimbo Mrs. Harley looked curious; her attitude seemed obscurely devotional, as her lips moved silently.

"Is it working?" Mrs. Bethel asked sympathetically. Mrs. Harley had bought a book on relaxing, and this was how the book said to do it.

Mrs. Harley nodded slightly, and allowed her lips to speak out loud the words that occupied her: "Let go, let go, let go," and reverted to soundlessness. Mrs. Bethel sat on in easy silence. The two of them were very compatible; they were both extraverts and did not take each other by unpleasant surprise. The only people who dropped verbal bombshells at Hardpan Farm were the introverts, and the Doctor said they could not help it.



"That liqueur you sold me last week was wonderful. Do those monks, by any chance, put out a ready-mixed Martini?"

The extraverts' rooms were all upstairs, and the introverts slept downstairs. When the extraverts used to talk things over together on their good days, they thought the Doctor had arranged this on purpose; it was always hard to believe anything was chance. "It's because we need more thought function—the upstairs—and they need to cultivate feeling—that's down deeper," Miss Hughes, who was always full of ingenious interpretations, had said. The others had gazed at her with respect, but doubtfully; maybe, they thought; the Doctor didn't *say* so.

In any case, it was a good arrangement, since the upstairs people all felt so much more at home with each other. The introverts were so dark and stormy that the extraverts really did not like to go downstairs except in pairs. But in pairs, or safely seated at the lunch table, they were capable of feeling considerable anger at the introverts for being introverts. Surely it was not necessary to look as black and gloomy as Miss Diggs did when she set her teacup down with a crash and announced she thought she had diverticulitis? But the Doctor said it was. The Doctor said that the introverts felt, all the time, as bad as Mrs. Bethel and Mrs. Harley did on their worst days. It seemed incredible. Surely Mrs. Mathews, in the room directly under Mrs. Bethel's, did not have to weep and wail so inconsiderately in the middle of the night for her children in Philadelphia? But the Doctor said she did. "You tend to your troubles," he said to Mrs. Bethel, "and let her tend to hers. Or if she bothers you with her noise," he said abruptly, "why don't you speak to her about it? Ask her to be quiet." That stopped Mrs. Bethel, for that, of course, was impossible. Her say anything as unpleasant, as harsh, as that?

Mrs. Harley stirred on her carefully arranged bed and craned her neck to read a bit more from the book that lay open on the bed table beside her. "He says you can reëducate your emotional behavior patterns if you relax enough," she said devoutly. "Listen: 'No one can experience an unpleasant or harsh emotion when he is completely relaxed.' You really ought to read it, Marjorie. Or do you think you'd better not?" she added delicately.

They were very sympathetic with each other about books. Books were dangerous, to be approached warily and read a little at a time. Awful things had been known to happen to the incautious, as when Miss Hughes had read that old copy of "Forever Amber" and had a relapse. Even the Doctor, for all his optimism and propensity for encouraging activity, recognized their difficulties. "The extravert tends to identify with the object," he explained. "Don't read till it comes easy."

But Mrs. Bethel did not feel scared now, only uninterested. It seemed to her that Mrs. Harley was making a tremendous to-do about her old book—the same sort of to-do she used to

SPRING ECLOGUE

Corydon: Daphnis, come sit with me on this glacial
boulder, under the creaking hemlock,
and let us courteously strive in song
to praise the new arrival.

Daphnis: Spring, you mean?
She's hardly here yet, but if anything would
distract our thoughts from the thin sheep and their
dried-out winter pasture, I'm all for it.
Here, this can of beer shall be the prize,
but you must begin the song.

C: Something, while we were sleeping this morning,
traversed the yard on delicate toe—
came silently out of the orchard
and disappeared in the long grass,
leaving its prints on the snow.

D: Overnight, the meadow has put forth a wet bloom.
Where maples map white highways to the sky,
the birds, like minor prophets, complain of doom;
and now, on the melting edges of the world,
the first Mayflowers have unfurled.

C: Where have last week's phoebes disappeared to?

D: Perhaps they're weathering out the cold spell
in somebody's barn,
perched among the rafters, two by two,
inspecting the tools on the workbench,
and the crumbling bridles,
taking rides in the sleigh,
tasting a little of anything that might be about,
and practicing solos
till winter has surely gone its way.

C: Wind has been fighting the clouds all day,
clearing the morning snow away,
turning the sky to a springlike blue,
and raising skunk cabbage in every pool.

D: Tulips take courage at the sight,
but if my nose informs me right,
we shall have snow again before night.
You can tell the way the birds take flight,
spring hasn't come to stay.

C: Look, a doe is loping down the brook!
Do you think she's bathing in the spring sun,
or is someone out after her with a gun?
Farther down, she'll come close to town,
but I don't hear any dogs. She still has time
to turn off up the mountain.

D: It must be difficult to disappear
at this season of the year
when the woods are bare.
Small things have a place to run to
when danger is near,
but there's no crevice or hole for the hunted deer.
It's getting dark. We've a long way still to go,
my sheep and I.

C: But, Daphnis, where is the beer you promised?

D: Oh, Corydon, I have drunk it all!

C: Then I award the empty can to you.
Sweetest songster on our hill, before we part,
accept this crook of laurelwood.

D: Rival of the blackbird,
take this flute and teach it how to sing.
Good night, Corydon. Till tomorrow.

C: Good night.

D: Evening sun, caught at the bough's end,
at length slips free.
Come down where heron
stalk slowly upriver,
heads lifted to spy
night's cold eye.

C: Shadows flow. River's
voice grows loud.
Come down. Those are not
clouds that streak the west
but herons' wings.

—Anne Hyde Greet

• •

make about God, earlier in her analysis.

Besides, Mrs. Bethel did not feel a bit like relaxing.

"The Doctor says I'm getting well," she reported with a trace of loftiness. "I don't think I need the book, thank you."

Mrs. Harley was very magnanimous. "I'm so glad," she exclaimed. "You must have had a rebirth. Let go, let go, let go," she resumed.

Mrs. Bethel was struck. They all heard a good deal about psychological rebirth in the course of their analyses, and Mrs. Bethel knew that it was tantamount to getting well. She guessed perhaps she *had* had one. Her spirits rose another notch.

"I looked out of the window and suddenly the light seemed brighter, more springlike," she began, deciding that she knew which side she was on about that particular problem.

But Mrs. Harley had closed her eyes. Her chin was tipped back, and her lips moved as though in inspiration. "Let go, let go, let go," she said. "Let go. Let go some more."

Mrs. Bethel got up and tiptoed out of the room.

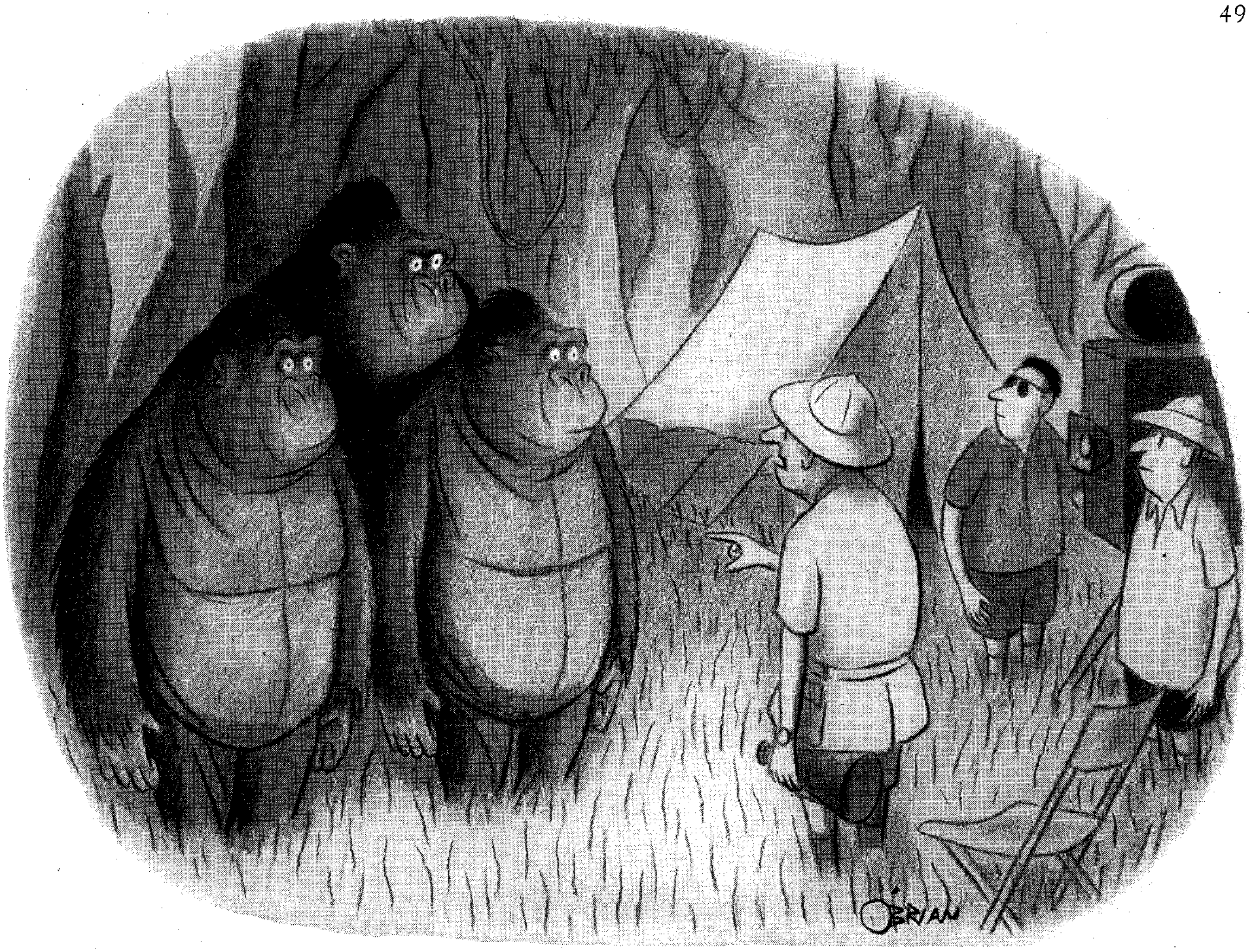
At her tap, Miss Hughes said, "Come in, darling." Miss Hughes could recognize everybody's tap. Miss Hughes could hear sounds downstairs at the other end of the house and identify who had made them. But now poor Miss Hughes, who had been so overactive, lay in bed, exhausted. Her energy had departed about Christmastime and had not yet reappeared.

Her small wan face smiled up faintly from the pillow as Mrs. Bethel glided in and sat down. "How are you, darling?" she whispered.

"I think I may have had a rebirth," Mrs. Bethel announced.

"Darling! I'm so glad. Is it wonderful?"

"Well, I was looking out of the window when all at once the light seemed brighter," Mrs. Bethel was beginning when she was stricken by the pathos



"I said two gorilla costumes. Don't you guys understand plain English?"

• •

of Miss Hughes' gaze—like, she thought, a child pressing its nose against a candy-shop window. Pity suffused her.

Faintly the Doctor's admonition repeated itself in the recesses of her mind: "I'll do the pitying around here. You just concentrate on Number One. You haven't got enough libido to go round." But everything was different now, wasn't it? If she had had a rebirth? If she was getting well?

"Tell me how *you* are," she finished. "Any better?"

Miss Hughes gave her a touching little smile.

"I'm getting along," she whispered. "Just— *She* keeps pulling me down."

Everybody upstairs at Hardpan Farm knew about the lady dressed in white who appeared in dreams to Miss Hughes, standing at the top of a flight of cellar stairs down which she sought to drag the dreamer. Miss Hughes could not resist telling about it, with huge eyes, although the Doctor discouraged the exchange of this sort of confidence. "You've got enough trouble with your dreams," he had told Mrs. Bethel, brusquely. "You let Miss Hughes worry about her own dreams." "But it's so *ghastly*," Mrs. Bethel had insisted. "It's not ghastly at all," the Doctor contradicted, in his positive way. "It's fine, if Miss Hughes would just go to work and understand it."

But it still frightened them out of their wits—the idea of that white-robed figure dragging one of their number down, down. Mrs. Bethel had come on Miss Hughes in the bathroom one day tearing the head off a figure she had twisted together out of toilet paper, in an attempt to lay this ghost. Mrs. Bethel had looked delicately aside and shut the door again. For this was the sort of resort the Doctor was most put out by. He was right, of course; he was always right. Tearing up toilet-paper dolls was surely nothing but superstition, as he said.

Now Mrs. Bethel felt the faint twinges of fear, at the thought of Miss Hughes' white lady. Oh dear! When she had been feeling so fine! She was overcome by penitence; it all came from not doing what the Doctor said; from identifying with Miss Hughes. "Well, I just stopped by to see how you were today," she said hastily, rising.

But they were so much alike, upstairs, that they could not really fool each other.

"I'm sorry I talked about her," Miss Hughes whispered. "I'm pretty well, really. I'm doing Mrs. Harley's relaxing exercises. She lent me her book last night."

Mrs. Bethel noticed for the first time that there were curious knobs and nubbins under Miss Hughes' coverlet: pillows, at the strategic spots. As she stood looking, Miss Hughes began to murmur, eyes closed, "Let go, let go, let go, let go. Let go." She opened her eyes for an instant to say, "He says the interbrain is at the bottom of all emotional conflicts."

Mrs. Bethel was impressed. What was the interbrain? The Doctor had never spoken of it. She threw Miss Hughes a smile and shut the door softly behind her.

Out in the hall she felt better. The snow was beating violently against the panes of the hall window, casting a whitish, muffled light indoors. Mrs. Bethel stood pressing her nose against the glass. The snowy scene outside, the country road with its turning where the mailboxes stood, the fields beyond the stone wall, seemed to her romantic, and sparkling as though with the mica that is scattered on Christmas cards. In fancy she was out in it, flashing through the whirling snow on skis.

Faintly, from behind her, she could hear voices on the other side of Mrs. Gleason's door. The Doctor's voice said loudly, "Rubbish." A minute later the door opened and the Doctor came out, closing the door gently behind him. He started to trot down the hall in his usual hurry to get to his next appointment, and then he saw Mrs. Bethel at the window and stopped.

"Well, my dear," he remarked. "No walk today, eh?"

It was always flattering to be singled out for conversation by the Doctor outside of one's regular hour with him. Mrs. Bethel blushed.

"I've been looking at the snow," she said. "Imagining how exciting it would be to go dashing through it. Perhaps in a sleigh."

The Doctor examined her over the tops of his spectacles.

"Does it have to be exciting?" he asked.

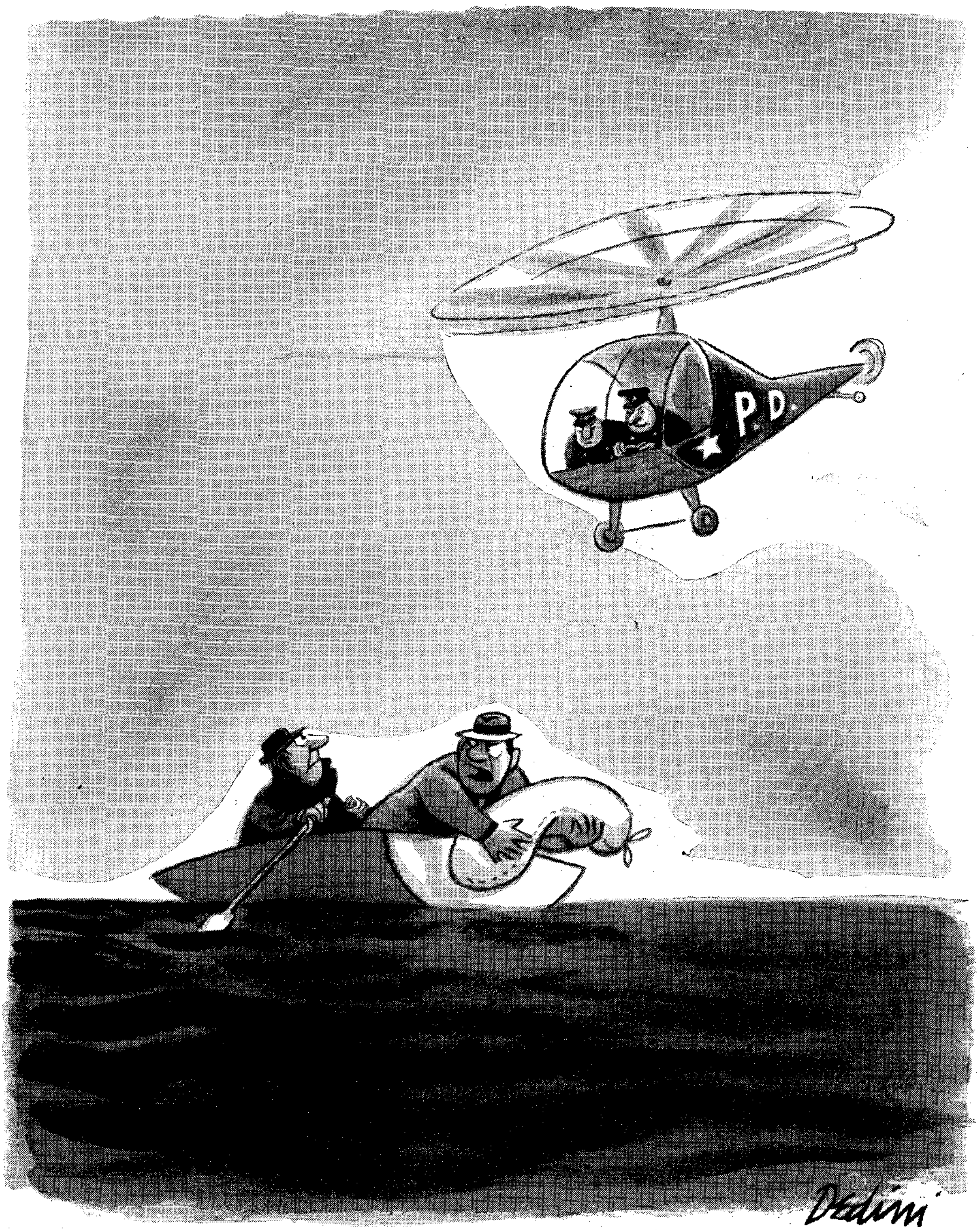
Mrs. Bethel was filled with remorse.

"I'm sorry," she said penitently. "I forgot. I know it's wrong to be excited."

"Pish," said the Doctor. "Not wrong. Inappropriate."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Bethel said again.

The Doctor gave her another piercing glance.



"You'll have to admit that twenty years ago this would have been a perfect crime."

"I want you to relax," he said, "and quit apologizing. Why don't you try those relaxing exercises Mrs. Harley's been doing? I glanced at that book she has. Seems to make reasonably good sense."

Turning away, he resumed his rapid trot down the corridor.

From behind Mrs. Gleason's closed door her voice, too, could be heard chanting, "Let go, let go, let go."

DINNER at Hardpan Farm was served at a long table, tonight with four patients on one side and three on the other. Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, sat in Miss Hughes' place. The Doctor carved roast beef benevolently at the head of the table, shooting sharp glances at one or another of his charges as he sliced off the piece he considered most suitable for her. Miss Hay, the trained nurse, sat at the end opposite the Doctor.

"I don't want any, thank you, Doctor," said Miss Diggs, morosely. Miss Diggs had the corner room downstairs. "That cook you've got doesn't wash her hands. I've got enough to contend with without coming down with something else."

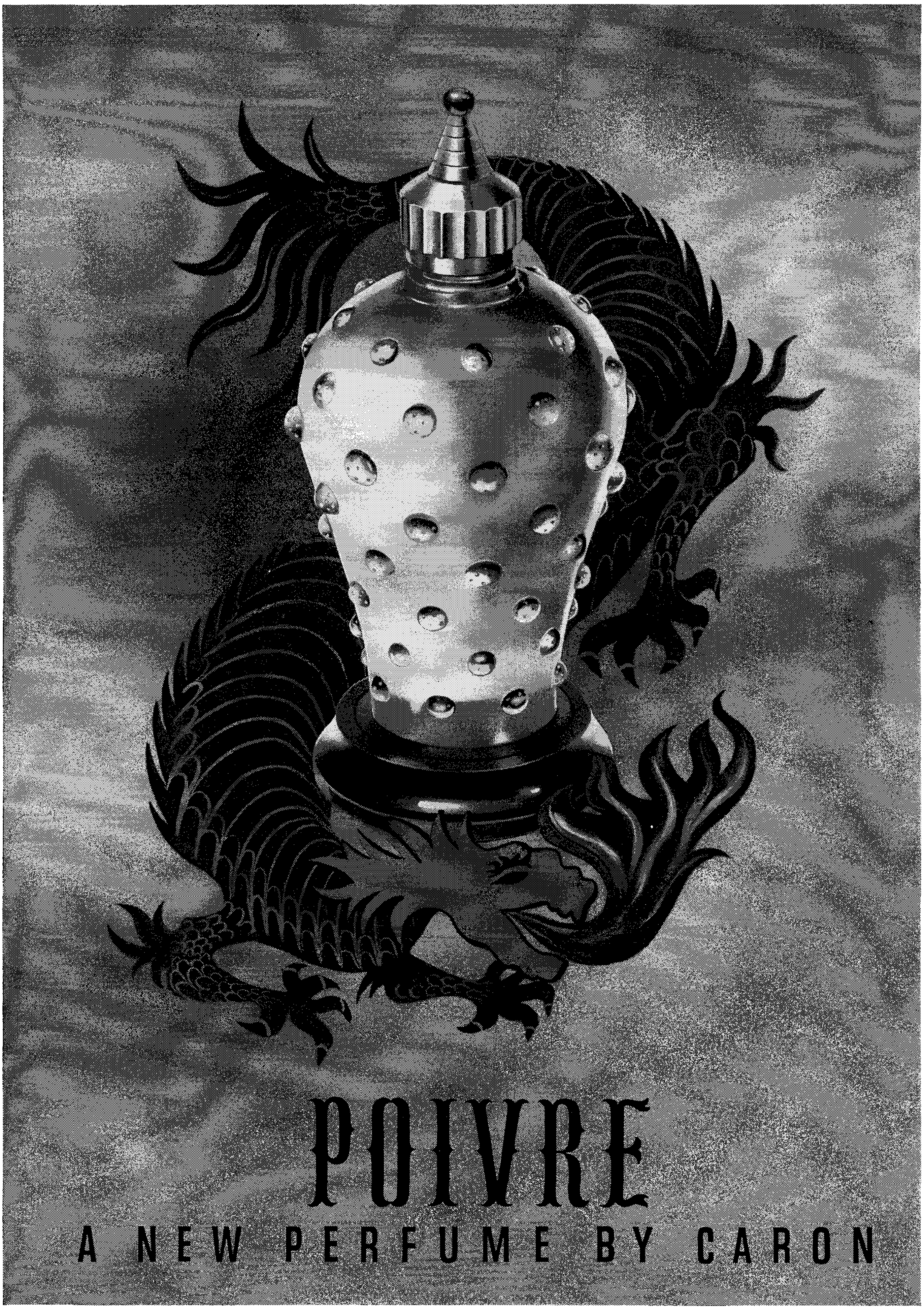
"Rubbish," said the Doctor, automatically. "She does so wash her hands." He handed down a plateful to Miss Diggs' place. Mrs. Bethel set it down in front of that long, dark, gloomy face. Mrs. Harley, opposite her, had her eyes fixed heavenward; her lips moved silently.

Miss Diggs' expression became like a thundercloud.

"Doctor, I just told you—" she began, but at that moment her attention, so notably hard to detach from any subject to which it had fastened itself, was distracted by Mrs. Harley's appearance. "What's *she* doing?" she demanded.

Mrs. Bethel and Mrs. Gleason, with a start of recollection, instantly fell into poses similar to Mrs. Harley's. Their shoulders dropped limply, their wrists drooped, their brows lowered, and they also began to move their lips as though in silent prayer.

"Gracious, it looks as if half the people at this table had come over all funny,"


POIVRE
A NEW PERFUME BY CARON

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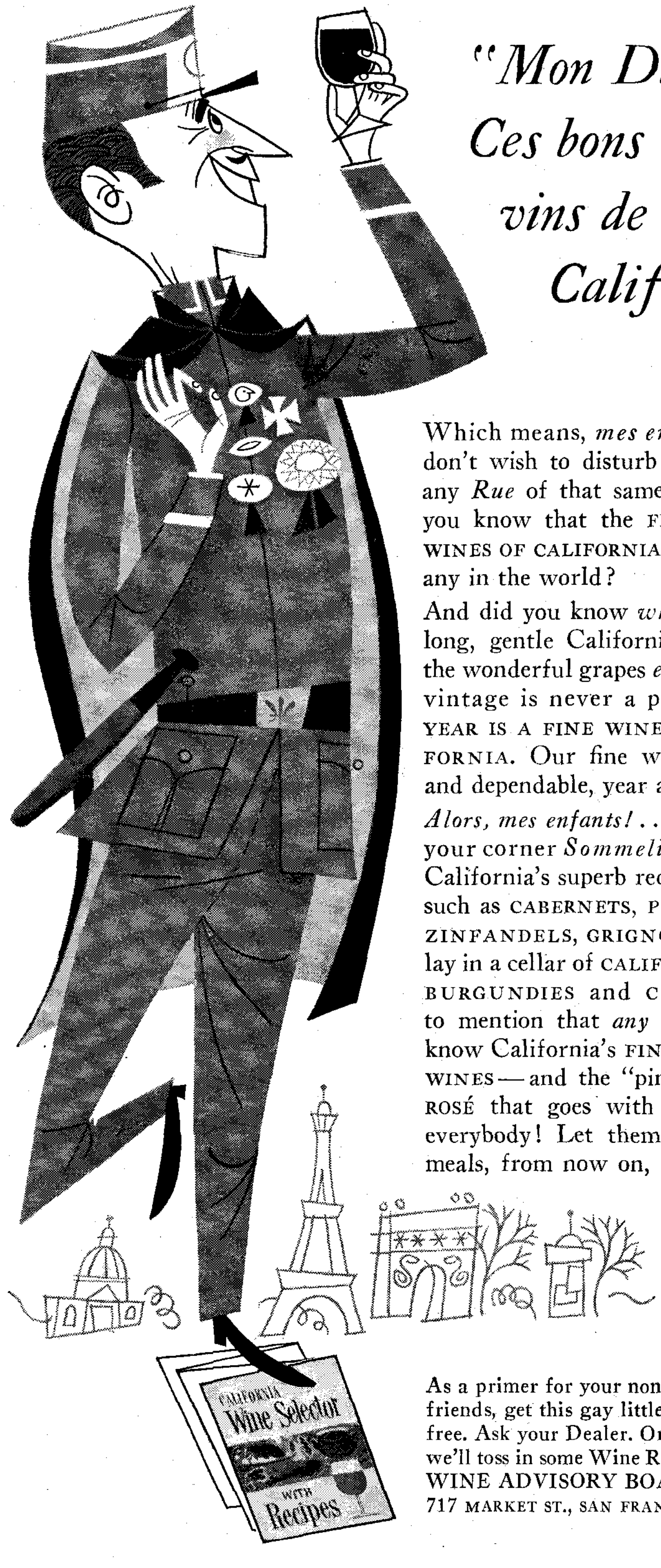

There was a young French gourmet
Who said, on the *Rue de la Paix,*
As he sipped a fine
California Wine,
"Ah! Mais n'est-il pas français?"

"Mon Dieu! Ces bons vins de Californie!"

Which means, *mes enfants,* that we don't wish to disturb the *Paix* along any *Rue* of that same name, but did you know that the FINE RED TABLE WINES OF CALIFORNIA are the peers of any in the world?

And did you know *why*? Because the long, gentle California seasons ripen the wonderful grapes *every* year. Thus, vintage is never a problem. EVERY YEAR IS A FINE WINE YEAR IN CALIFORNIA. Our fine wines are unique and dependable, year after year.

Alors, mes enfants!... Dash down to your corner *Sommelier* and demand California's superb red varietal wines, such as CABERNETS, PINOTS, GAMAYS, ZINFANDELS, GRIGNOLINOS . . . and lay in a cellar of CALIFORNIA CLARETS, BURGUNDIES and CHIANTIS! Not to mention that *any* gourmet should know California's FINE WHITE TABLE WINES—and the "pink" CALIFORNIA ROSÉ that goes with everything and everybody! Let them spark up your meals, from now on, every day.

As a primer for your non-gourmet friends, get this gay little "WINE SELECTOR," free. Ask your Dealer. Or write us—we'll toss in some Wine Recipe Leaflets, too.
WINE ADVISORY BOARD, DEPT. N1,
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ALWAYS ASK FOR

Wines of California

EVERY YEAR IS A FINE WINE YEAR IN CALIFORNIA

said Mrs. Mathews, coyly. "I don't know what my friends in Philadelphia would think if they could see us." Mrs. Mathews, who had the room opposite Miss Diggs', had not been able to bring herself to face the fact of Hardpan Farm; nightly she wept, very loud, for the Main Line.

Mrs. Bethel felt called upon to make an explanation.

"We're relaxing," she said cheerfully. "It all came out of a wonderful book Mrs. Harley bought. You just say 'Let go' to yourself."

Mrs. Harley chimed in.

"It's almost miraculous," she said eagerly. "I feel so much better, after just a few days of it. I feel everything in me healing."

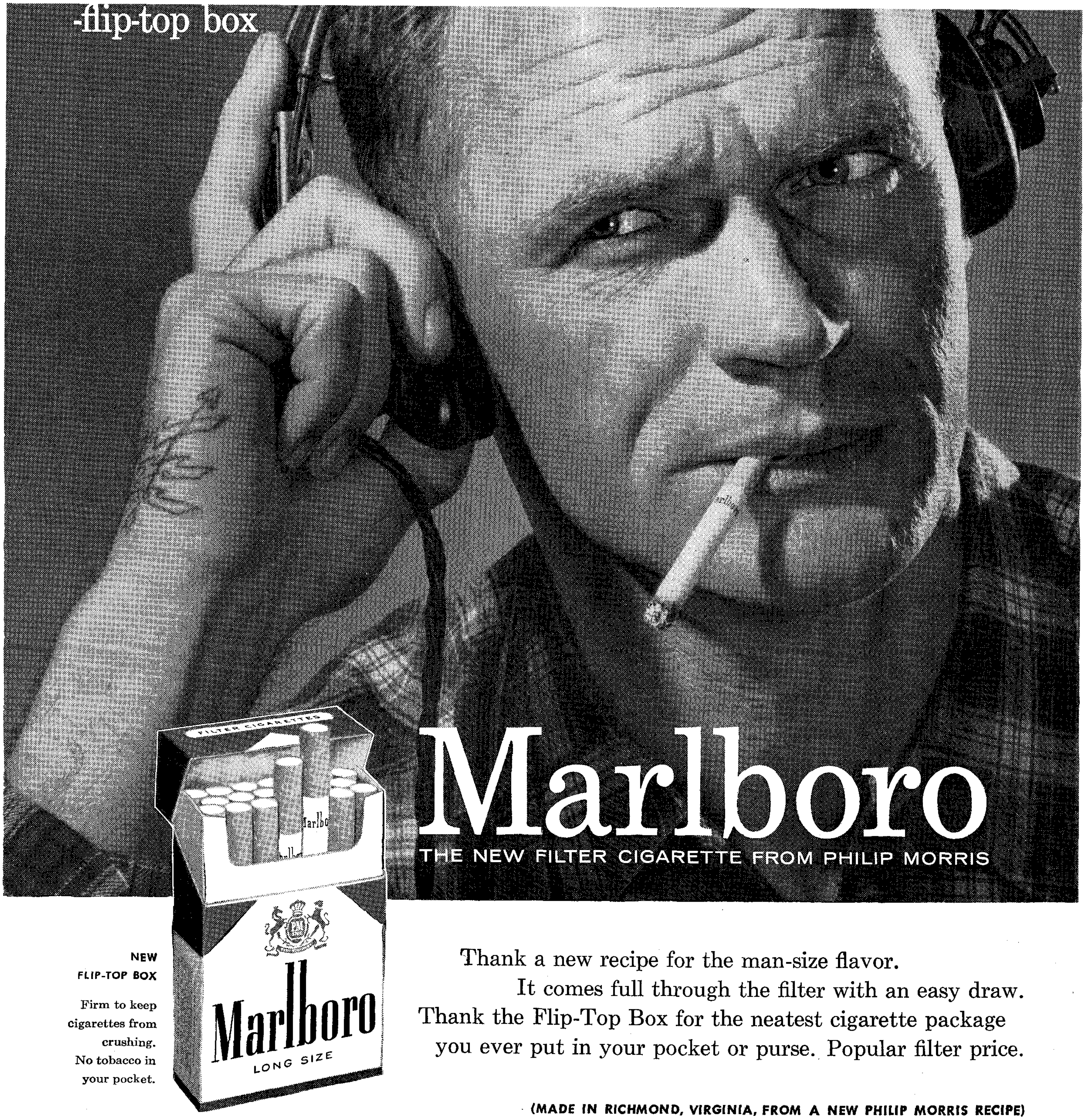
Mrs. Gleason's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

"The man who wrote the book says," she reported, "that every single thing you do—sleeping, walking, just sitting—is just another opportunity to practice relaxing. You simply eliminate tension. I've only been doing it today, and I know *something* is happening to me."

The introverts looked at them with wary, suspicious eyes.

The extraverts were always being carried away by something. They were so light-minded. Look at the time, last summer, when they had all taken up doing stretching exercises on the back lawn—and then as suddenly dropped them, just when the introverts had become seriously interested in the principle of the thing. For the awful, the inescapable, thing was that the extraverts were so contagious in their enthusiasms. They really convinced you of the worth and importance of whatever they were being so eloquent about, often against your better judgment. Better indeed; for it seemed that the extraverts had no judgment at all. It was incredible but apparently true. "They're all yes and no no," the Doctor would say. "They can't reject things, the way you can." It was inconceivable; surely if they *tried* . . . "You just let them do their way," the Doctor would say. "It wouldn't do you a bit of harm to get a little of their yessing into your heart." But it was so ridiculous not to be able to say no.

The introverts, as one woman, said a fervent inner no now. They would not be dragged into this new foolishness, not again. They bent withdrawn eyes on their plates, Mrs. Mathews put on her most disapprovingly Philadelphian expression, and Miss Diggs, remarking "Doctor, I told you I would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PRONOUNCE THE Q AS IN QUANDARY

THOSE of you who have never tried to squeeze an involved idea into an advertisement may not appreciate how hard it is to do and still make everything look pulled-together and attractive. It's difficult to say whether we've succeeded here or not. Perhaps you'd better read it first, it's not very long: ⟶

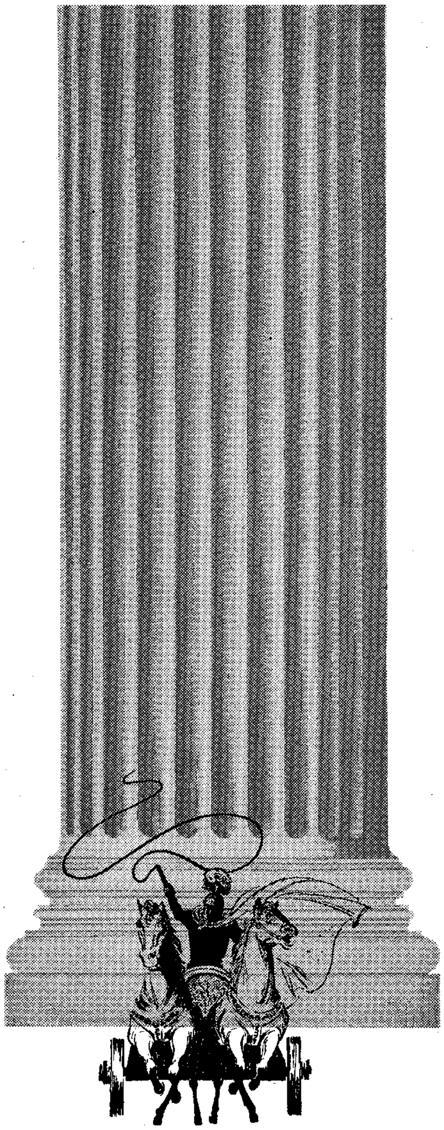
You can see the problem: you have to be in Europe *first* (though there's nothing, nothing at all to keep you from buying your Qantas ticket before you leave here; we recommend it in fact. Heartily). "Well," you may say, "that's not so complicated," and you're absolutely right. But try getting all that into a headline (preferably starting with NOW! or NEVER BEFORE!). We gave up and settled for what you see, hoping you'd be entranced by the word "platypuses," though anyone who has ever seen a platypus might be loath to rank it with the Taj Mahal by moonlight. Oh, platypuses are interesting enough, but we wouldn't make the trip to Australia for just them, understand. Their lack of affection verges on insolence, which may be just as well.

About that column and chariot. The artist thought that sidewalk cafes and the Eiffel Tower were not sufficiently evocative of the *real* Europe. This was. We backed across the room and squinted and agreed that it surely was evocative, all right. Well, it *is*; you know how many charioteers you see when you're abroad.

The only trouble with the column is it presses all the words down into a few lines. What we wanted to say is all there, but it's not effulgent enough. It doesn't convey the feeling of gazing out the window at the Grecian Isles rising out of the bright sea; or of gaping at the golden temples of Siam; or of swimming off the golden beaches at Sydney. Or watching the black swans gliding through the reflections of Melbourne on the Yarra. Or even how pleasant it is to fly Qantas Super Constellations*. Pity.

Of course, you can ask your travel agent, like it says. He is absolutely sloshing with picturesque information and pertinent facts—and his services cost not a penny. If you don't *know* any travel agents drop us a card and we'll recommend some near you. And if you'd like we'll send you some folders we have on what we've been talking about. Write: **Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco, or 342 Madison Ave., New York.**

*Sam hasn't worked out too well. We've tried, goodness knows. But people keep coming up and demanding, "Look, are your planes Super-G Constellations?" Very well, we admit it, they *are* Super-G Constellations. We hope everyone's satisfied. Sleep won't come easily this night . . .



europe and platypuses, too!..

If you are going to Europe, you ought to think about coming home the interesting way, via the Middle East, Australia (where platypuses are), the South Seas. It doesn't cost all that much more, and think of what you'll see! Catch a Qantas Super Constellation in, say, London or Rome, and fly in admirable comfort on through to San Francisco. In the process you will have gone *around the world.* Ask your travel agent about this or other Qantas flights, First Class and Tourist, across the world to five continents.

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not eat any of this improperly prepared food," got up, glowering, and stalked stiff-legged from the room.

"*Now* what's the matter with her?" inquired Mrs. Martin, who knew Miss Diggs' ways perfectly well. She was, however, convinced that the patients, when they were difficult, were difficult on purpose.

The white-haired little Doctor gazed over his tableful of patients with benign tolerance.

"No feeling relation to the outside," he remarked, and belched slightly.

The extraverts preened, for this quality at least, no matter how helpless, how hopeless, they might be, they knew they possessed.

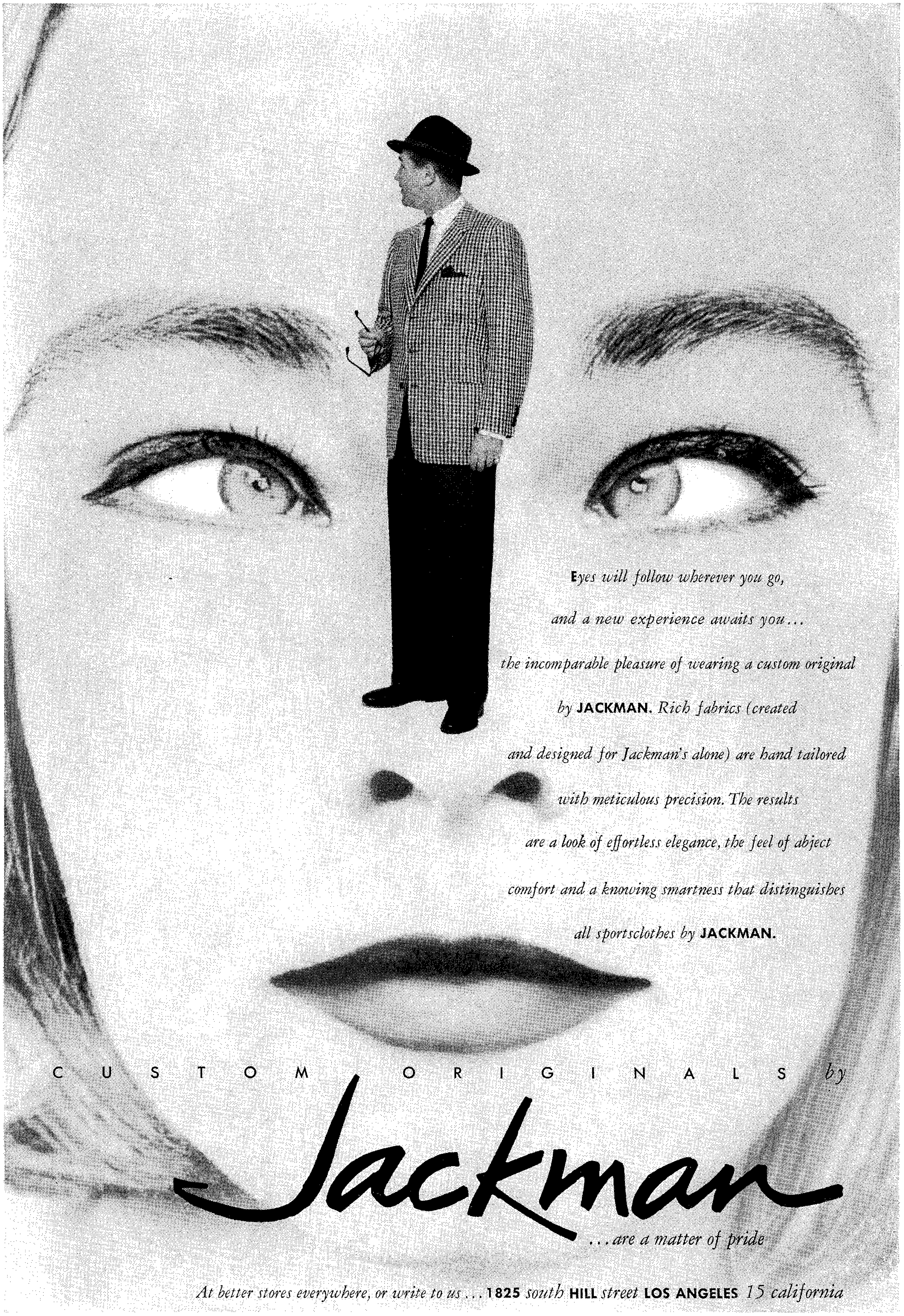
"If you ask me, it's an old-fashioned temper tantrum," Mrs. Martin declared.

"I didn't ask you," the Doctor said.

AFTER dinner the Doctor, as was his wont, read aloud to the patients before the blazing fire in the living room. Tomorrow morning he would leave early for the three days a week he spent in the city on his practice there; so the most must be made of tonight.

Miss Hay and Mrs. Martin sat side by side, mending sheets. Mrs. Harley and Mrs. Mathews knitted, Mrs. Mathews considerably the more rapidly of the two, since Mrs. Harley was finding the greatest difficulty in relaxing her hands completely and knitting with them at the same time. Let go, thought all the extraverts; let go, let go, let go. The introverts stared at them suspiciously: why were their lips moving like that, why did they look so rapt, what occupied their minds anyway, what made them so puzzling? Meanwhile the calm old voice read on, from Hinkle on the unconscious:

"What we now designate as the collective unconscious was in antiquity conceived of as Fate. The Greek culture had achieved a definite separation in thought between individual man and the collective unconscious which, under the concept of Fate, was set over against him as a powerful determinant of his destiny. Here lies the great distinction between the men of antiquity and the primitives. The latter have not attained this separation and consequently they are in the closest association with the instinctive impulses, feelings, and thought processes. They are living in a state of identity with nature and, because limited to perception through the senses and without conceptual thinking, they must give objective value to



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PITTSBURGH
Joseph Horne Co.

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and other good stores and linen shops

every subjective impression produced on them by the outer world . . ."

Let go, thought Mrs. Bethel to herself at the same moment that she strove earnestly to imbibe this important information uttered by the fountainhead of all wisdom; let go, let go, let go some more. Perhaps pretty soon I will be able to relax completely, and then I'll be well. The book says so. So does the Doctor. Or does he?

" . . . In contrast to the primitive and differing from the Greek, modern man has become so rationalistic in his attitude that his tendency is toward a non-recognition and denial of the unconscious, whether called by the name of Fate or of God. The old forms of mental functioning are chiefly confined to dreams, to the production of phantasies and to the neuroses; only occasionally do they project themselves as realities. . . ."

How true, thought Mrs. Gleason politely; let go, let go, let go, she adjured herself.

The firelit circle of bland, innocent faces continued to gaze adoringly at the Doctor, drinking in the knowledge that only he could impart. He laid the book down on his knee and looked about, ready to expound.

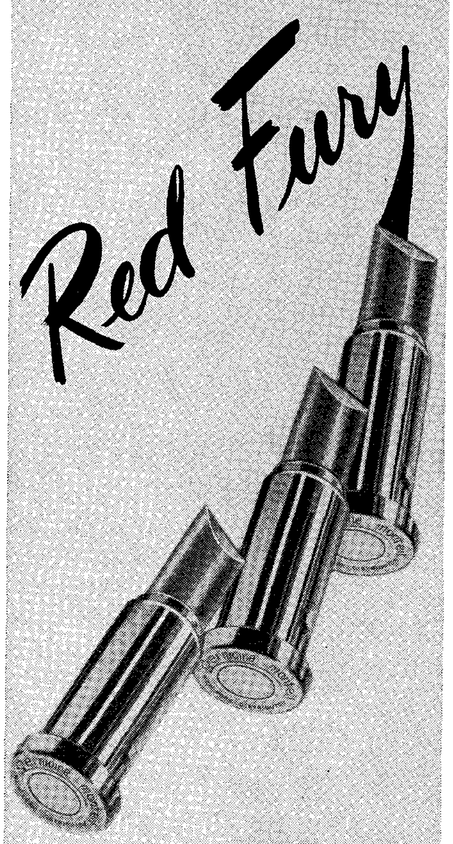
"As a modern type, the emotional introvert is today potentially the highest form of psychological development known to us," he remarked. "Subject to the greatest difficulties and dangers in dealing with himself and with reality, he nevertheless has, so to speak, a leg up as far as psychic evolution is concerned."

Over the faces of the introverts there stole a grim smile.

But it came as a blow to the extraverts. What, gloomy old Miss Diggs a highest form? Still, one might have known it; the introverts had something—a power enviable, mysterious, ineluctable; what was it? Let go, let go, thought Mrs. Harley and Mrs. Bethel and Mrs. Gleason, to console themselves; let go, let go some more.

IN the morning the sun was shining dazzlingly over the stretches of unbroken snow that surrounded Hardpan Farm. Mrs. Bethel woke high as a kite. Every branch, every twig bore its narrow white lining, the sunshine of early spring caught on the mica-bright facets of the snow, and the effect was paradisiacal. "I'm getting well," she remembered, and then, "Let go, let go, let go."

After breakfast, which was brought to the patients on trays, Mrs. Bethel



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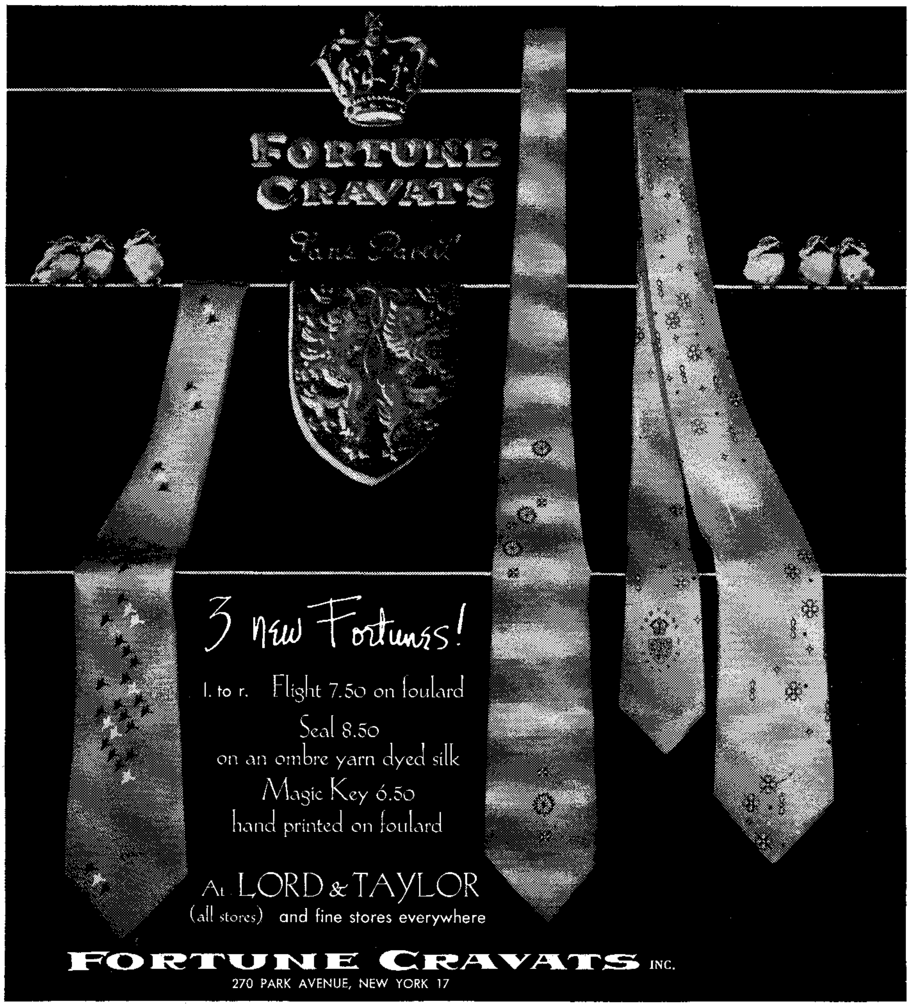
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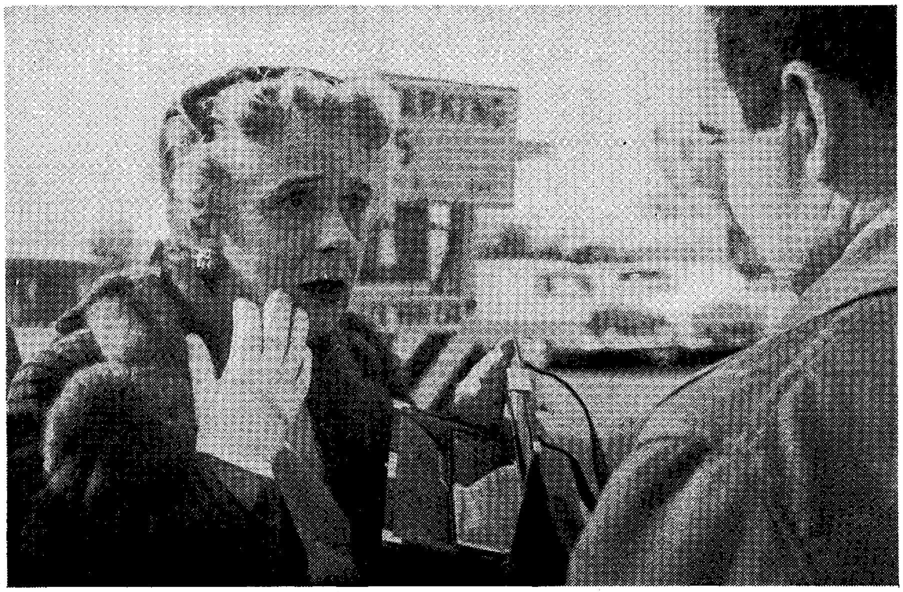

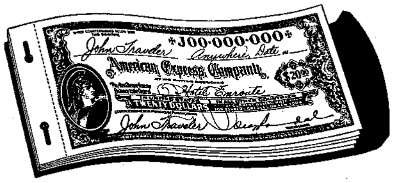
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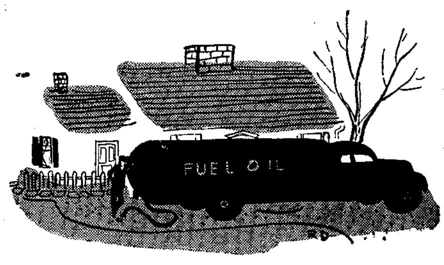
went for a walk. She set off down the road to the Goose Farm, walking in the ruts made by early cars and trucks. The air was dry and crisp and cold, and a light wind slid along the surface of the crust, sending up a fine powder. Let go, thought Mrs. Bethel faithfully, although the morning was stimulating and she had to struggle between feeling high and feeling relaxed at the same time. She allowed her arms to hang limply by her sides. Perhaps by the time the Doctor gets back again I will be well, she thought.

When she got to the Goose Farm, she turned in to its drive; the owners were very pleasant about the Doctor's patients coming to look at the animals. Mrs. Bethel walked back to the barn. Inside, the cows stood patiently in their stanchions, chewing with a rotary motion. They looked at her without changing their tempo. The air of the barn was sweet with their breath and warm with their heat. They stood almost motionless. Occasionally a large, light-lashed eyelid would bat over a large round eye. A tail would switch, like a rope swinging. A cow would shift its hoofs, tentatively. The cows stood in their long row, confined, and stared mildly at Mrs. Bethel and chewed, and Mrs. Bethel stood in the straw practicing her relaxing and stared at the cows.

Suddenly she felt very angry. Ridiculous cows! The only word for them was cowlike. There wasn't a spark of spirit in the row of them. Boiling with superiority, Mrs. Bethel turned and walked out of the barn. She had no time to waste looking at cows.

She made a circuit through the snow by way of the woods and ended up at the front gate of Hardpan Farm just as a taxi from the village drew up and Miss Diggs got out. Mrs. Bethel stopped, intrigued. Miss Diggs was known to have, among other things, agoraphobia, and the descriptions that had on occasion been extracted from her of the wide, howling spaces that seemed to surround her in the little village three miles from the farm were fascinating.

Miss Diggs appeared more than ever dark, offish, and disagreeable. She



seemed to be concealing something underneath her sleeve.

"Did you have to go to the dentist?" Mrs. Bethel inquired with interest, to draw her out.

"No!" Miss Diggs said blackly. "I had to do a few errands, that's all. Any objections?" she was asking rudely when her foot slipped on the icy, shovelled path and the book she had been hiding fell out on the ground. Miss Diggs snatched it up, but not before Mrs. Bethel had seen that it was a copy of the book on relaxing.

Well, why not? Mrs. Bethel wondered; why be so funny about it? But Miss Diggs was in a rage at having her surrender discovered.

"I understand from Mrs. Mathews that he makes the Doctor's theories look sick," she snapped, clasping the book to her bosom secretively. "Mrs. Mathews was glancing through Mrs. Harley's copy before making up her mind whether she wanted to buy one," she added significantly; it was a matter of common knowledge at Hardpan Farm that the extraverts never knew what they wanted to do.

But Mrs. Bethel missed the allusion. Miss Diggs had already paralyzed her entire being, dropped one of the verbal bombshells that the introverts were always dropping. Mrs. Bethel made for her bedroom in desperation and, when she got there, lay down on her bed. The Doctor's theories? Look sick? The Doctor not always right? All of Mrs. Bethel seemed drawn up into a hard knot of panic, while inside it a tiny creature looked wildly about for an escape. Even in these straits, she went on thinking mechanically, Let go, let go, let go.

Miss Diggs, striding along the downstairs corridor to her room, having forgotten to stamp the snow off her boots and hence tracking wet all through the house, was saying angrily to herself, She thinks she's been so convincing. She thinks she can turn me round her little finger. I'll show her. I'll do this thing *right*.

And she opened her new book to Chapter One.

THE Doctor got back late on the third night and came bustling in the front door in a flurry of snow. Mrs. Martin and Miss Hay had a pot of steaming cocoa waiting for him on the dining-room table. The patients were all in their beds, presumably asleep under the influence of their various pills and capsules. The Doctor stamped and shook himself in the en-

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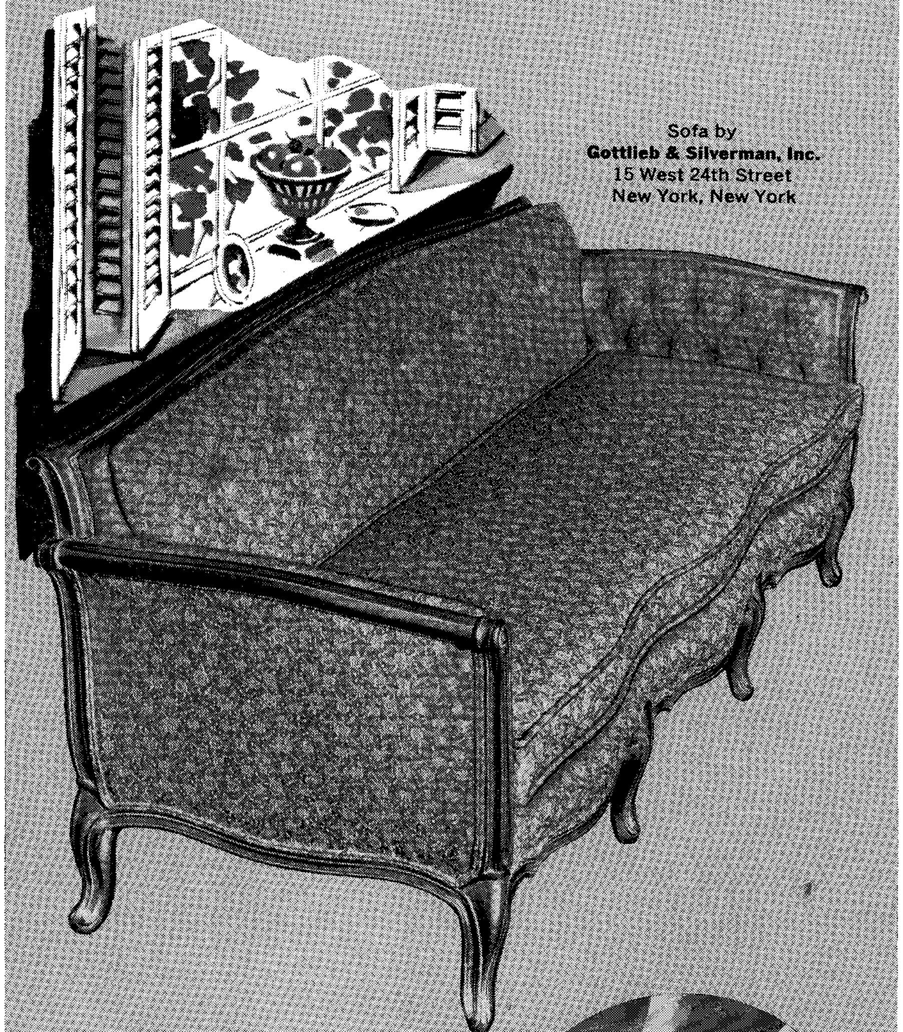

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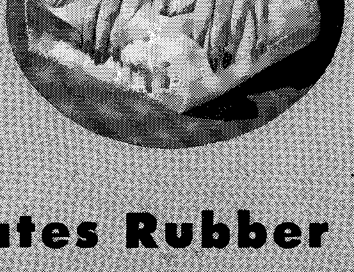

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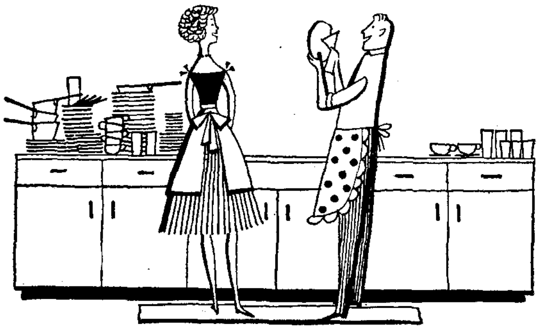
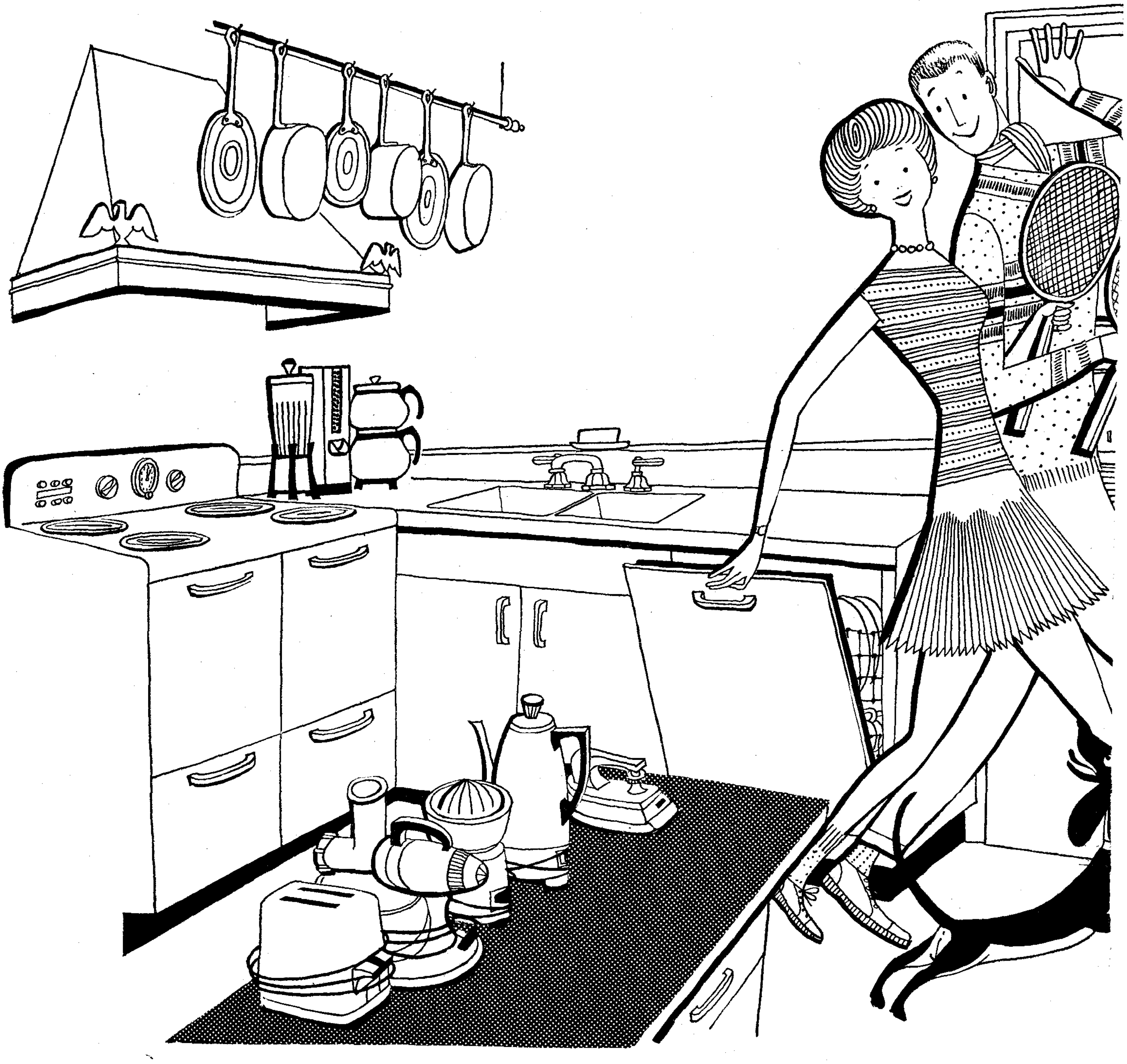
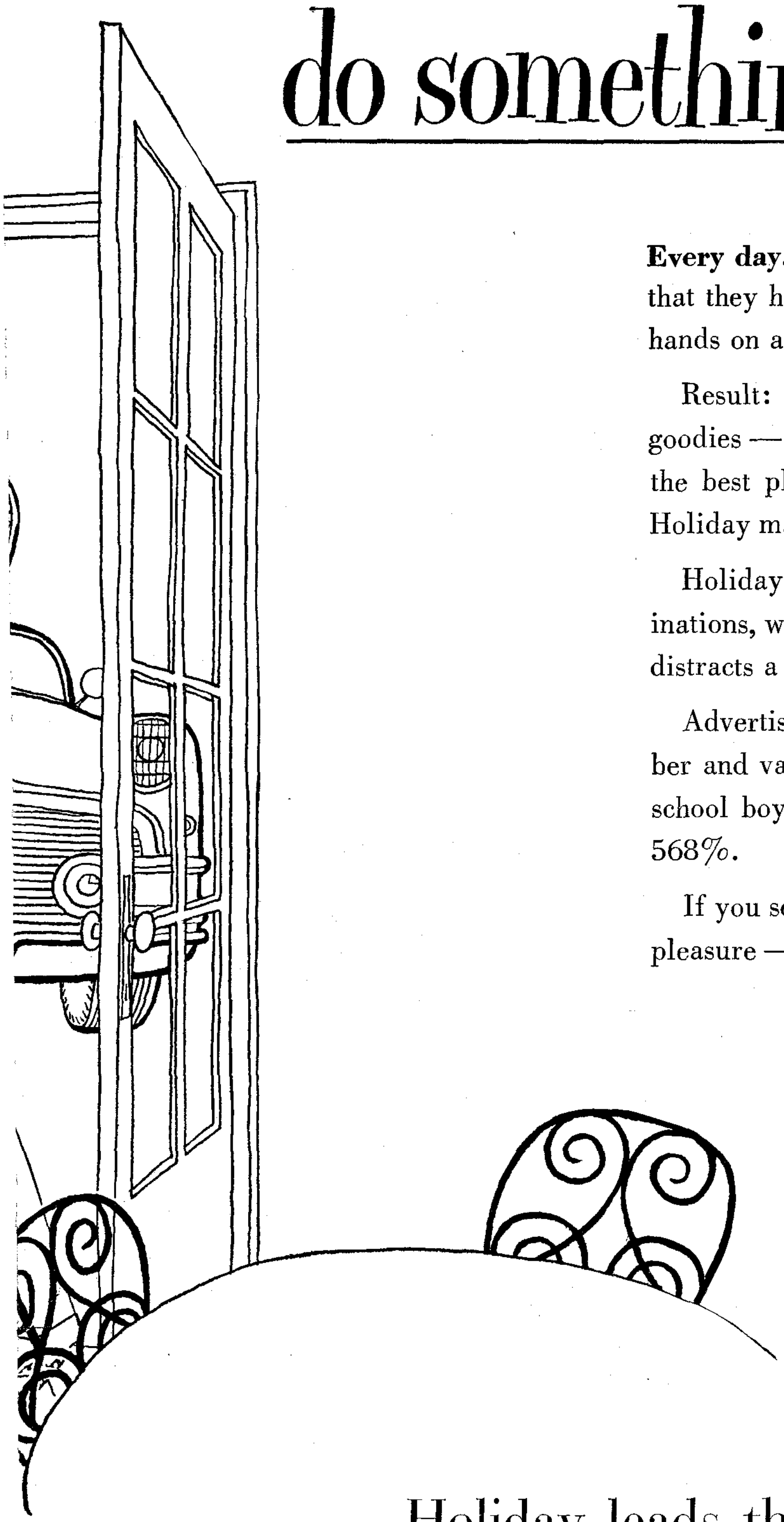


but people in the Holiday Mood



do something about it!



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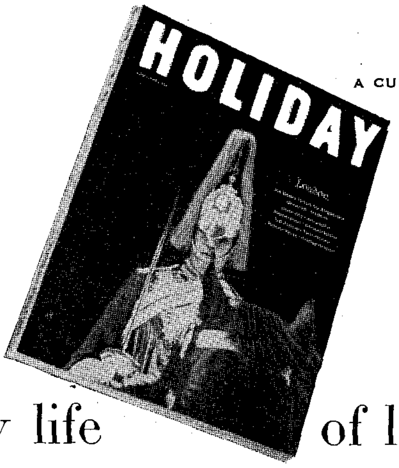

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

Holiday leads the new life of leisure

try, divested himself of his overcoat, and came into the dining room rubbing his hands together. Beads of melted snow glistened on his white mustache. Mrs. Martin poured him out a cup, and the Doctor sat down to it.

"A bad night," he remarked, blowing on his cocoa. "Hope this will be the last of the season."

"Doctor," said Miss Hay, "I want to talk to you about the patients."

The Doctor sighed.

"Which patients?" he asked, resignedly.

"All the patients," Miss Hay said. "I think they've all gone crazy."

Mrs. Martin sniffed and tossed her white-pompadoured head.

"How can they go crazy when they're crazy already?" she asked.

"They're not crazy," the Doctor said patiently. "They're just neurotic." He had been over this so many times before with Mrs. Martin.

"Well, they're certainly acting crazy now," said Miss Hay.

"All right, what's got you stirred up this time?" the Doctor asked, in his impolitic way.

"They're all relaxing," Miss Hay said.

"Fine," said the Doctor. "That's just what I try to get 'em to do, but generally they won't."

"Oh, I'm not such a fool as all that," cried Miss Hay. "I guess I know when a patient is genuinely relaxing."

"Well, what *are* you carrying on about, then?" the Doctor asked.

"Just that they all sit around like dummies with their lips moving as if they were praying," Miss Hay explained. "And what they're really saying is this idiotic babble of 'Let go, let go.' If they're really relaxing I'll eat my cap. They're possessed, that's what it is, absolutely possessed with this thing."

"You may be right, at that," the Doctor remarked, holding out his cup for a refill. "You've got an insight there."

"They don't even hear what you say," Miss Hay went on, mollified. "They don't speak or pay any attention to anybody—just walk around like rag dolls, barely holding themselves together, as if the sawdust had run out of them. *All* of them."

"Is that a fact," the Doctor said, without visible interest.

"I don't know how you can be so casual about it, Doctor," said Mrs. Martin, who never hesitated to speak up to the Doctor. "That Miss Hughes, that you allow to lie there in bed week

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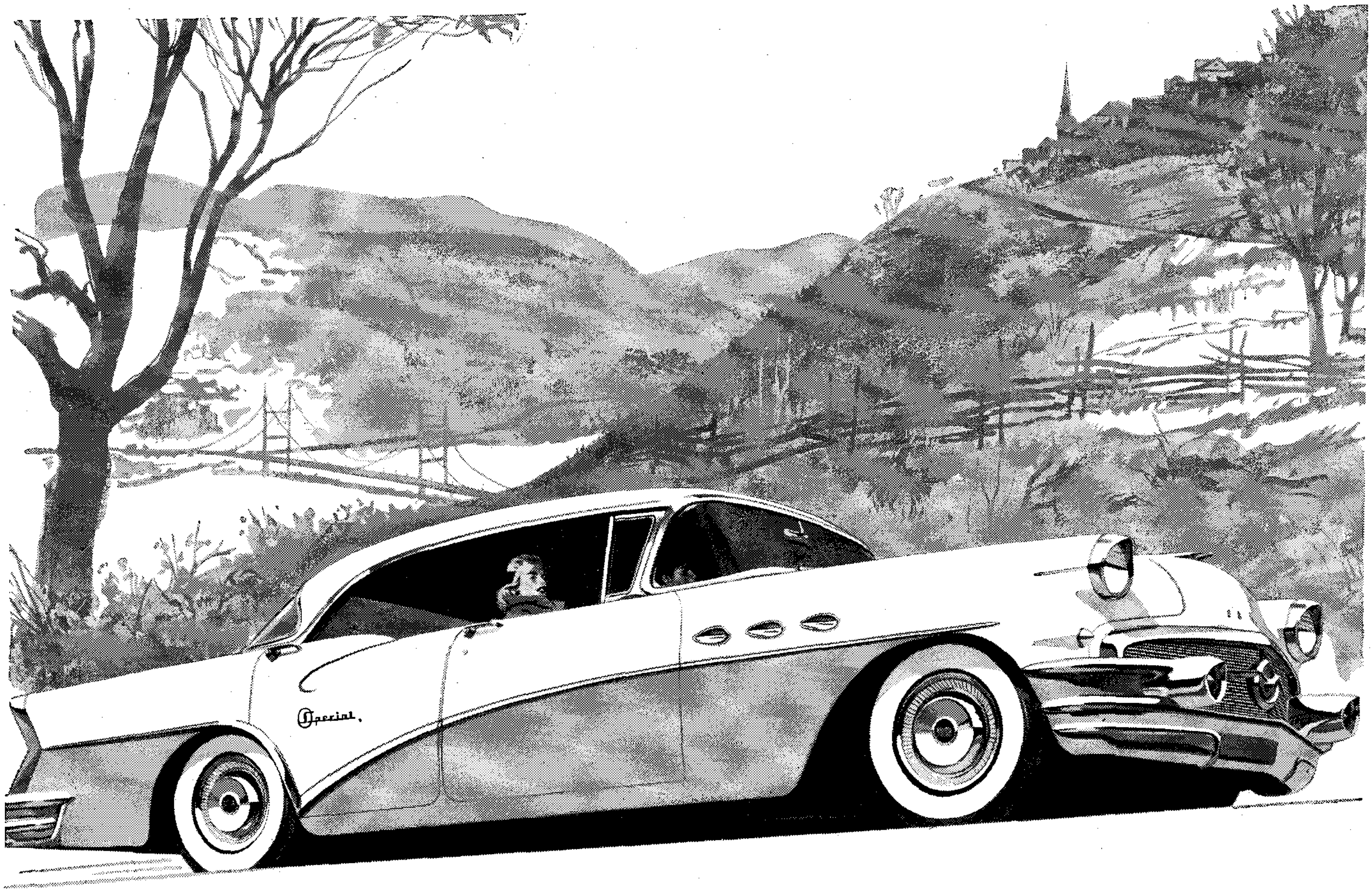

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after week, is going to relax herself into her grave."

"They don't die," the Doctor said.

"I want to know why you don't make Miss Hughes get up," Mrs. Martin demanded.

"Because she doesn't want to, that's why," the Doctor said.

Mrs. Martin compressed her lips. Miss Hay brought the conversation back to relaxing.

"It's like the Dancing Madness in the Middle Ages," she said, knowledgeably. "It's taken hold of them all exactly like the Dancing Madness."

"It's not in the least like the Dancing Madness," retorted the old Doctor. "You don't know anything about the Dancing Madness."

He never could learn not to be so up and down with the nurses. Miss Hay retreated into her injured *amour-propre* and occupied herself with plans of when she would give notice.

"What I want to know is," Mrs. Martin persisted, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Why do you have to do anything about it?" asked the Doctor irritably. "Don't do anything about it. It doesn't concern you."

"You expect us to stand here and let those unfortunate creatures make fools of themselves?"

"They're not interfering with you, are they?" the Doctor asked.

"They get on my nerves!" Miss Hay emerged from her pique to exclaim.

"Now you're talking," said the Doctor.

"So you're just going to let them go on indefinitely in this ridiculous way, all behaving like dead bodies," said Mrs. Martin, witheringly.

"Dead bodies don't behave any way at all," the Doctor said. Nobody had ever succeeded in withering him. "They'll get over it," he added. "You wait and see. Nothing lasts with them."

"OH, Doctor, help me!" cried Mrs. Bethel in distress when he entered her bedroom for the after-lunch hour. She sat forward on her chair, her fingers entwined, her face anxious.

The Doctor sat down.

"How can I help you if you don't tell me what the matter is, quietly and reasonably?" he asked.

"It's so awful," Mrs. Bethel said. "It's such a mess. Let go, let go," she added feverishly.

The Doctor surveyed her pitiable condition.

"What's so awful?" he asked gently.

"The whole thing!" Mrs. Bethel

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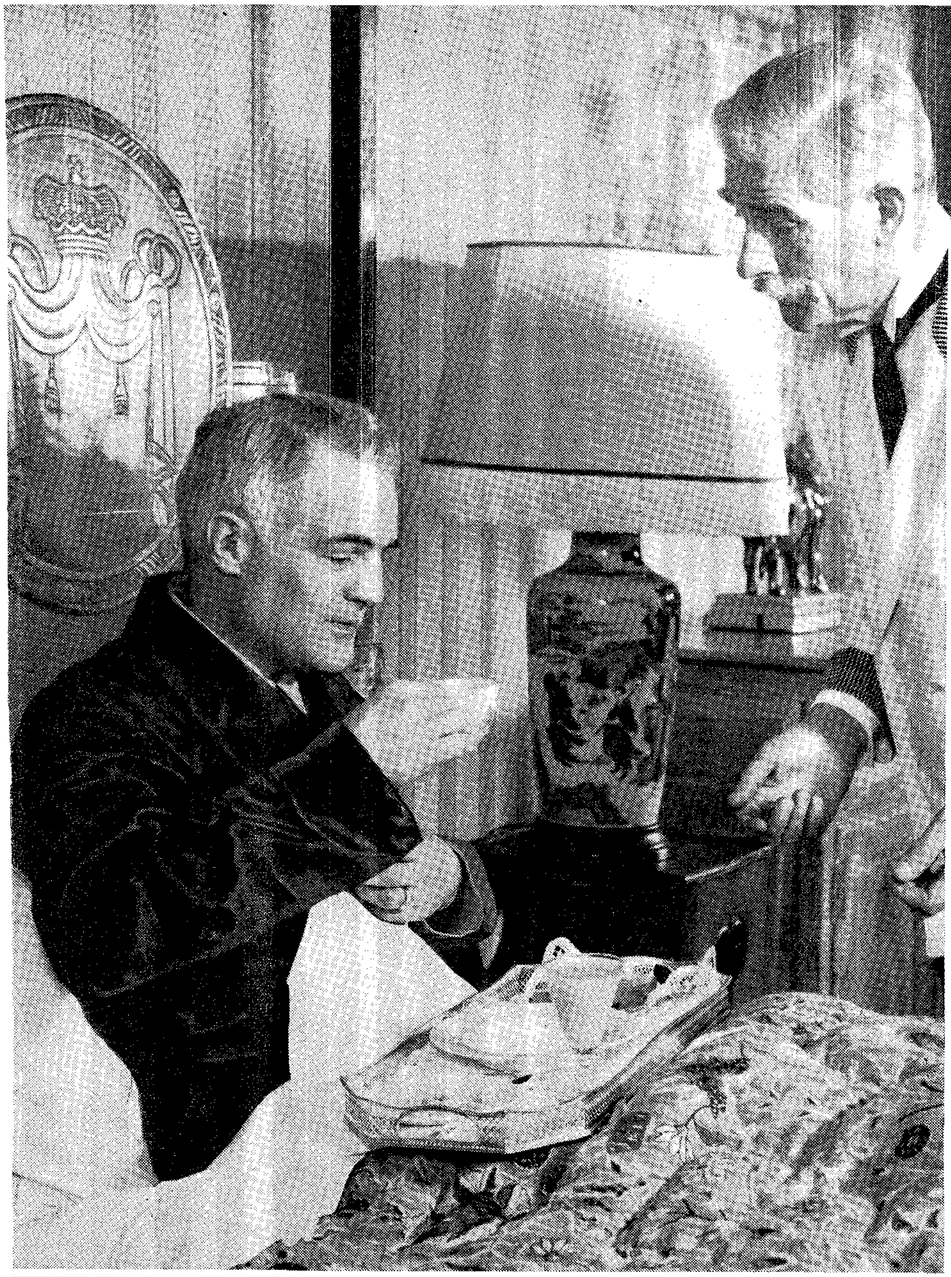

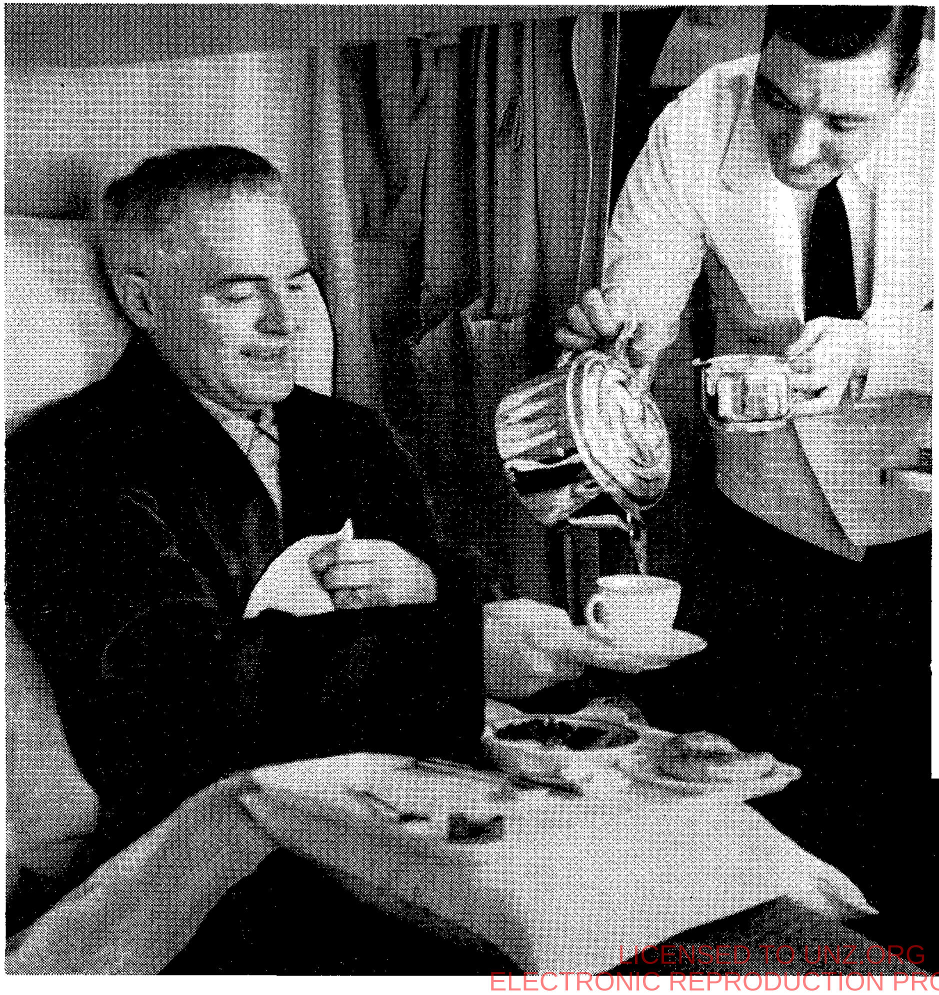

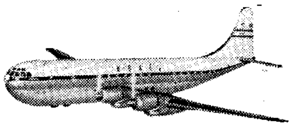

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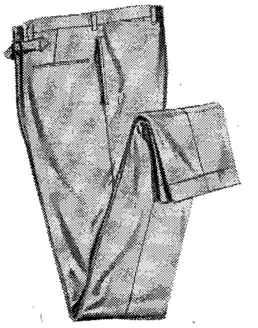

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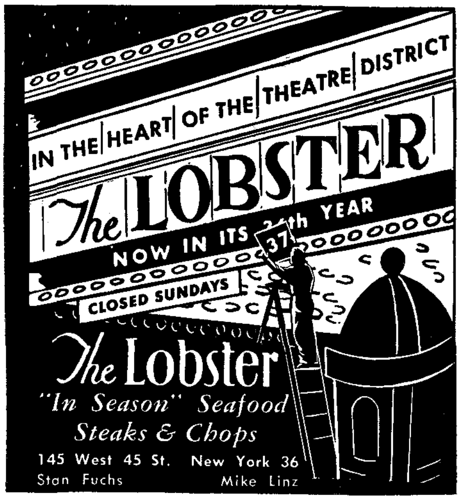

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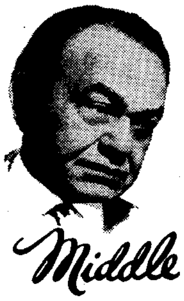

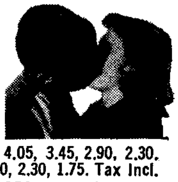

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exclaimed. She made a visible effort to control herself. "The thing is, he says psychoanalysis is old-fashioned."

"Who says?"

"The man who wrote the relaxing book. He says it's a mere philosophical school of thought. So— so—" she paused, crimson.

"So what?"

"So I began to think I ought to go away. Go and be *his* patient. He says modern medicine springs from the laboratories. So I began feeling I ought to be having the newest thing."

"All right," said the Doctor. "Why don't you go?"

"But I don't want to!"

"All right, don't, then."

"But you don't understand!" cried Mrs. Bethel, distressed afresh. "I don't want to go away, I believe in you, honestly I do. And you've been through so much with me . . . But then I began to think, Maybe your theories aren't any good, maybe they— look sick, and maybe I ought to go away. I began thinking about all the things I don't like about you," she said in a small voice.

"That's just fine," said the Doctor. "It's about time. You didn't think anybody was perfect, did you?"

"But that makes me think I ought to leave you!" Mrs. Bethel said desperately.

"There aren't any oughts," he said.

"I want to stay here, safe, with you."

"All right, stay."

Mrs. Bethel looked at the Doctor wildly.

"But don't you see, you and the relaxing man don't agree!" she cried. "Your theories conflict!"

"Don't you worry about me conflicting with anybody," the Doctor said. "All the conflict is in you. You just relax."

She flinched as if he had struck her.

"Don't say that!" she implored. "I can't *stop* relaxing. I want to stop, and go back to my analysis, but the book says you have to relax all the time."

The Doctor examined her carefully over the tops of his spectacles.

"I thought I told you not to put that wedding ring of yours back on again," he said.

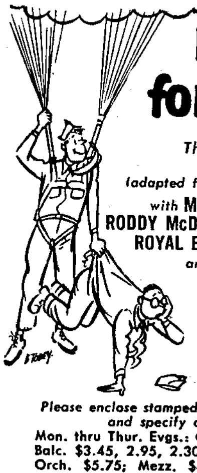
Taken by surprise, Mrs. Bethel stared.

"I didn't," she said. "I threw it out of the window."

"Did you have to go to such extremes?" the Doctor asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Bethel remorsefully. "And I was getting well, until all this happened."

"You're still getting well," the Doc-



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tor said. "If you'd just re— if you'd just quit apologizing."

Mrs. Harley sat at the window of her room, in a glare of March sunshine that was intensified by reflecting blankly off the surface of the late-lying snow. As the Doctor entered, she looked up from the book she held with a serene, exalted expression.

"What's biting *you*?" the Doctor inquired, sitting down. "Still reading that book about relaxing?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Harley loftily. "I'm through with that."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," the Doctor said heartily. "Somebody around here is beginning to get a little balance."

"It was so self-seeking," Mrs. Harley continued. "All that lying about, relaxing, thinking about no one but one's self."

"Yes?" said the Doctor. He reached out and took the book from Mrs. Harley's lap and began to examine it as if it were under a microscope.

"It's a life of Mother Cabrini," Mrs. Harley explained. "She was the first American to be made a saint by the Roman Catholic Church. It says she had some authentic miracles to her credit."

"Is that a fact," said the Doctor, leafing through the book. "Tell me," he said irrelevantly, "how is your driving coming along?" As the patients got better, they were allowed to drive the farm cars and do errands for the household.

"Well," Mrs. Harley said, "the trouble is that when I get out there on the road, alone, I feel so sort of lost. Frightened. There's just the wheel and behind it the car, and nobody in between to run it."

"Huh," the Doctor commented. "Why don't you go back to your relaxing exercises? They won't do you any harm," he said. "Of course, you don't have to carry it to the lengths that some of you seem to have."

"I'm not interested in relaxing," explained Mrs. Harley with some hauteur. "I'm interested in the ideas in this book I'm reading." She reached to take it back. "It says the most important thing is to die to self."

The Doctor regarded his patient compassionately.

"To die to self," he said, "you've first got to have a self to die to."

Death, thought Miss Hughes. She lay supine in her wide bed. Death, death, pulsed rhythmically upon her consciousness. It was like a dark

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miasmal marsh, upon which she superimposed the words she had been saying faithfully for days: Let go, let go, let go. Her body lay obediently limp.

The dark marshes seemed to stretch away, farther than eye or heart could reach. Slowly, up from them, there seemed to rise the gray smoke of funeral pyres, the ashes of the dead. All was flat, quiet, without volition, or even fear.

In the night she had dreamed about those cellar stairs again, but this time, instead of the white lady's appearing to drag her down, a plant stood on the landing of the stairs, sending its white blossoms through the doorway. She had written the dream down in her dream book on waking. But her hour with the Doctor did not come till afternoon. Was it good, the dream, or bad? The plant had been so pale, anemic from the cellar's dark, like mushrooms. It had frightened her. She preferred the death-flat marshes.

She had had her breakfast and now lay awaiting another day of trying to relax. The book said that if you relaxed entirely you would be well. Or did it? Miss Hughes' past experiences with reading had been so unfortunate that she was apt to read skimmingly, picking up a word here and another there.

Suddenly, from those low-lying marshes of her mind, as if from a terrible danger, the bird imagination rose frantically and fluttered up. I want to get out of bed, Miss Hughes thought. I want to take a walk, out in the snow.

Don't be silly, she chided herself. I haven't been out of bed for weeks. I haven't the strength. And besides, it would make me tense. I have to relax.

She lay wrestling with her impulse until the struggle became unbearable. Feeling reckless, she sat up and put her feet down on the floor. I'm a fool to do this, she thought.

A perfect fool, she repeated as she got dressed; I ought to take it by easy stages. But even while she put her coat on, a mysterious joy began to steal through her. She crept down the back stairs and out of the porch door into the outdoors. It was a very calm, gray, pearly day that received her into its arms like a great nurse, stroking her. She walked toward the thin woods that lined the fields of Hardpan Farm.

Everything was very quiet in the woods. She walked as though enchanted, but not enchanted either, for she kept noticing the marvellousness of everything being just the way it was, so

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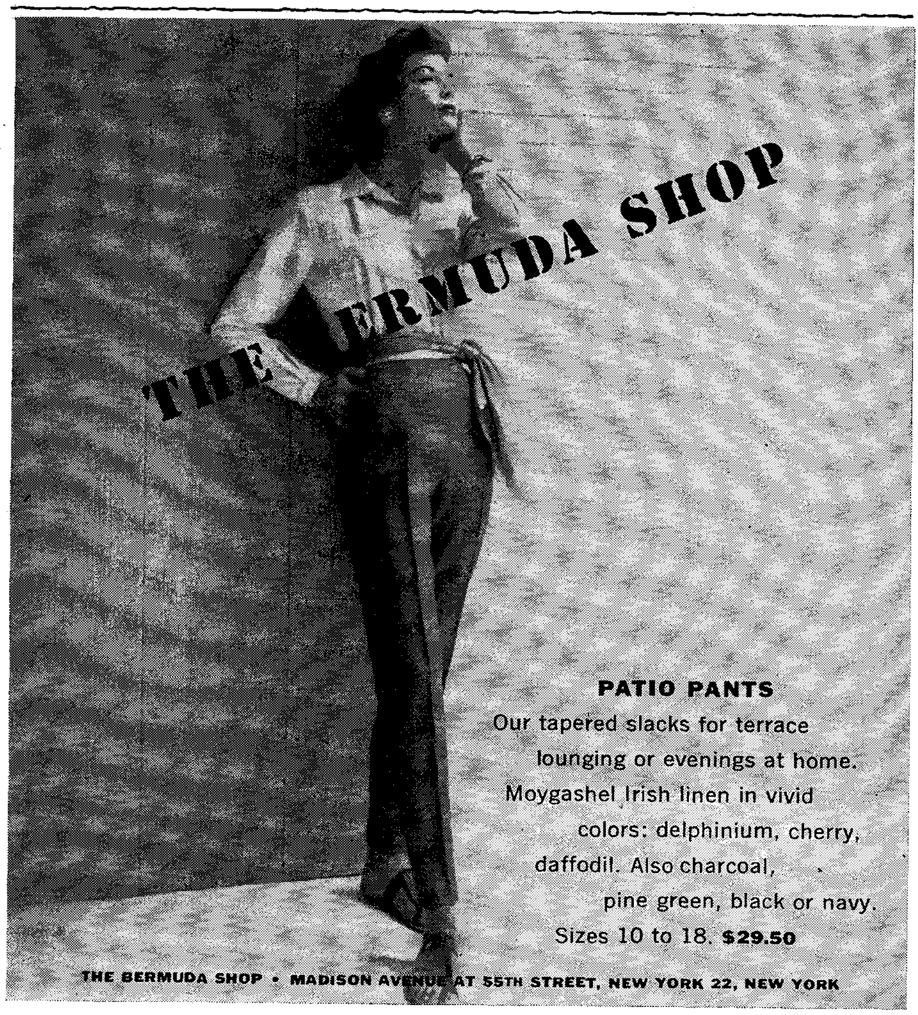

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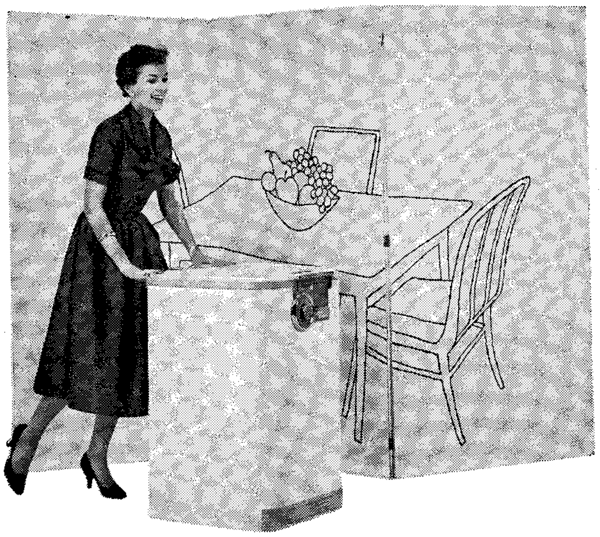

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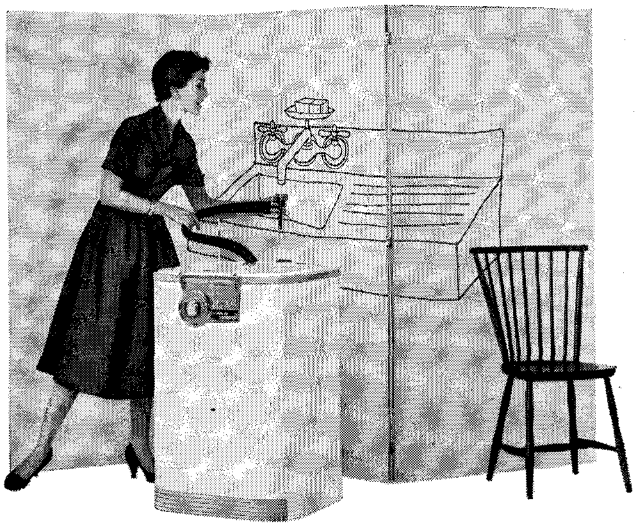

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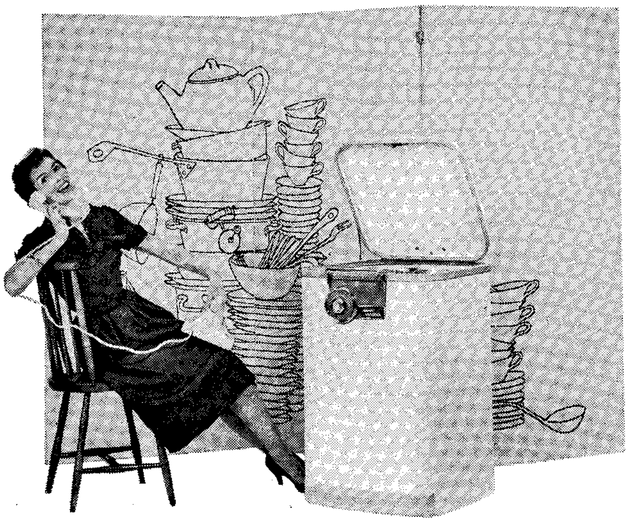

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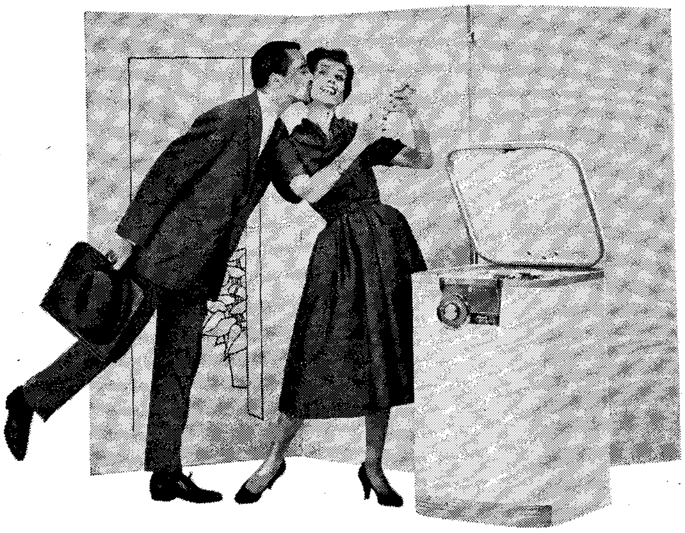

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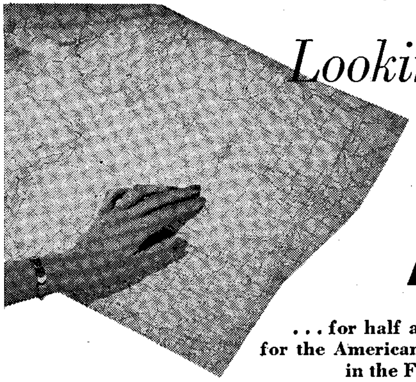
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beautifully as usual: the lacy fringed boughs of the firs, the spiky explosive pine-needle clusters, the black, soaked trunks of trees. A clod of snow dropped wetly off a branch onto the wet snow beneath, and she watched it fall with love and gratitude. It occurred to her that underneath the wet snow spring was seeping through the iron nerves of winter, loosening it; but whatever vast changing was taking place out of sight, everything here was very quiet, peaceful, still. The cold, calm air stroked her cheeks, and she thought obscurely, Like dew in April, that falls on the grass.

After a while she began to walk home, looking ahead toward the smoke that trickled up from the chimneys of Hardpan Farm where it lay, with its many-angled roofs, down in a hollow. She passed the barn, full of cars and old harness; the tool house, that had been locked tight for the winter; and walked up the drive toward the front of the house, past the queer little statue of a dwarf. She felt as though she had been awakened from a night's long, bad dream. As she reached the front door, she met the Doctor coming out.

"Well, good for you," he observed, looking at her, like a wise old cat in his muffler. "I thought you were never going to get up out of that bed."

"Something happened to me," she said. To her the words seemed to shine. But the Doctor only said, "About time."

Miss Diggs was almost the last to get rid of the relaxing mania. She threw the relaxing book across the room while the Doctor was in there with her for their hour, and remarked bitterly, "It's nothing but old, discredited behaviorism, that's all it is."

"Nothing suits you, does it?" the Doctor observed.

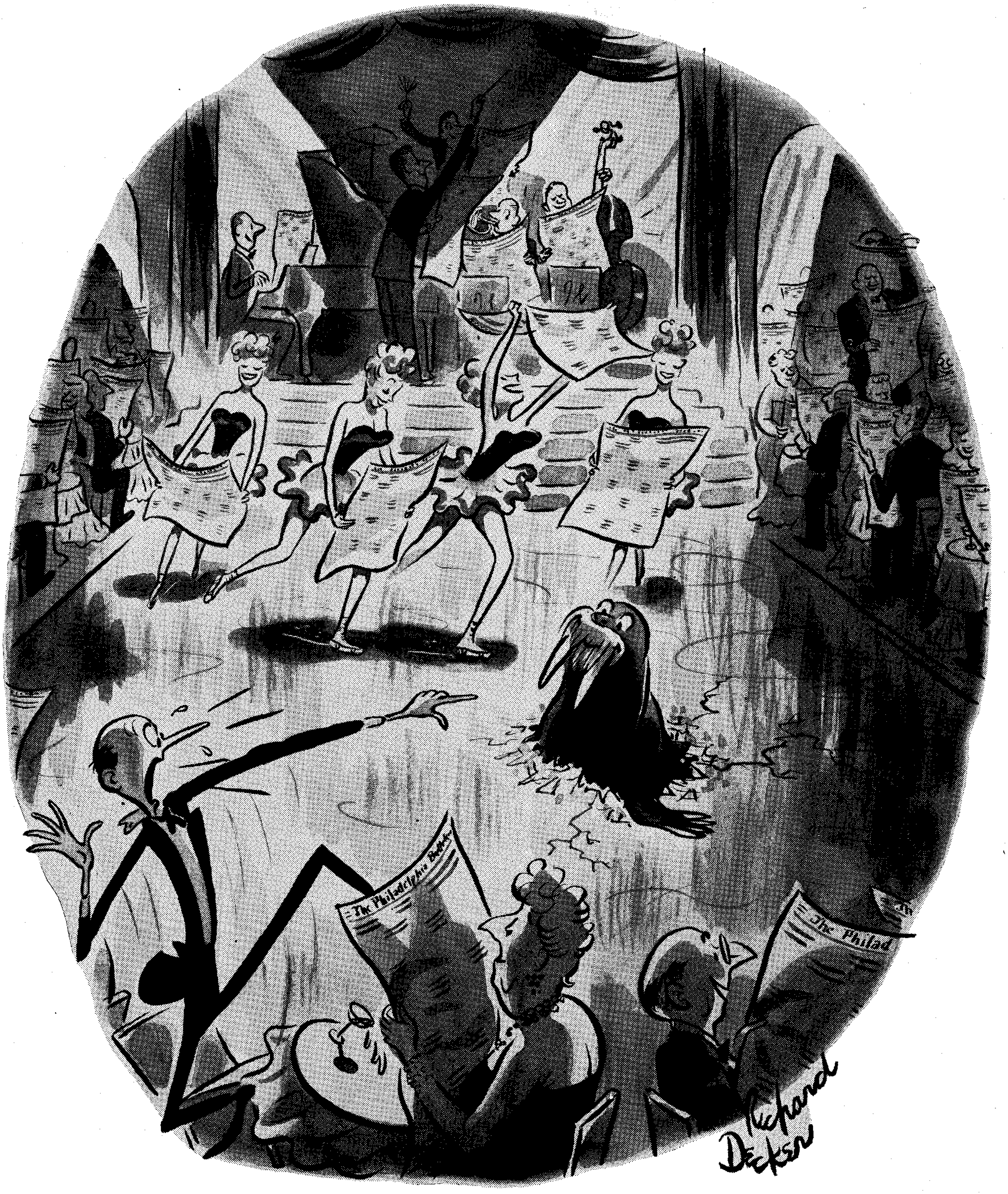
"Well, I'm not easily taken in, if that's what you mean," Miss Diggs retorted tartly. "Or if I do get taken in, I've got enough common horse sense to get myself out, sooner or later."

"Good," said the Doctor. "Suppose you get yourself out of this irrational depression, if that's the case."

"It's not irrational," Miss Diggs contradicted him. "It's perfectly rational. I get depressed because you won't listen to me when I tell you you ought to get the cows inspected oftener. I think they've all got Bang's disease."

"Can't you get your mind off those cows?" the Doctor said wearily. "Let me worry about the cows. You worry about what's ailing you."

"I know what's ailing me. I've got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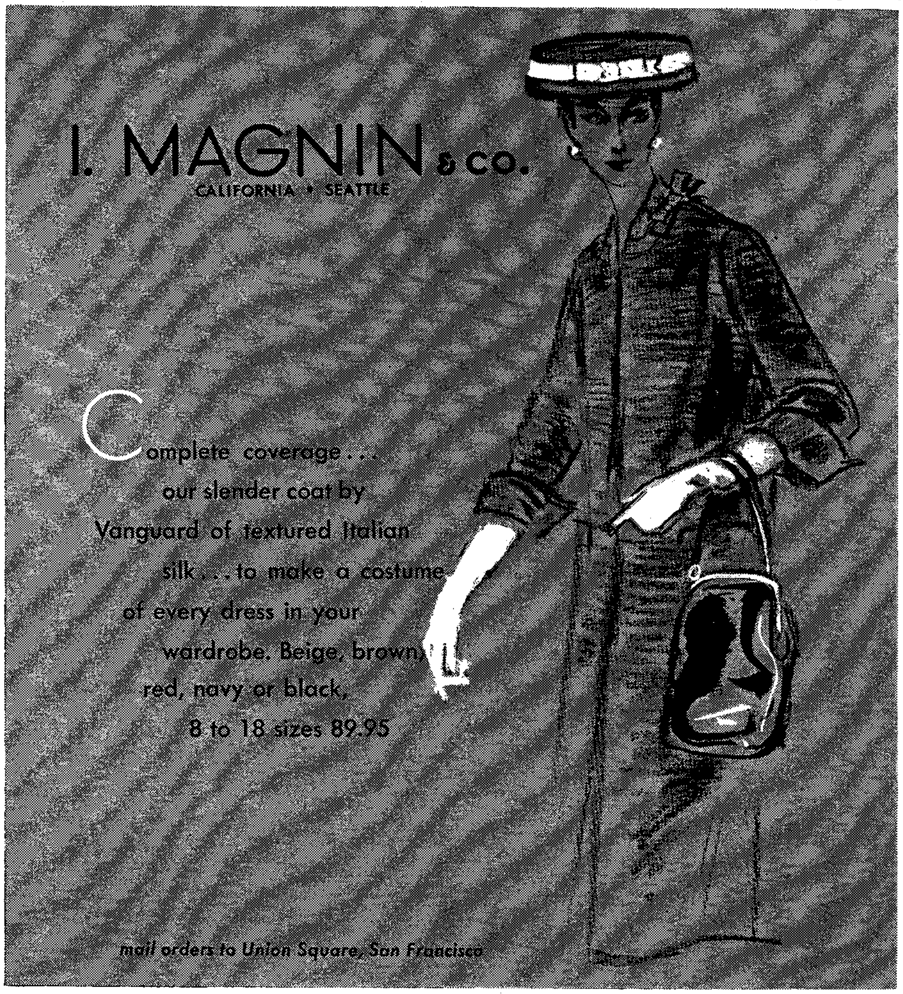

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undulant fever, that's what I've got. It takes seven years to get over it, and it's all your fault for not having the cows inspected oftener."

"Everybody's full of faults, aren't they?" the Doctor said.

"Yes, they are," Miss Diggs said. "All my troubles come from living here in the country with unpasteurized milk."

"Well, if that's all that's the matter with you, why don't you go somewhere else?" the Doctor asked.

Miss Diggs glared at him, and then stared out of the window beside her, at the dreary slush of spring. She would not go, and she knew he knew she would not go. It was all so hard, so unfair, and if she could have, she would have liked to burst into tears. She was so unhappy. She thought with fury of those hateful, featherbrained extraverts upstairs, for whom everything came so easy.

BUT Miss Diggs was not the very last to recover.

"I've tried," Mrs. Bethel said to Mrs. Harley, "but I can't put it out of my mind. It's as though I was attached to it by strings. It's so awful. How am I ever going to get well, when I can't get rid of it?"

They were in Mrs. Bethel's bedroom, where Mrs. Bethel had called Mrs. Harley in the desperate hope that she might have something to suggest to help Mrs. Bethel stop thinking about the relaxing book.

Mrs. Bethel lay on her bed, exhausted. Mrs. Harley sat in the desk chair, looking worried and sympathetic.

"Have you tried putting it in a drawer and locking the drawer, so you can't see it or get at it?" Mrs. Harley suggested.

"I thought of that. But the trouble is, I would have been the one to put it in, so I could take it out again. I mean, what's to stop me? And besides, even though it was in a drawer, I would still be attached to it. It would still be *there.*"

Mrs. Harley shook her head.

"It's a real problem," she said.

"The Doctor's awfully mad at me," Mrs. Bethel said. "Or at least I'm afraid he is. He said why didn't I go for a walk and forget it? But I tried that, I went for a walk and all I did was *remember* it, instead. It was like a horrible leash, pulling me home."

"I know what," Mrs. Harley said.

"You do?"

"I'll take it and burn it in the in-

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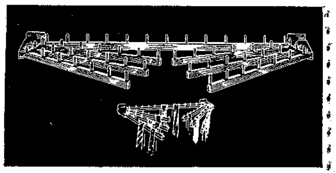

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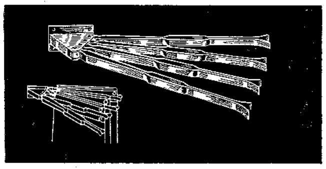

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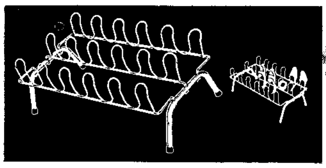
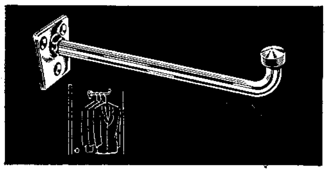
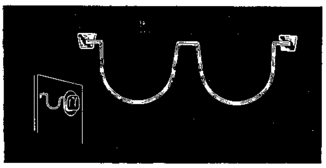


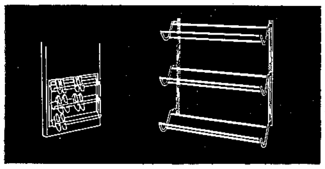
ANY SIZE OR STYLE SHOE fits on this handy, portable shoe stand. Holds 9 pairs. Ask for K-V 724 Loop Shoe Rack. About $3.98*



SIX OR MORE GARMENTS can be kept on hangers with this sturdy 5″ or 10″ hook. Ask for K-V 3 Bracket. About $1.29 for 10″*



HATS STAY SHAPELY in the gentle, firm grip of this non-crushing wall hat rack. Ask for K-V 1125 Hat Rack. About 89 cents*



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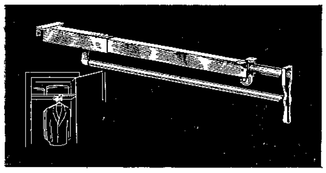

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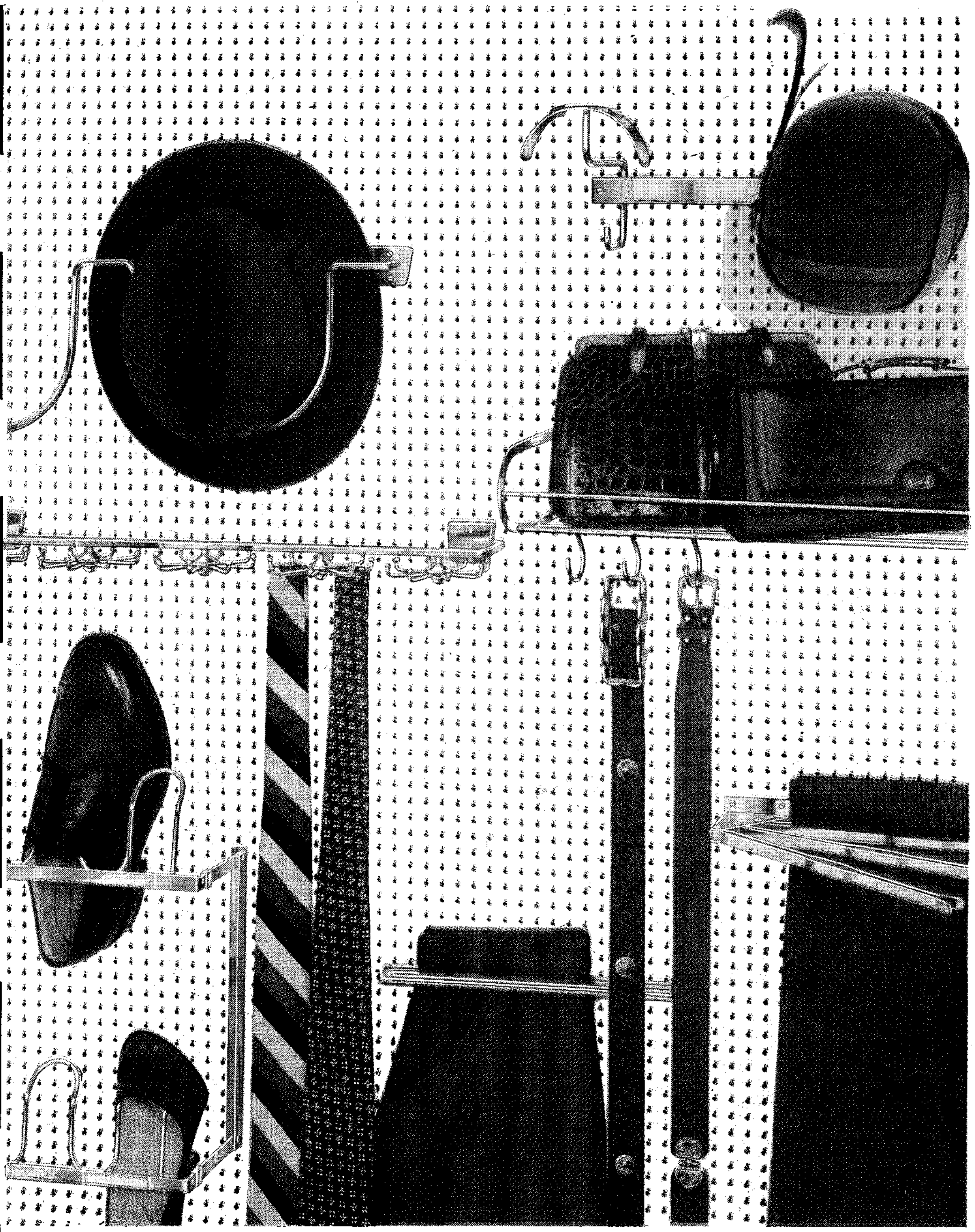

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Kansas City, Mo.	R. H. Macy
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Los Angeles, Calif.	Broadway
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Company
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cinerator. Then it won't exist any more, so it *can't* bother you."

"But it's your book," Mrs. Bethel objected. Nevertheless her eyes had brightened.

"Oh, I don't care," Mrs. Harley said. "I've finished with it. I'm reading something else, much more important. I'll burn it now," she promised, getting up. She went out of the room and returned in a minute with the fateful volume in her hand. "Look at it. Look your last. In a few minutes it won't be in the world any more."

"Oh, thank you!" Mrs. Bethel said fervently.

She lay on her bed, waiting, for what seemed a long time.

Then Mrs. Harley returned, looking triumphant and brushing her hands one against the other.

"I did it," she declared. "I took it out to the incinerator behind the barn, where nobody could see me, and I burned it. I burned it all up. I danced a little bit around the incinerator and sort of chanted, 'Marjorie is free, Marjorie is free.' I poked it and poked it, so it would get thoroughly burned up. It's all gone, even the covers."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Bethel. Relief was dawning in her eyes. The two friends threw their arms around each other and kissed.

When Mrs. Harley had departed, Mrs. Bethel lay still on her bed. Now that freedom was a fact, uneasiness began to pluck at her mind, about what she had let Mrs. Harley do. She knew quite well how the Doctor disapproved of that sort of superstitious doings.

She got up and went to the north window, and stood watching the icicles hanging from the eaves outside, soberly melting away.

Mrs. Bethel knew what the Doctor would say when she told him—and she knew she would tell him. He would say, "Did you have to actually burn it up?" But this time she felt she could answer, "Well, I guess I did."

She paused, pleased. But that was not the whole of what she wanted to say. She went on looking at the icicles dripping, and the rest of it came to her.

—But maybe I didn't, she could admit; and it seemed to complete a little circle in her mind, as though of gold.

—NANCY HALE

•

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—*Headline in the Times.*

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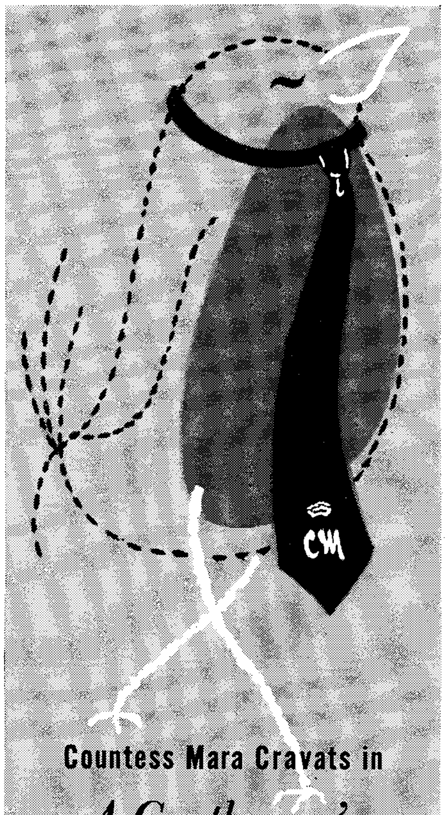

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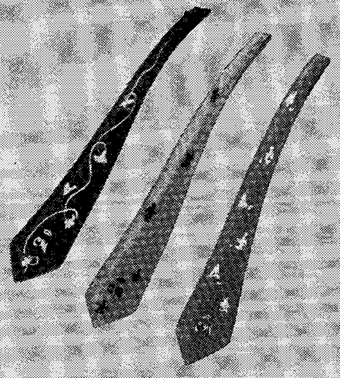

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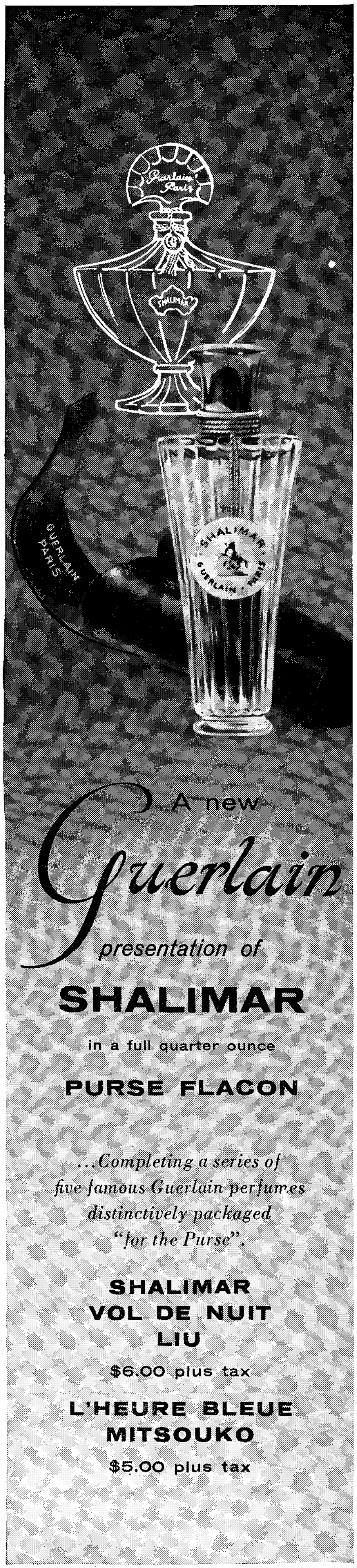

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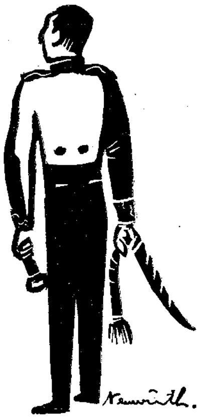


SHAKESPEARE'S "Richard III" as interpreted by Sir Laurence Olivier is decorated with handsome sets representing medieval England and populated with actors of impressive stature. But although Sir Laurence has done his best to streamline the convoluted drama—which includes, as you may remember, everything from the drowning of Richard's brother, the Duke of Clarence, in a barrel of wine to the smothering of his little nephews in the Tower—the film is a plodding affair for the most part. I suppose that no man, however ingenious, could get much sweep into this tale of palace intrigue, and all the manipulation in the world could hardly unkink the knotty subplots that Shakespeare introduced into his exposition of how the last of the Plantagenets made his way to the throne. Still, as I have said, Sir Laurence has tried valiantly, and for that he deserves applause. I'm not so sure, however, that he is to be quite so warmly commended for his own portrayal of Shakespeare's physically warped and mentally twisted Richard. Not only does he depict Richard as a creature impossible to sympathize with in any way but he also, on occasion, makes the imperial conniver giggle and prance like a common clown. And I might add that in Richard's shiftiest moments, Sir Laurence sometimes indulges in a style of acting so broad that it brings to mind the florid bad men of the silent movies. But when he gives Shakespeare's lines a straight reading, he is a joy to listen to, and so are the others in the cast.

In support of Sir Laurence, we have Sir Ralph Richardson, as Buckingham; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Edward IV; Sir John Gielgud, as Clarence; Claire Bloom, as Lady Anne; and Norman Wooland, as Catesby. These assorted nobles make up a company that is endlessly colorful, and the common folk who happen along are also lively additions to the general pageantry. When Sir Laurence finally gets away from the palace and out onto the field of Bosworth to meet the Tudor Henry and his doom, the camera tries to do for "Richard III" what it did so wonderfully for "Henry V." Alas, this time it fails, because, for one thing, the battle between Richard and Henry is hopelessly confused and, for another, the color is used haphazardly, with the result that Bosworth has none of the subtle artistry that went into the views of Agincourt. Nevertheless, the picture is well above average in a good many of its effects, and even if your interest in this particular chronicle of Shakespeare is as dim as mine, I'm certain you'll find parts of it stimulating.

"DON JUAN" is an abbreviated version of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." It was made in Vienna, and the songs and dialogue are in German. While the actors in the piece go dashing all over the place with the sort of abandon that Hollywood usually gets into its great big costume dramas, a platoon of excellent Austrian singers substitutes for the mummers on the sound track whenever they are required to raise their voices in song. Maybe this business of getting opera out into the open spaces where the actors can move about freely is the proper way to bring this art form to the movies, but I don't think so; I'd prefer to see it in the opera houses, where it belongs. The Vienna Symphony Orchestra, by the way, supplied the music for this effort. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

ROAD CONDITIONS

U. S. 40 west to Ohio—Icy west of Frostburg, Md.

U. S. 50 west to Ohio—Ivy in the mountains.—*Washington Star.*

It gets all tangled in the wheels.

•

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, looking not a bit worn out from her recent bout with pneumonia, dining with the Duke and best friend Charlie Cushing and striking Sloan Simpson at Le Pavillon.—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American.*

The more expensive the place, the more brawling.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a press release of a speech delivered by Jesse C. Johnson, of the Atomic Energy Commission, at the annual convention of the Colorado Mining Association*]

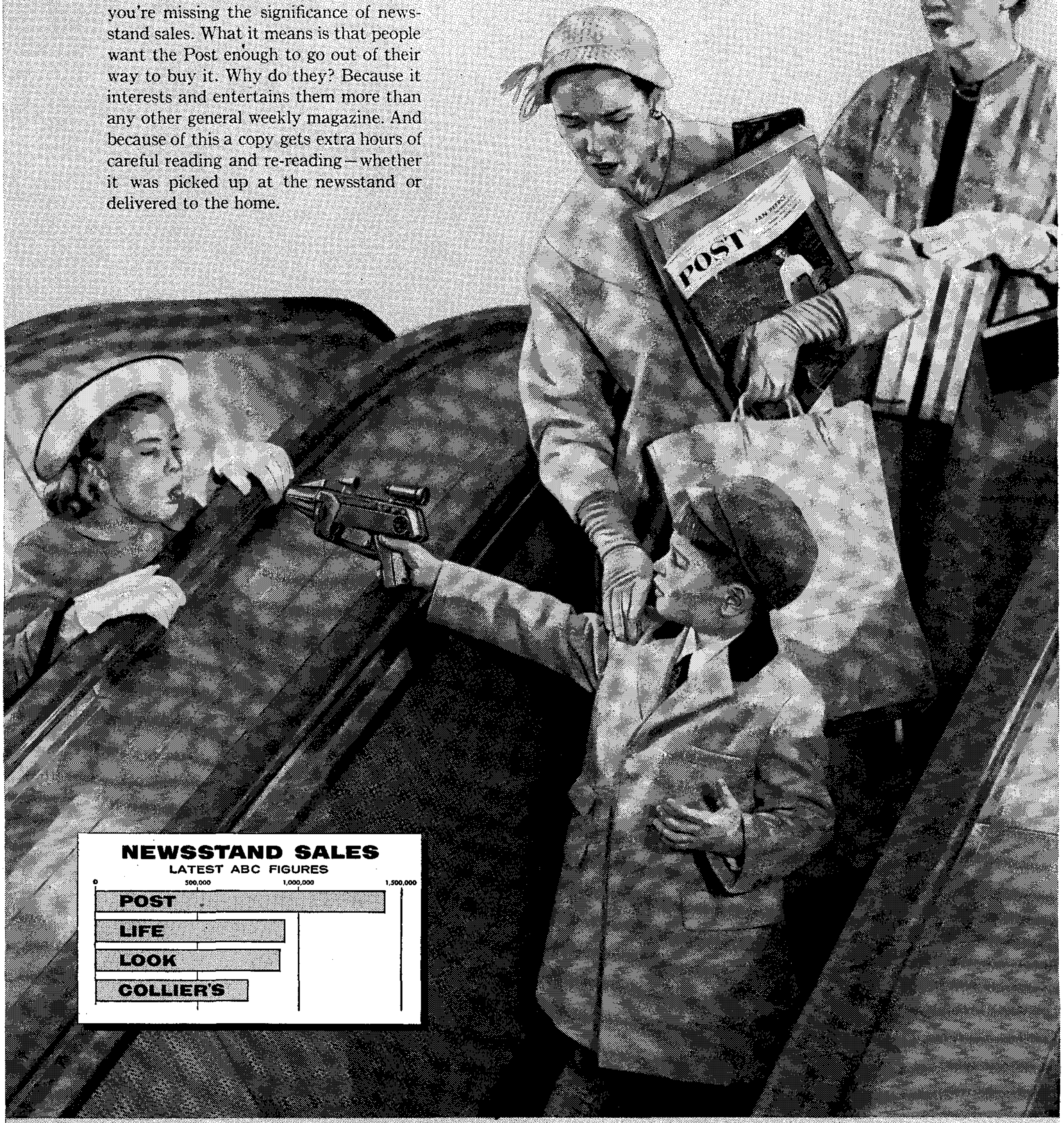
I am sure that the important question for this audience is what is going to happen after March 31, 1962. Will there be an AEC uranium procurement program and, if so, what kind? I am sorry I do not have the answer.

Which magazine makes the most shopping lists?

Every week, one general magazine tops the others on America's shopping list. As the chart below shows, it is The Saturday Evening Post—and, as you can see, it wins by a wide margin.

But if you consider this leadership an interesting statistic and let it go at that, you're missing the significance of newsstand sales. What it means is that people want the Post enough to go out of their way to buy it. Why do they? Because it interests and entertains them more than any other general weekly magazine. And because of this a copy gets extra hours of careful reading and re-reading—whether it was picked up at the newsstand or delivered to the home.

It is this depth of penetration that sets the Post apart in impact and influence. And it explains why the Post has put more names on America's shopping list than any other magazine or advertising medium. The Post gets to the heart of America.



America reads the Post

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A MEETING IN ATLANTA

THERE are few people in this country today, white or black, who have not become seriously concerned about the school-segregation controversy and the turmoil it has aroused. Like just about everyone else, I have been trying to understand, from stories I have read in the papers and from people I have talked with, what is happening and what is at stake. Early last month, on hearing that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was about to hold a regional meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, to assess the turbulent situation, I decided to ask permission to attend it, and I was very glad when, presently, my request was granted. I did not, of course, expect to come back from the meeting with the whole story of race relations in the South. Necessarily, what I heard and saw down there would be one-sided. Even so, the N.A.A.C.P. is the organization that had the most to do, directly, with starting all this; its staff pressed cases involving segregation through the inevitable years of litigation, and argued them before the Supreme Court, and won. What I wanted to find out at first hand was how some of its leaders were taking their victory and what they would make of it. This was to be the first Southern regional meeting since the impact of the United States Supreme Court's order of last May requiring local school boards to desegregate had made itself widely felt. A great deal had happened since then.

My travelling companion on the flight to Atlanta, I was pleased to learn, would be Thurgood Marshall, the N.A.A.C.P.'s Special Counsel and the man who pleaded the segregation cases before the Supreme Court. He is a tall, vigorous man of forty-seven, with a long face, a long, hooked nose above a black mustache, and heavy-lidded but very watchful eyes. He is about as swarthy as a Sikh, and, in fact, rather resembles one when he is in a fierce mood. His mother is a retired schoolteacher; his father, who died eight years ago, was a waiter in Baltimore. In the last fifteen years, Marshall has attained the stature of a semi-legendary folk hero among his people. At the same time, he has earned the deepest respect of sophisticated jurists and students of the law. Since 1938, as the N.A.A.C.P. Special Counsel, he has appeared before the United States Supreme Court to argue sixteen cases. He has won fourteen of them. This would be an extraordinarily high record under any circumstances, but in the light of the fact that in each case Marshall was appealing a lower court's decision, which lawyers consider a much tougher proposition than defending one, and, moreover, was seeking to persuade the highest court in the land to upset established precedent, it may be a unique record. The undisputed dean of constitutional lawyers in our time was the late John W. Davis, once a Democratic Presidential nominee, but the only occasion on which he and Marshall argued on opposite sides before the Supreme Court, Marshall won. That was in connection with the five school-segregation cases on which the court based its momentous ruling. It is as the result of Marshall's victories before the United States Supreme Court that Negroes have won the right to vote in primaries in the South, the right to be free from Jim Crow restrictions when travelling from one state to another, and, now, the right to attend public schools without suffering segregation on the basis of race. Few living individuals have had a greater effect than Marshall on the social fabric of America. Not a scholarly or academic lawyer himself, he has been given credit for assembling a scholarly, painstaking staff and for knowing how to use their research and ideas creatively. No one denies that he is eloquent. He has made his most telling arguments when he has taken off from dry questions of legal precedent to range over the human and social implications of the matter at hand. Out of court, he is informal, colloquial

"Mom, was a flapper the same as a tomato?"

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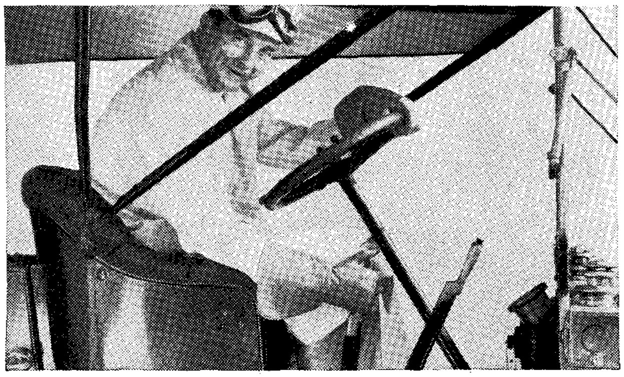
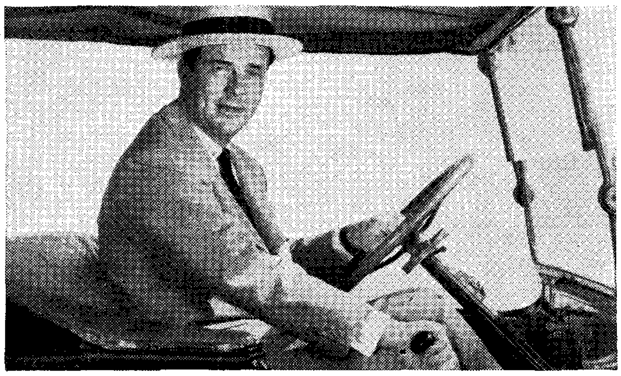
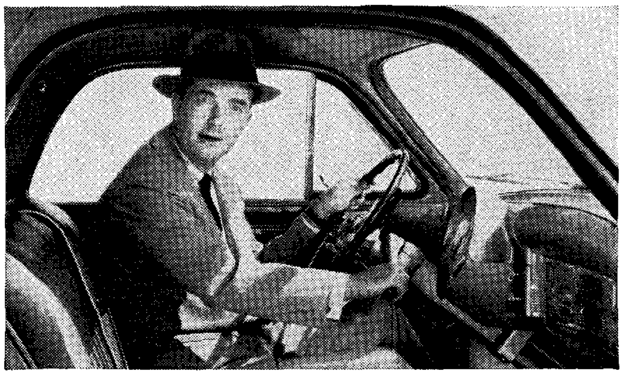


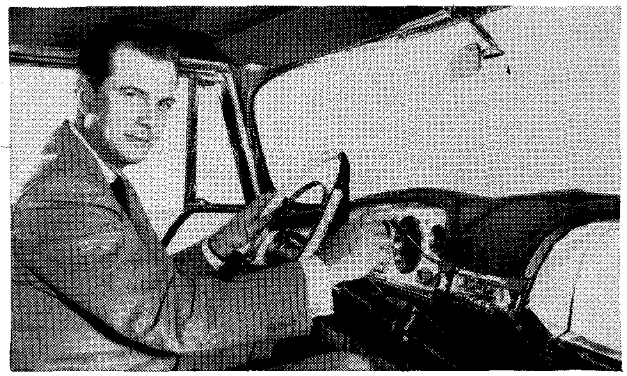
1. "BACK IN MY GRANDADDY'S DAY you needed a long reach, a strong back and a third eye to shift gears. The gearshift was outside the body of the car, where it was a tempting toy for the neighborhood kids. This was long before *my* time!



2. "I REMEMBER IN DAD'S first car, the gearshift had moved in out of the rain, but in everybody's way. Rising like a flagpole from the floor-board, it tangled with legs, hands and the handbrake. If you sat three in the front—oh boy!



3. "NEARLY 20 YEARS AGO it moved to the steering post. When automatic shifting came the lever *stayed* on the post! But then Chrysler Corporation's PowerFlite transmission made possible a still more convenient, foolproof location!



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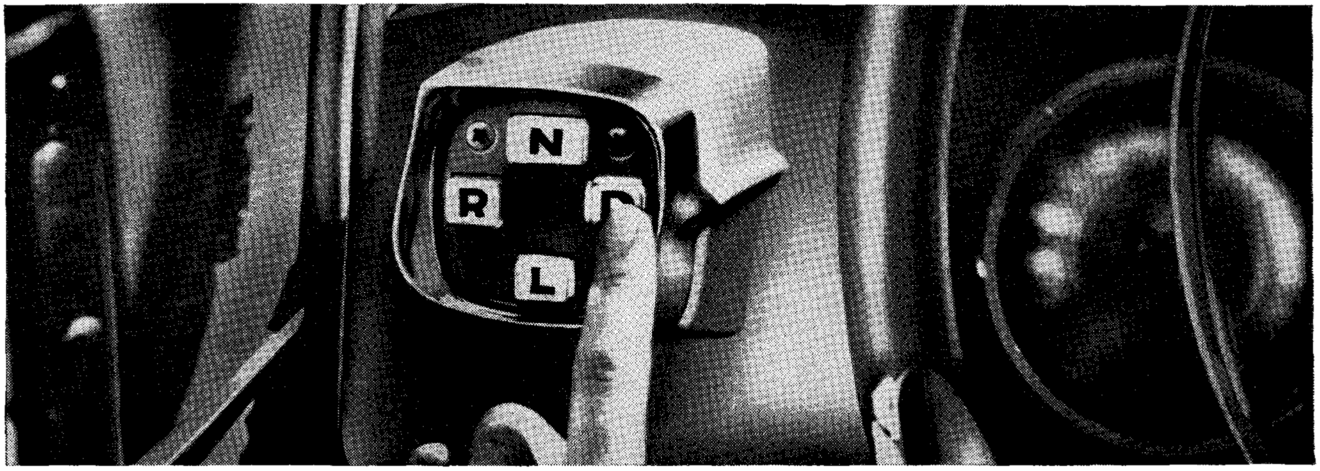

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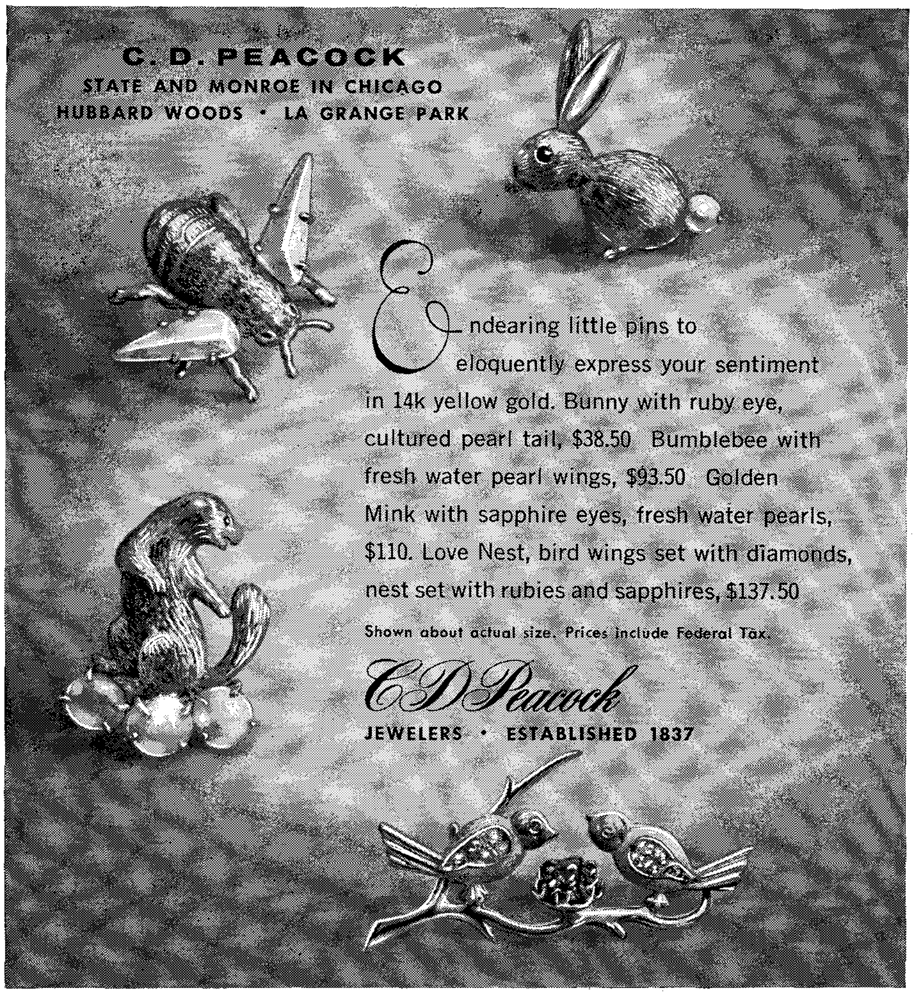

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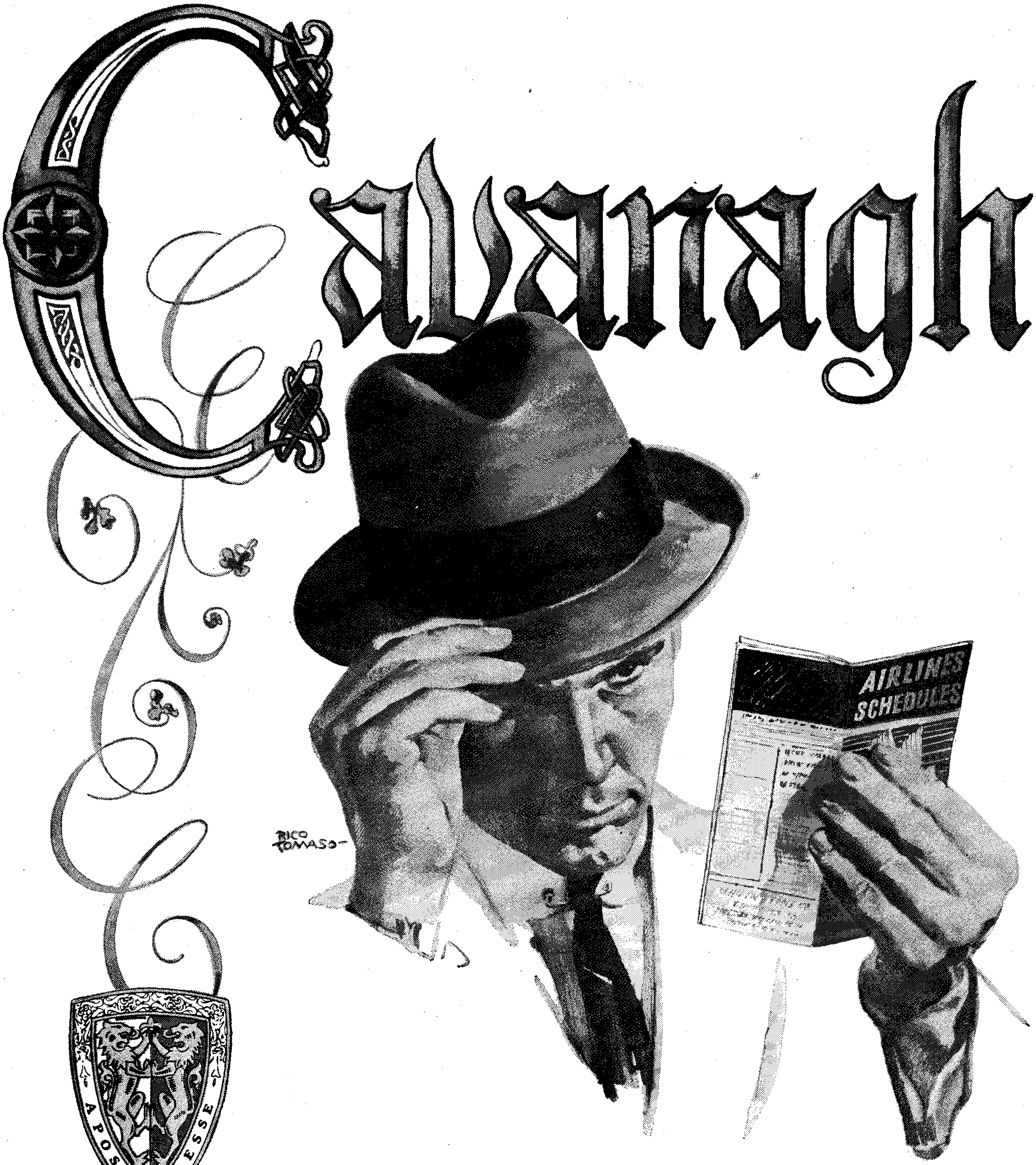
and pungent in his speech, occasionally moody and brusque, sometimes stormy, and often playful, even at serious moments, but without violating his sense of the seriousness of the moment. His courtroom manner is quite different. At such times, his vivid personality does not become muted, but it does become transmuted. In court, he is deferential, respectful, and of a most imposing dignity. His associates say that this alteration of demeanor is not studied but, rather, stems from a profound, almost religious, respect for the law.

THE meeting was to take place on Saturday, February 18th. Marshall and I were to leave New York Friday afternoon. It snowed all that morning. When I set out for LaGuardia Airport to make a four-thirty-five plane, the sky was bleak. Icicles hung from the grilles of parked cars. The snow, already sooty and impure, lingered on the tops of cabs, on the fenders and running boards of trucks, and on the heaps of upturned earth and broken asphalt beside street excavations, around which the clogged traffic flowed sullenly. The pavements were wet, the gutters full of slush. In Queens, as the airport bus rushed along the highway, a freezing rain began to fall, turning to ice under our tires. It was nasty Northern weather. Lots of people were going South that weekend, the clerk who checked my ticket at the airline's counter at LaGuardia told me, and he didn't blame them a bit.

I found Marshall waiting in the plane. Wearing a double-breasted blue suit, he was slouched in his seat, his long legs crossed. I took off my hat and coat and sat down beside him. There was a brief delay while the wings were deiced, and then the plane taxied out onto the field, paused, and roared down the runway. During the takeoff, Marshall sat hunched at the window, gazing with concentration into the heavily overcast sky, as if contributing his will power to the effort to get us off the ground. After the plane was well in the air, he slumped back like a man who had done his part and was now entitled to relax, unfastened his safety belt, lit a cigarette, put on horn-rimmed glasses, and settled down to reading the New York *Post.* He went through it page by page, picking up the continued stories as he came to them. When he had finished, he offered the *Post* to me and took up the *World-Telegram*, remarking, "Now let's see what the other side has to say." He went through that paper in the same way, impartially devoting as much at-



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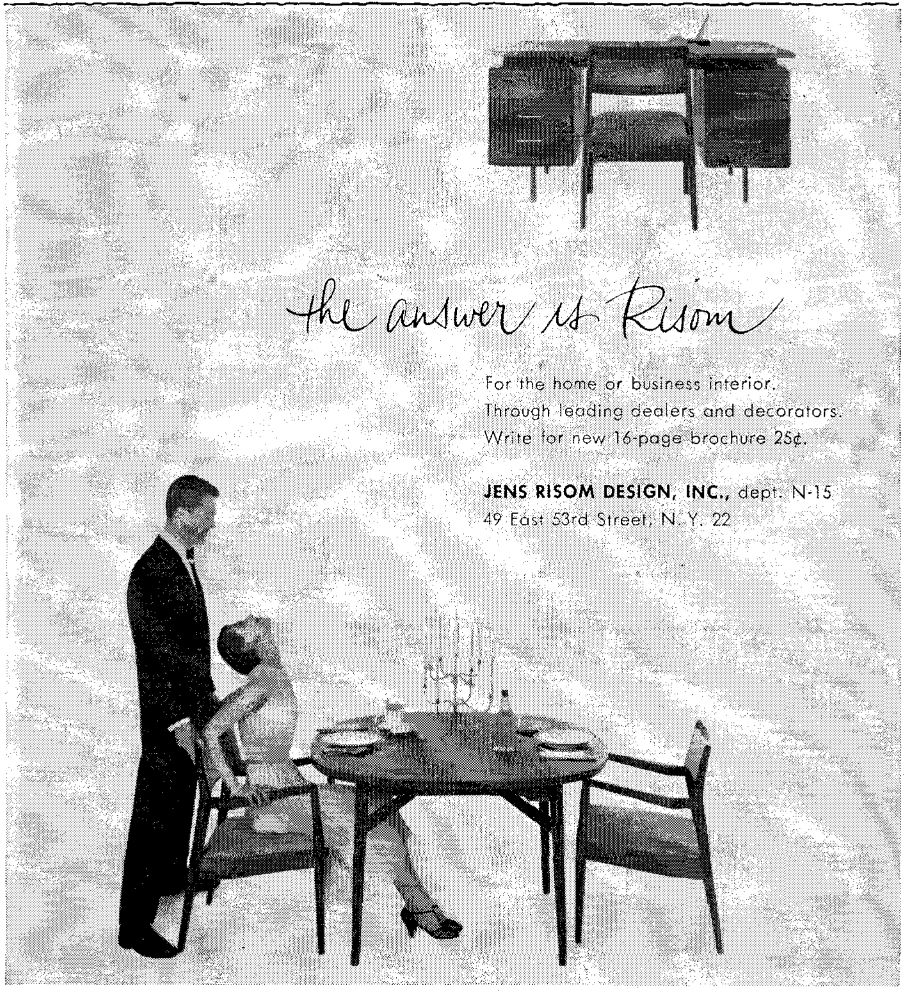

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tention to its pages, including the comics, as he had to the *Post's*. The tumult over segregation in the South loomed up from both newspapers. Stories and editorials talked of racial strife, of violence and threats of violence. Marshall lit another cigarette. "One thing troubles me about this meeting ahead," he said. "We won't be able to smoke. *That's* gonna hurt. The meeting'll be at a Baptist church. The planning committee got together with Reverend Borders a while back, and he said, 'I won't mind if you smoke.' We all looked real happy. And then he said, 'But God will mind—and it's *His* house.' You should've seen our faces fall. We were *sad*." The recollection of his gloom, and the telling of it, made Marshall quite merry for a moment.

Of all the worries that might beset a Negro leader setting out for Georgia, this was one I had not anticipated. I asked Marshall whether he ever had qualms about his safety when he went South. On several occasions in the past, I knew, he had had some close calls. "I'm a Southerner," he told me. "Born and brought up down there. I know my way around. I don't go looking for trouble. I ride in the for-colored-only cabs and in the back end of streetcars—quiet as a mouse. I eat in Negro cafés and don't use white washrooms. I don't challenge the customs personally, because I figure I'm down South representing a client—the N.A.A.C.P.—and not myself. So up until about six months ago I had no qualms when I started out on one of these trips." He paused, rubbing his long nose, and then said, "But I got 'em nowadays. Those boys are playing for keeps. My wife followed me out to the elevator when I left today, begging me to be careful." His laughter over his wife's concern was fond and slightly wistful. Their marriage had taken place only nine weeks before. (It was Marshall's second marriage; his first wife died a year ago.) "There won't be any trouble in Atlanta, though," Marshall added confidently. "I like Atlanta. That's a pretty civilized town."

It was growing dark outside. The stewardess came along the aisle taking orders for drinks—Scotch-and-soda for me, for Marshall coffee. He seemed to feel that the coffee called for an explanation, and said that, as an Episcopalian, he was observing Lent. "It doesn't hurt to take a month off once a year to prove to myself that I don't need liquor," he added. "Having proved it, I can *really* enjoy the stuff the other eleven months." He removed his glasses and put them in his pocket, and then drank his coffee, gulping it rather joylessly, I thought. I asked him if he'd care to give me some sort of summary of the situation in the South as he saw it. He replied that he did not know what the situation was himself. "That's what I'm going down to find out," he said. "That's what the meeting's about." Didn't the N.A.A.C.P. branches send reports to keep him up to date, I asked. "Some do, some don't," he said. "Some are leery about putting everything they know on paper. And when they phone and hear clicking on the line all the time, they get leery about that, too. I can't blame them. It's not safe to be an N.A.A.C.P. leader in some parts of the South today." He lit a cigarette, then turned toward me and said, "Some of them speak out without hesitation, though. I don't know how they do it. They have more courage than I would have in their place." He bent over and picked up a Manila folder from beside his seat. "Here," he said as he opened it. "Here's a letter I got a while ago from one of our people in South Carolina. Would you like to read it?" The letter, typewritten, was from Levi G. Byrd, correspondent and secretary-treasurer of the Cheraw branch of the N.A.A.C.P., Cheraw, South Carolina. It read as follows:

Mr. Thurgood Marshall
20 West 40th Street
New York 18, N.Y.

DEAR MR. MARSHALL:

Just a few words to let you know how things is going arond Cheraw, People is not making Much Fuss hear in Chesterfield County But I am obayen just what the Bible says, I am watching First and Prayen with my Eys Open at all times) (at all Times keeps my Power Dry to pretict my House And my Self, God takes cear of all that tryes to take cear of them self's VERY SORRY THAT I LIVE IN A STATE LIKE THIS BUT WE ARE DETERMED TO MAKE IT A DECEN PLACE TO LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN ALL THAT COMES AFTER US. BY ABAYEN THE LAW OF OUR GREAT AMERICA AS A WHOLE.

The papers, The State has just Published about the Thugs shooting in Rev. Hintons Home Monday Night, People is so Dum at least some of them We will see just what The Gov. of S.C. Will do about this,Nothing of course

Trust that your Office will I know look after this matter in the right way.

AS LONG AS I AND SOME OTHERS THAT HAVE NINE LIVES THE N.A.A.C.P. WILL NEVER DIE IN S. C. RIGHT WILL WIN.

Trusting that you is injoyen your Married life,. I wish you much sucess and a long life.

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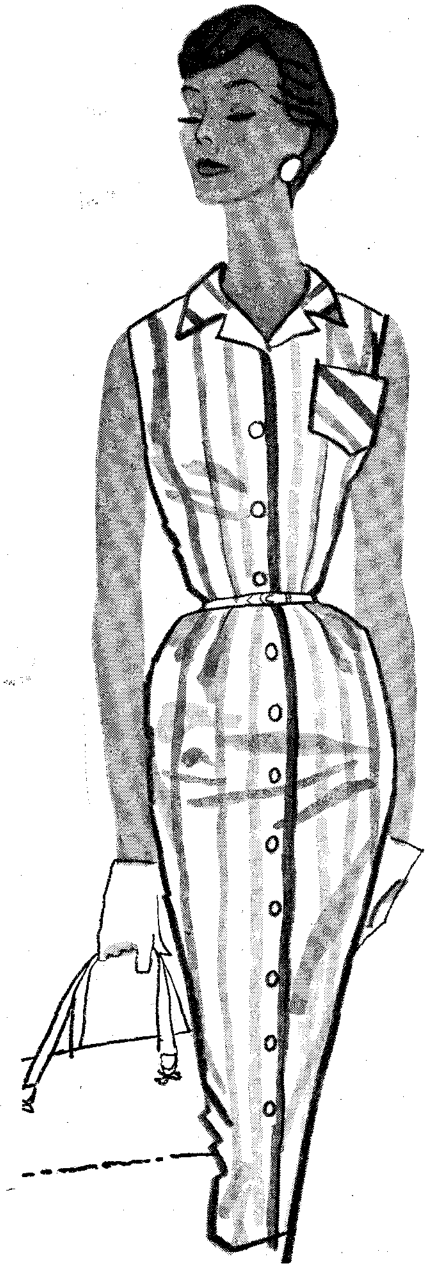

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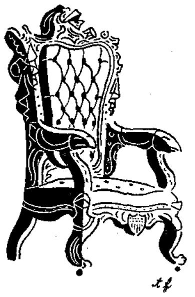
glanced over the letter after I handed it back to him. "He knows what's right and nobody can frighten him. He thinks education's real important. He'd like his children to get some." Marshall looked at the letter again and laughed. " 'Trusting that you is *in*joyen your married life,' " he repeated with relish. He peered out the window into the darkness. "Where are we now—somewhere over Virginia, North Carolina? Won't be too long before we're over Mr. Byrd's territory." He stubbed out his cigarette and lit another. I could see why he would have wished God to be a little more permissive about what went on in His house.



Marshall talked of how much the N.A.A.C.P. had grown in the past twenty years, to the point where it now has over five hundred thousand members, most of whom pay annual dues of two dollars. "You know, they didn't use to have people like Mr. Byrd in the N.A.A.C.P.," he said. "The organization used to be much more of an élite affair, with everybody trying to be so refined. I remember when I was a kid"—his eyes suddenly gleamed with humor—"we used to say that N.A.A.C.P. stood for the National Association for the Advancement of *Certain* People. There was a redcap at Grand Central Station who brought more than three hundred members into the organization. Somebody proposed that he be put on the executive board. The other board members were horrified. A *redcap!*" Marshall mimicked them, sighting down his nose and pursing his lips fastidiously. " 'What college did this person attend? Who are his family?' ". His imitation dissolved in laughter.

I asked who the people were that would be taking part in the Atlanta meeting. "Oh, people of all sorts," Marshall replied. "Lots of lawyers, of course, because the law's what this meeting's about, and a few schoolteachers. And then there'll be the state presidents—one works in a post office, one's an undertaker, another's a dentist. And then there's a college president—let's not go to the other extreme and leave *him* out. When I get to this meeting, I'll not only find out from them what the situation is but also find out what *they* want to do about it, because they're the ones that are gonna have to live with any action that's taken. Then I'll try to figure out how to help them do it. That's my part, actually."

The public-address system switched on with a click. A man's voice greeted us. He announced our speed and altitude, said amiably that we were encountering fifty-mile-an-hour head winds, and hoped we were having a pleasant flight. We were, in fact, having a rather rough one—no sudden, sickening drops but a constant bumpiness, as if we were going along a cobblestone road. Marshall ran his fingers through his already tousled hair. On one of them, I noticed, he was wearing a gold ring bearing the gold numeral "33"—emblem of the highest Masonic degree. "You know, you hear all this talk about the movement for the Negro's rights and desegregation being pushed by the North faster than the colored people down in the South want," he said. "Thurgood Marshall's supposed to be masterminding this whole campaign, somehow, against the wishes of Southern Negroes, those millions of childlike, happy, easygoing colored folk—that's the way segregationists talk about Negroes when they're not describing them as vicious, immoral, and diseased—who would be as contented as pie if agitators didn't come along and stir them up. That's funny, because our people in the South are actually way ahead of us on this thing. It reminds me of the story of the crowd that was rushing at top speed down the street. A man standing on the sidewalk saw them go by and naturally got curious. He went out on the road and grabbed a guy huffin' and puffin' along at the tail end of the crowd and said, 'What's goin' on here?' The other guy pulled loose and cried, 'Don't hold me back, man! Don't you know I'm the leader of that crowd? And if I don't run like hell they'll get away from me altogether.' " Marshall told this story with enthusiasm, as he tells all his anecdotes, savoring the details along the way as well as the point. "That's me," he said, laughing. "The leader at the tail end."

The stewardess approached again, this time with dinner trays. I took steak, and Marshall took fish. He ate heartily. After the trays were cleared away, our conversation continued—reminiscent, perhaps less guarded than before, somewhat rambling, as conversation is apt to be on a night journey aboard a plane or train as it rushes through the darkness. "In Baltimore, where I was brought up, we lived on a respectable street, but

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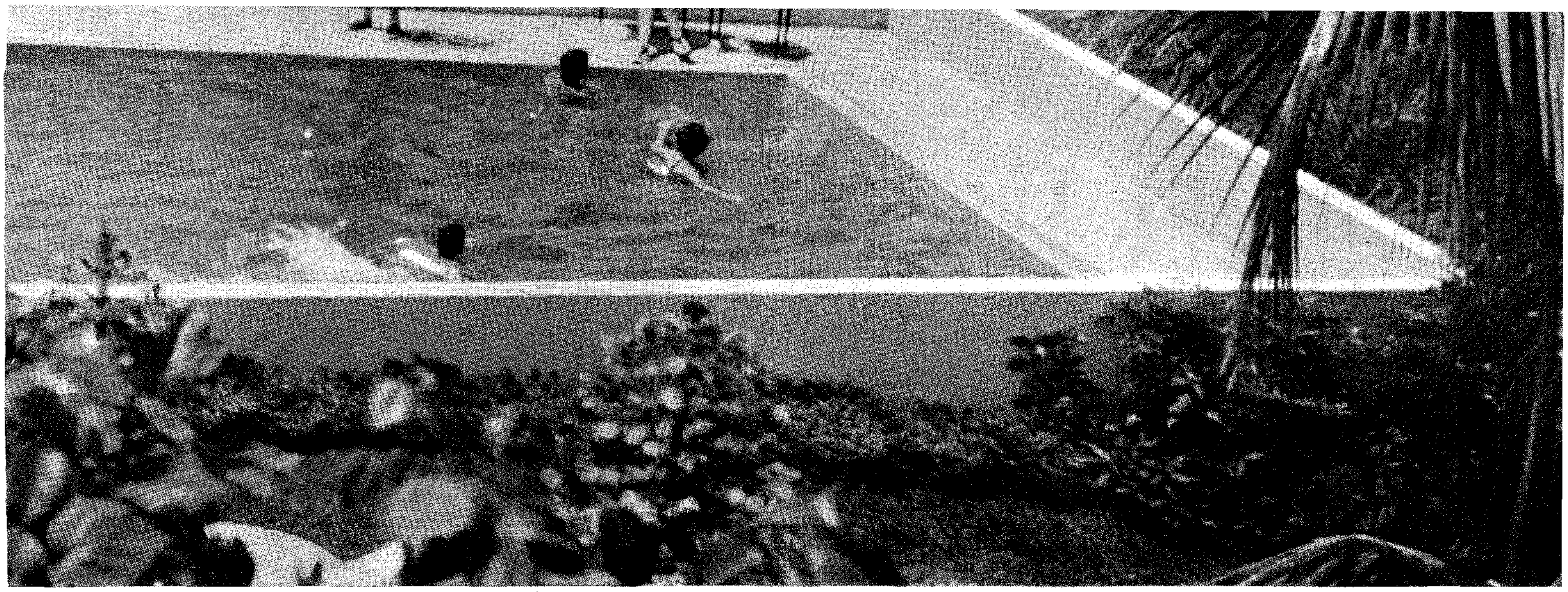

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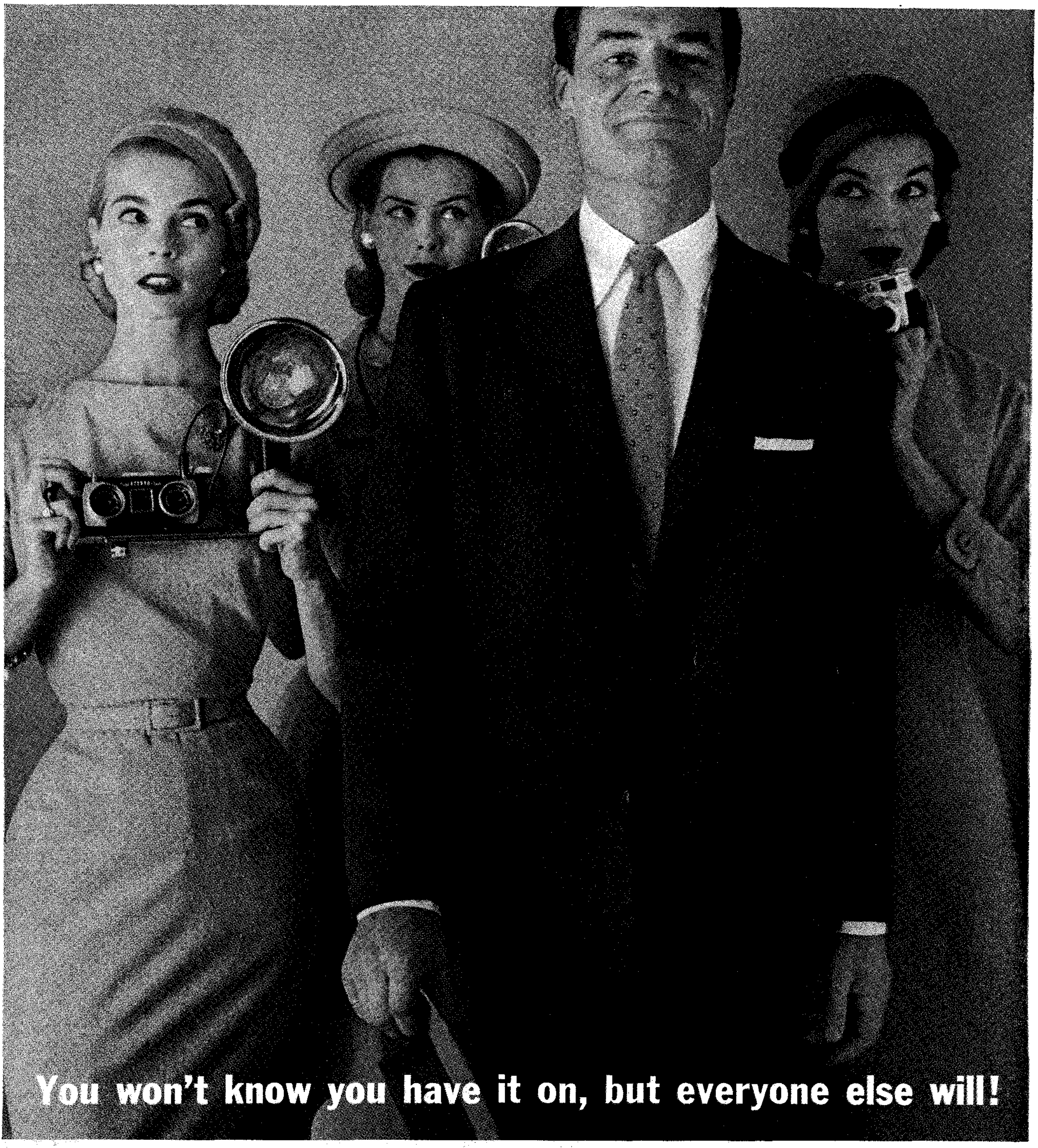
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behind us there were back alleys where the roughnecks and the tough kids hung out," Marshall said. "When it was time for dinner, my mother used to go to the front door and call my older brother. Then she'd go to the back door and call me." He spoke of the painful moment of realization that at one time or another all Negro children have to go through in some fashion. "I heard a kid call a Jewish boy I knew a kike to his face. I was about seven. I asked him why he didn't fight the kid. He asked me what would I do if somebody called me nigger—would I fight? That was a new one on me. I knew 'kike' was a dirty word but I hadn't known about 'nigger.' I went home and wanted to know right that minute what this all meant. That's not easy for a parent to explain so it makes any sense to a kid, you know."

Inevitably, our conversation circled back to the present controversy. Some weeks previously, I had read an article in *Harper's* by Thomas R. Waring, a newspaper editor of Charleston, South Carolina, entitled "The Southern Case Against Desegregation" and introduced by the magazine as the viewpoint of a conservative, deeply concerned Southerner, though by no means that of the editors. Prominent among the author's arguments was one to the effect that Negro children in the South today have such a high incidence of disease that they would subject their white classmates to the risk of contamination, and I remembered he had also said that they are so inferior scholastically as to hold white children back unfairly if the two races were put in the same classroom, and that their morals, as the result of the unfortunate example set by their ignorant, irresponsible parents, are lax and corrupting. These, he wrote, were the inescapable realities, and these realities made segregation necessary, at least until the Negro could become a fit companion for whites.

I mentioned the article to Marshall, and when he said he had read it, I asked how he replied to such arguments. Did he maintain that the Negro children's standards of health, morals, and scholarship were as high as those of their white contemporaries? What did he say when asked if he thought it just to condemn the present generation of white children to inferior, perhaps harmful associations during their formative years? Marshall lit a cigarette, leaned back, and began what at first struck me as a digression. He said that the very core of his concern was not the Negro

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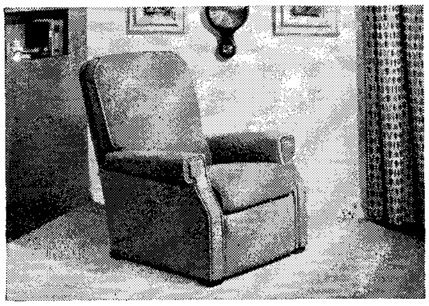

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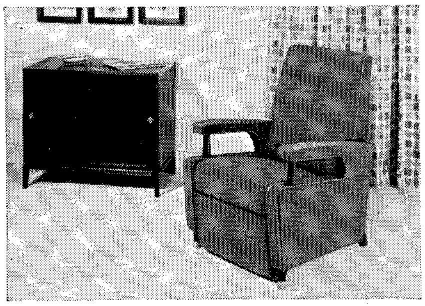

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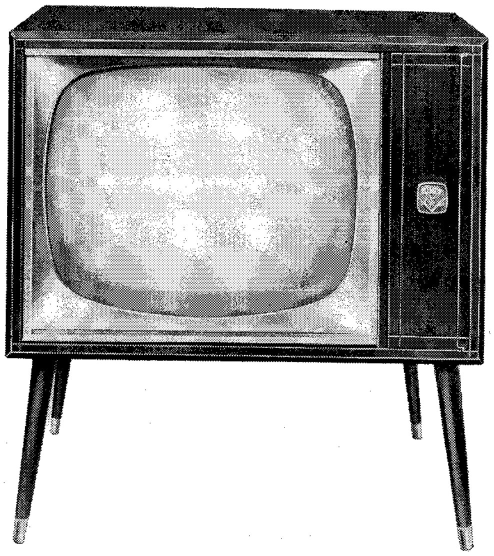

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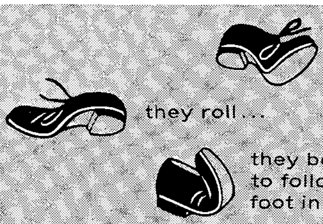

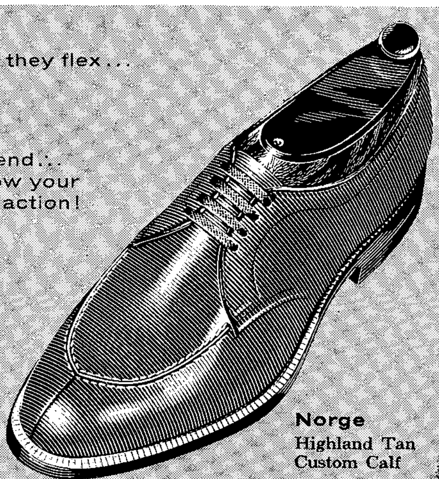

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but the individual human being. Other people were engaged in efforts to improve the standards and status of the Negroes as a race, he said, and that was a worthy cause, but it wasn't his cause. The great contribution America had made to the world was in establishing a society whose law and government were based on a fundamental belief in individual worth, individual opportunity, and individual responsibility, and Marshall's cause, as he saw it, was to make that idea, which had long been grievously thwarted in the case of many Americans, into a reality.

"Look," Marshall said, turning toward me. "I'm not going to deny these things that Mr. Waring writes about. I *could* talk about the loose morals some children bring into the all-white classes in Mr. Waring's South Carolina—or elsewhere—but that's not the point. Teachers know what they have to do with problem children—punish or otherwise correct the naughty ones, suspend the impossible ones. There are school nurses and doctors to examine the children. Of course they shouldn't allow children to come to school with communicable diseases—black children or white children. That's just common sense. There are scholastic tests and intelligence tests and achievement tests. They can give them to the children—black and white children, both, and yellow or red or brown or green—and put the backward ones into whatever remedial or what-have-you classes are suitable, and all the bright ones together, if they want to do it that way. If ninety-nine colored children out of a hundred are diseased—which obviously they're not—I believe that under this country's notion of justice you still have no right to penalize the hundredth one for that. If ninety-nine Negro children out of a hundred should be found to be stupid, that hundredth one still has a right to equal educational opportunities." Marshall spoke with brooding intensity. His cigarette ash fell on his lapel. He ignored it. The stewardess bent over us and asked us to fasten our safety belts. He buckled his without appearing to notice what he was doing. "All I'm saying is this, and it really says just about everything I have to say on civil rights," he continued. "Any tests the school wishes to give the children to separate them for one reason or another are O.K. with me except for one test—the racial test. That's all it comes down to. Not the racial test."

The plane landed with a bump, swept along the strip, and taxied to the terminal. A ramp was trundled

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up, and the door was opened. Marshall cocked an eye at the window. "Georgia!" he said.

As we walked down the ramp, I was amazed by the warmth of the night. I had automatically buttoned my topcoat before leaving the plane. Now I took it off and unbuttoned my jacket. I looked at my watch. It was eight-ten—only three and a half hours from New York's ice and sleet.

IN the lobby of the terminal, J. H. Calhoun, president of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Atlanta branch, was waiting for us. The lobby was a long, crowded room, but it was not hard to find him. Other than Marshall, he was the only Negro in sight—a large, carefully dressed man, standing with his hat in his hand in the middle of the floor, with a small island of space around him. Under the bright lights, his skin gleamed like burnished ebony. He greeted Marshall warmly but respectfully. Then, with grave courtesy, he shook hands with me. Within a few minutes, other newly arrived N.A.A.C.P. representatives had gathered around us—Robert L. Carter, a slender, youngish attorney with a mustache, who is Marshall's chief assistant in the New York office and who argued some aspects of the school-segregation cases before the United States Supreme Court; a slight, jaunty, tea-colored man named James Stewart, an N.A.A.C.P. official from Oklahoma; and two or three others, whose names I did not catch. The delegates started talking about where they would be staying. The matter was complicated. There are only three hotels for Negroes in the city, and they are not considered very satisfactory, even by those in no position to be choosy. At that, I was told, Atlanta is better off in this respect than many Southern cities, several of which have no public accommodations whatever for transient Negroes. Some of the delegates were going to stay at a Negro motel, some would put up at the Negro Y.M.C.A., and some were to be quartered in private houses scattered through Atlanta's colored districts. Marshall and I were to stay in a dormitory at Atlanta University, a university for Negroes, which is the only place in town where, on an occasion such as this, white and Negro visitors can be sheltered under the same roof without public scandal.

Marshall and I got our luggage and then Calhoun ushered us, along with Carter and Stewart, into his car. After we got under way, Stewart congratulated Marshall on his marriage and chaffed him about it. As we drove along, there was a lot of banter and laughter and high-spirited talk among my companions of going out on the town and having themselves a ball tonight. They sounded like Elks Clubbers or American Legionnaires or any other group of conventioneers who have just got together. Calhoun let Marshall and me out at Atlanta University and then the others drove off down the street. I asked Marshall whether he thought they really were going to make a gay night of it. "They might," he said. "But more likely they'll sit around some place and talk back and forth all night about the problems of the N.A.A.C.P."

The University, a privately endowed institution, has a good academic reputation, I understand, and offers quite a varied curriculum. Its red brick buildings looked solid, clean, and comfortable. As we went into the one where we were to stay, we passed a couple of students sitting on the steps—a young man in shirtsleeves and a girl wearing a white cotton dress. Another couple was sauntering up the front walk. In a lounge off the entrance hall, I glimpsed a group of young men sitting about, engaged in a bull session. It all looked, except for the matter of color, very much like any other American college on a balmy Friday night. An attractive co-ed in a loose striped shirt and a dark skirt signed us in and showed us to our rooms. They were spacious and pleasant. I unpacked and showered, then went down the hall to Marshall's room, where we spent the rest of the evening talking and sipping Cokes before windows wide-open to let in the night air. He talked about how, if he and his wife should have children, they would like to move out of their Harlem apartment to some place in the suburbs, because they felt that New York City was not a good place to raise youngsters.

I WAS awakened early next morning by birds singing in the trees outside my windows. The sky was clear and blue. I got up and dressed. It was two hours before the time Marshall and some of the other N.A.A.C.P. people had said they would be going out to breakfast, so I thought I'd better scout around for a cup of coffee. In the lounge, I met a faculty member—an affable white man in his late thirties, dressed in a sports shirt and slacks—who pleasantly invited me to join him in the dining room. His name was Robert G. Armstrong, he said; he was an associate professor of anthropology,

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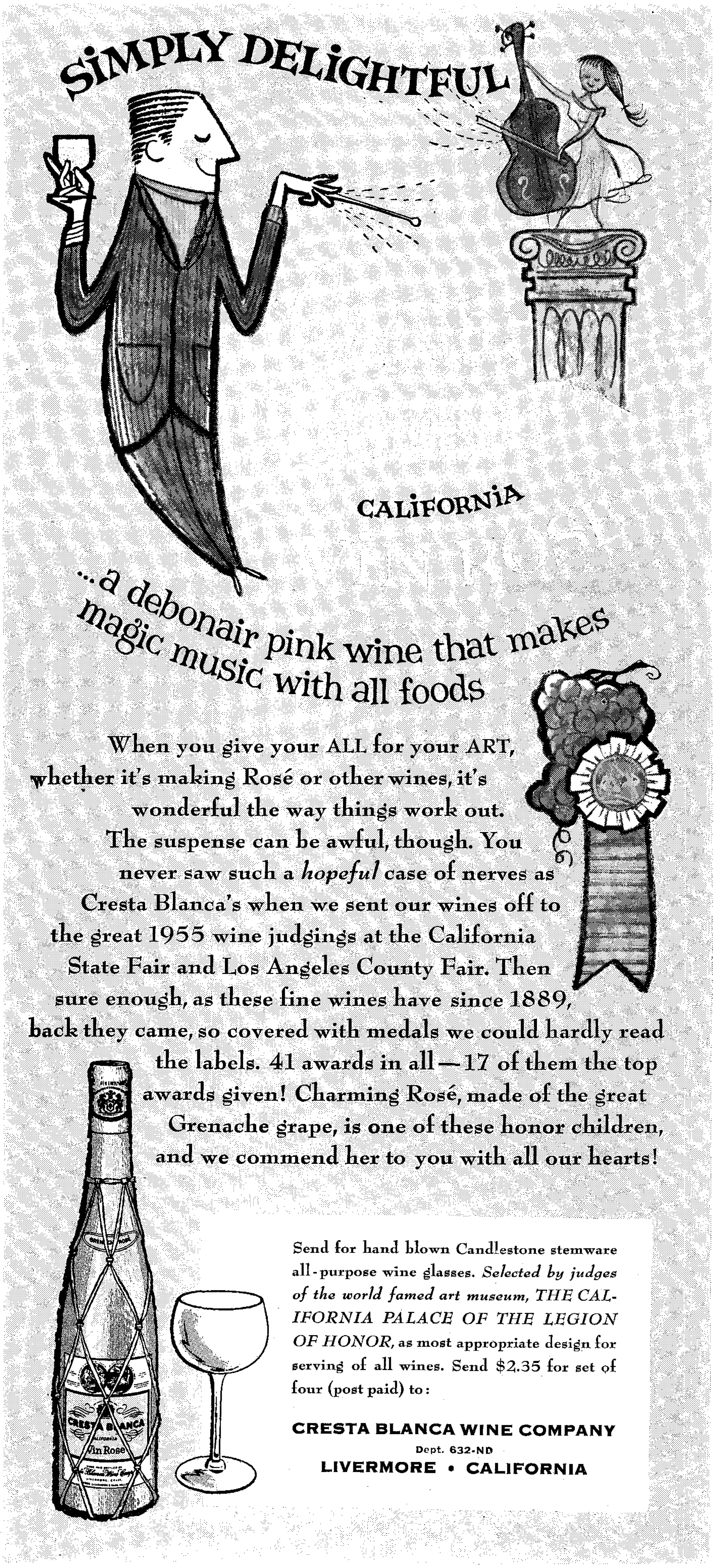
and not long before he had spent a good deal of time in Nigeria, studying one of the native tribes. Over buttered hominy grits and pork sausage, he regaled me with some striking observations on the syntax and tonal structure of the Idoma and other Kwa languages, an account I'll not repeat here for fear of being unable to do justice to its fascinations. Marshall appeared in the lobby about nine o'clock, looking sleepy and yet charged with potential energy, like a lazy panther, and a few minutes later an N.A.A.C.P. man arrived and drove us to a restaurant near the Pullman Porters' Social Club. It was a dim room without windows, the main illumination coming from a resplendent juke box. Some of the men I had met the night before were standing around, as well as several other N.A.A.C.P. people. They greeted Marshall cheerfully, and his sleepiness disappeared as he joked with them. After a few minutes, another man came into the restaurant, and he, too, was warmly welcomed. He was about forty—pleasant but most determined in appearance. Of the many subtle shades of color present in the group, his skin was the most unequivocally black. "This is Westley W. Law, from Savannah, Georgia, a member of our national board," Marshall told me, in introducing him. "He got on our board umpteen years ago to represent youth, and now he won't get off." Law nodded, smiling broadly, and gave me a firm handclasp. Ham and eggs and grits were served all around.

After breakfast, Marshall and I rode with four or five of the others to the Wheat Street Baptist Church, where the meeting was to be held, in an assembly room in a wing of the building that is set aside for social activities. On both sides of the sunny streets along our way were rickety frame houses, each with a narrow front porch. Some of the houses were painted, others merely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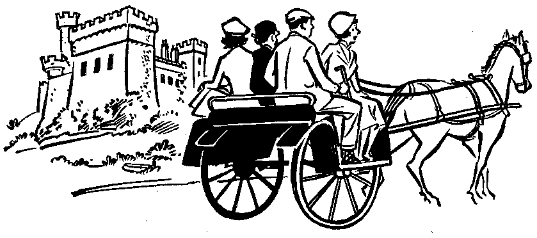
gray and weathered. Our driver, a local N.A.A.C.P. man, teased Marshall by apologizing elaborately for taking the distinguished Northern visitor through the colored sections of town and hoping he wouldn't judge the fair city of Atlanta by what he was seeing now. Marshall said he wouldn't dream of it. One of the people in the car spoke of how difficult—almost impossible—it was to get serious news about Negroes printed in the city's regular newspapers, the *Journal* and the *Constitution.* Even when a congressman came down to Atlanta and addressed a Negro meeting, the occasion was apt to get only a few lines in a column entitled "Our Negro Community," he said. Another passenger suggested that the local Negro newspaper should start a column entitled "Our White Community." The others chuckled.

IT was ten-fifteen when we entered the church's assembly room—a quarter of an hour past the scheduled starting time for the meeting. "What's the matter, Thurgood?" a tall, elegant man, paler than most of the people one sees tanning themselves at Miami Beach, asked with mock severity. "Is there a fifteen-minute time differential between here and New York?" Marshall laughed and said, with a wave of his hand, "Hi, Oliver! How are ya?" One of the staff members began passing out copies of the agenda as Marshall took his place at a table in the front of the room, below a small stage on which stood an American flag. On his left was an empty chair, and beyond it sat Roy Wilkins, a slim man with a handsome, sensitive face, successor to the late Walter White as the N.A.A.C.P.'s executive secretary. On Marshall's right was Carter, his chief assistant.

The room was airy and commodious. There were about fifty men and women present—all Negroes except me—sitting in rows on folding metal chairs. I was in the third row, next to Stewart, the Oklahoma president. The Reverend William Borders, the church's pastor, came to the front of the room. "Let's pray," he said, and all stood with heads bowed. The minister thanked the Lord for a "divine discontent," for truth, and for "a consciousness of social justice," adding, "Help us to know that justice, an attribute of God, is backed by the moral order." He prayed for humility and equally for courage, and he asked God to make those present sympathetic, understanding, and considerate of those who opposed them, even with prejudice and hate. "May we turn aside the hate

Wear a bit o' the green



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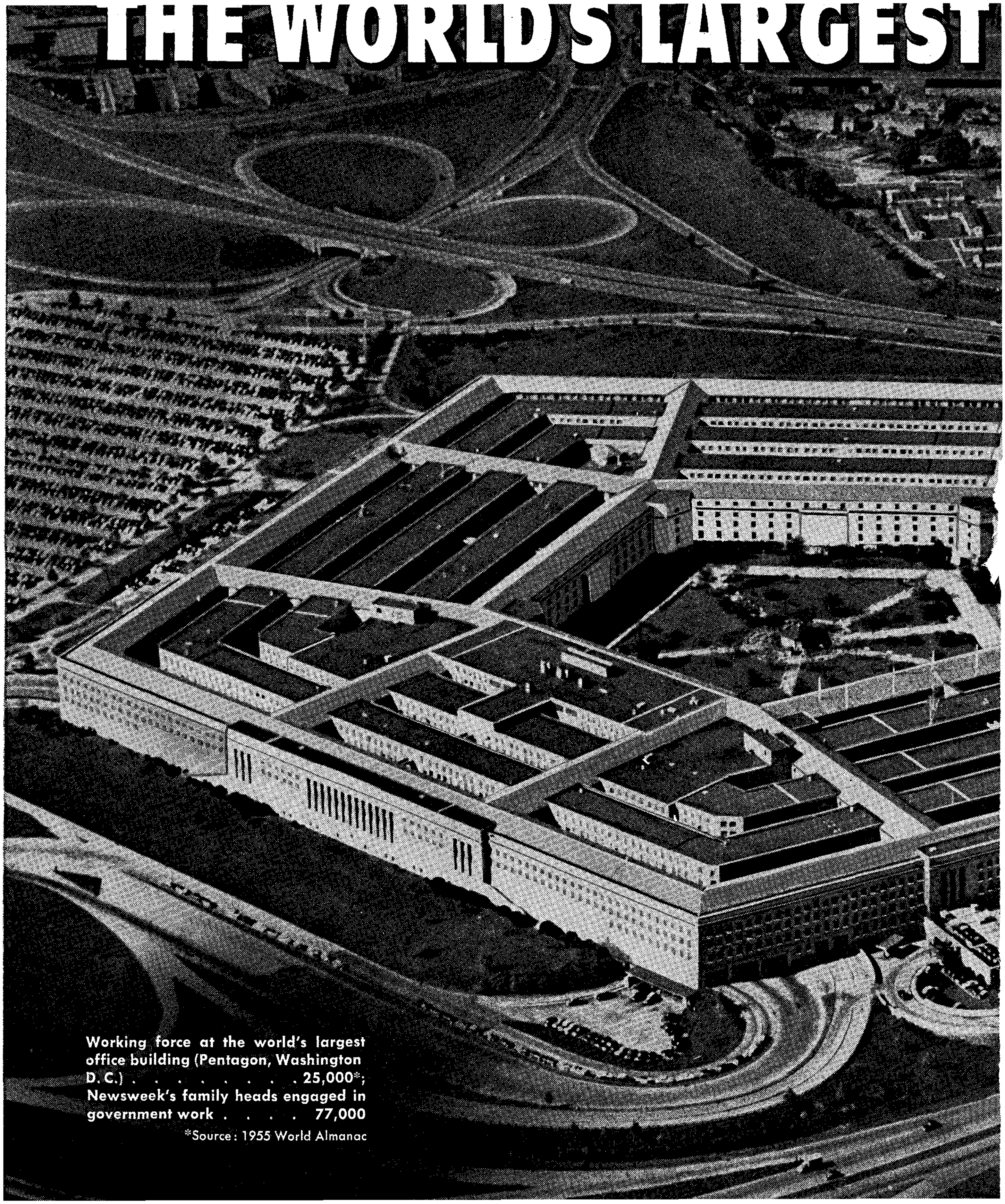

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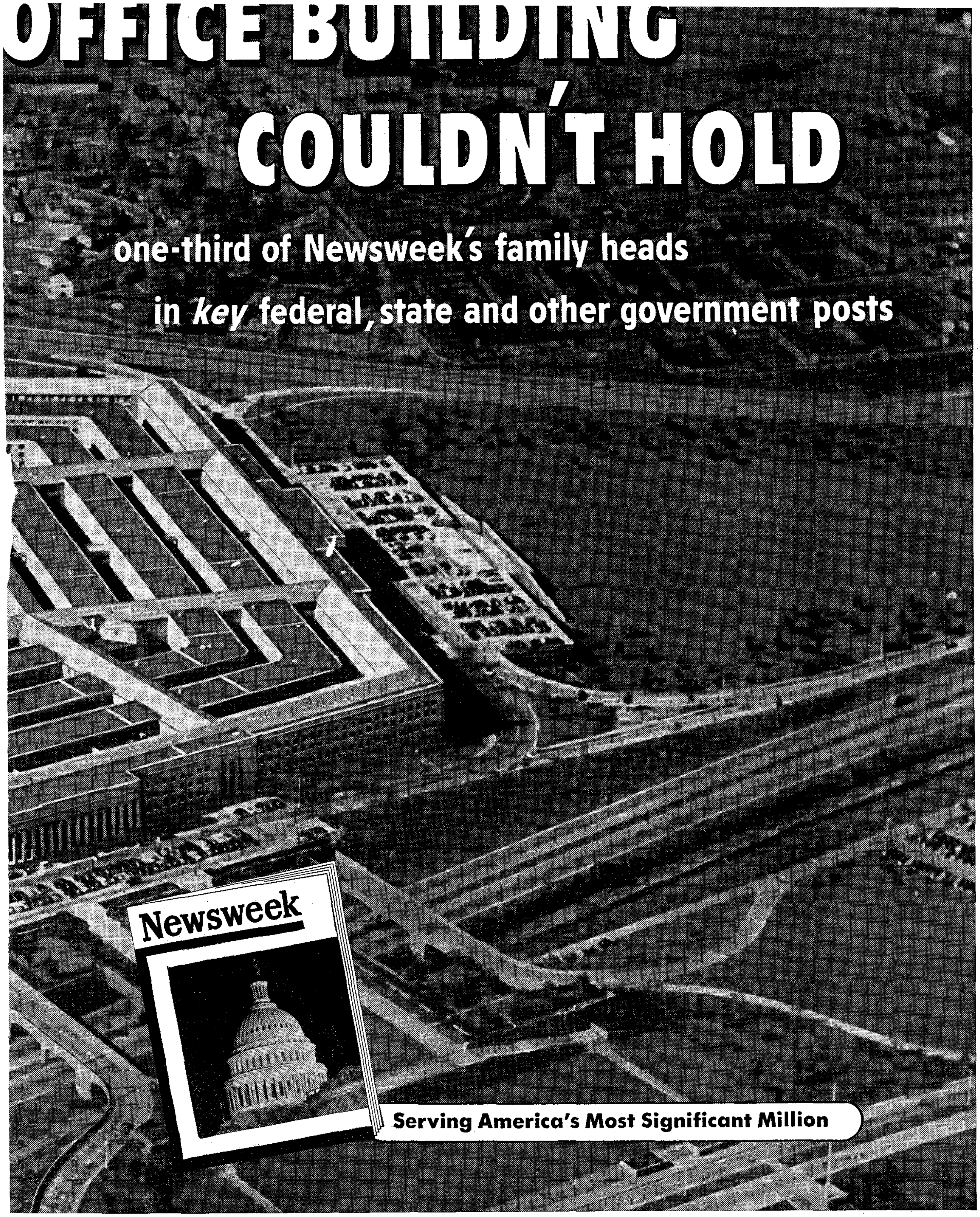
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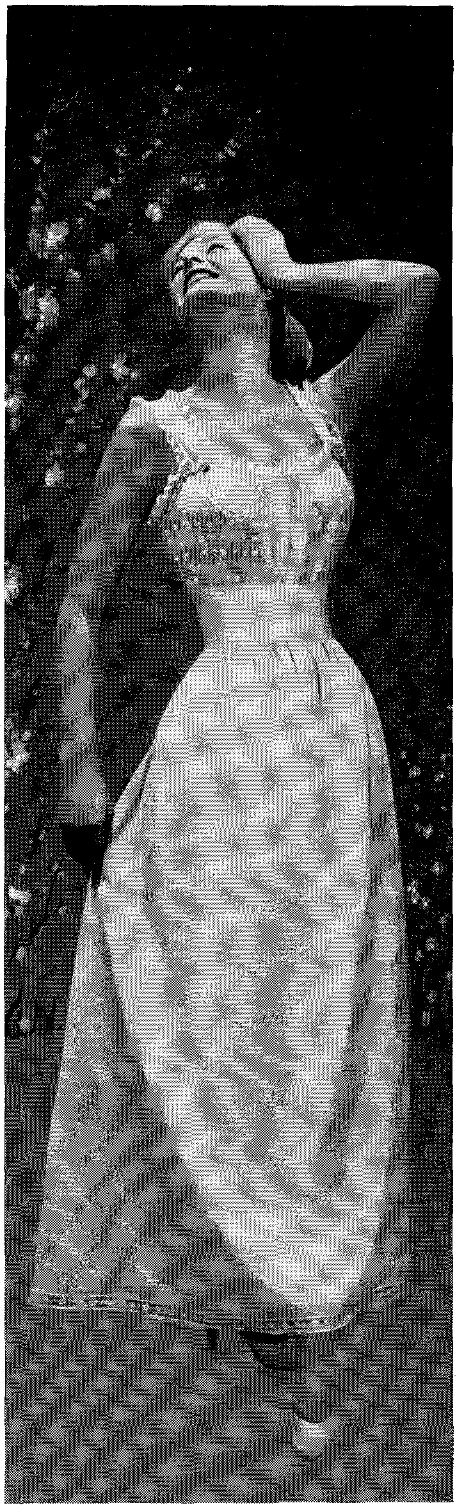

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and prejudice, and love the hater," he said. "In Thy name we pray. Amen." The others echoed "Amen" and sat down as he withdrew.

Addressing the meeting in a conversational voice, Marshall said he wasn't going to waste time making a speech—everybody, he observed, had the agenda and had previously received an outline telling what the meeting was about and stressing that it was facts, not rumors, that were wanted, and so now he would suggest that they elect themselves a chairman and then the delegates from the various states could start giving their reports. By acclamation, the delegates chose the Reverend James M. Hinton, of Columbia, South Carolina, for the job. A short, round-faced man with close-cropped white hair, he took the empty chair between Marshall and Wilkins, named a timekeeper, who was to see that none of the states exceeded the fifteen minutes allotted them for their reports, and said they ought to start out by finding what states were represented. One after another, from here and there in the room, people sounded off: "Alabama!" "Maryland!" "Georgia!" "Mississippi!" Mississippi's name brought a murmur from the delegates. Since this group had last convened, less than a year before, two of that state's Negro leaders who had been urging Negroes to register as voters had been shot and killed and a third had been seriously wounded. One of the killings took place in as public a setting as one could well find in the South—in front of a county courthouse on a Saturday afternoon. No one has yet been indicted for any of these crimes. "Arkansas!" the calling out continued. "Kentucky's here!" "Louisiana, too!" "Florida!" "North Carolina!" "South Carolina!" "Virginia!" The Reverend Mr. Hinton looked up. "What about Oklahoma?" he asked. Stewart, beside me, had been sitting mum. "Well," he said now, "Oklahoma's been doin' so well we're practically a Northern state, and I wasn't sure you *Southerners* would want me at your meetin'." This drew laughter, Stewart apparently being known as a humorous fellow. The only states involved in the controversy but unrepresented at the meeting were Delaware, Missouri, and Tennessee. The absence of their delegates was not considered crucial, since desegregation (a word I deplore as a cumbrous monstrosity but am not going to be able to avoid) is proceeding quite smoothly and rapidly in Missouri and the northern half of Delaware; in Tennessee, although the only schools now attended by both white and Negro children are those under federal control at Oak Ridge, Governor Frank G. Clement, unlike many Southern governors, has at any rate asserted that his state is part of the Union and that he will not encourage efforts to circumvent the law of the land.

"Let's call first for a report from the very fine state of Maryland," the Reverend Mr. Hinton said. From the N.A.A.C.P. viewpoint, the news from Maryland was indeed quite encouraging. The Baltimore School Board had voted to end segregation shortly after the Supreme Court, on May 17, 1954, issued its basic constitutional decision that "in the field of public education, the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place" and that "separate education facilities are inherently unequal." Baltimore did not wait, as did most other Southern localities, for the Court's implementation order, announced a year later, which stated that desegregation would be a matter for local school authorities to work out but that they would be required to show "good faith," to "make a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance," and to move "with all deliberate speed." By the time this order was issued, Baltimore had already accomplished the change. Although the state's county boards are moving more slowly, all of them have announced that they will comply with the Supreme Court's decision, and as far as the N.A.A.C.P. is concerned it is mainly a question of making sure they don't take too long about it. In Baltimore, Negro teachers have been assimilated into the revised school system. Several Baltimore schools, in districts that contain no Negro children, now have Negro teachers in charge of all-white classes.

The man presenting the Maryland report was a rather prosperous-looking attorney named Robert B. Watts. Wearing a gray suit with a vest and a red plaid bow tie, he spoke in an easy, matter-of-fact manner. The only incident of any sort in Baltimore, he went on to say, had occurred at Southern High School, in an industrial section of the city, where the students staged a walkout one day in October, 1954. "It was a very warm day, and I think the kids mainly wanted an excuse to get out of school and into the open air," Watts said. "The police commissioner immediately went on TV and warned parents that it was against the law for the youngsters to stay out of school. He said there'd be some arrests made if they didn't go back. They went back right away." Watts announced that he now

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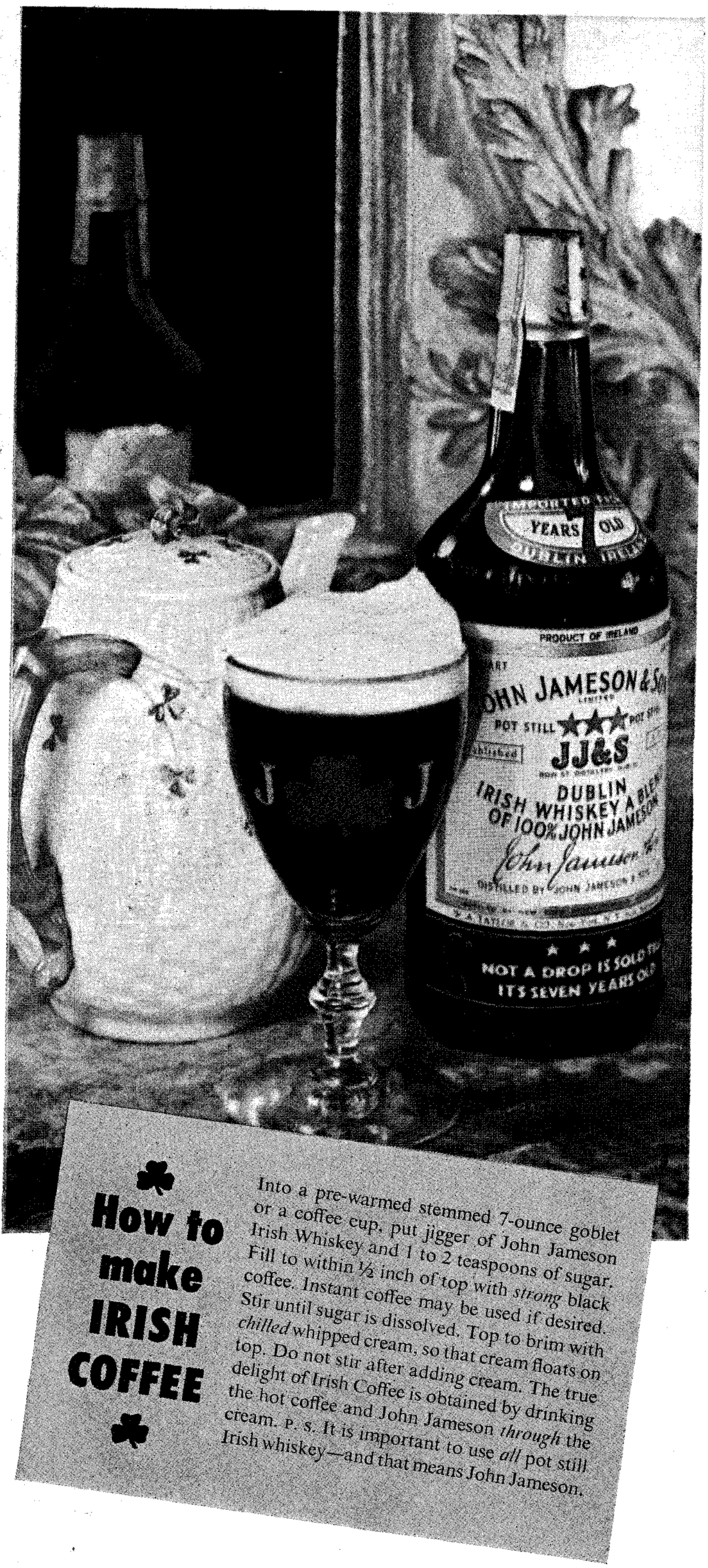
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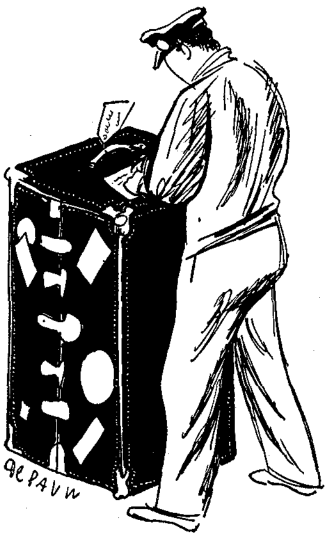
had a suit pending in Harford County, seeking a court order to require that county's school board to end school segregation. "Edgewood Arsenal and Aberdeen Proving Ground are both in this county, and there are several nonsegregated government housing projects," he told the meeting. "We felt that there was certainly no excuse for continuing segregated schools near these places where the races are housed together and the men work and train together." He added that another suit may have to be filed in St. Marys County, and that it is being prepared now. "There the people are more Southern in attitude," he said, rather apologetically.

When Watts had finished, a delegate from one of the Deep South states asked him in a concerned voice whether it was indeed true that Negro students were not doing as well in their achievement tests as their white classmates. From the table, Carter broke in to say, "It's a *fact*. Let's face it."

At the other end of the table, Wilkins, who had spoken little so far, said thoughtfully, "It might be well to clarify our position on this. We don't need to argue the point or be defensive. Some Negroes have flunked out in Baltimore, but some haven't. That's what we care about—the right of each individual to a fair chance." Marshall, who had been quietly making notes during the Maryland report, nodded emphatic agreement. "And *some* Negro students have been making excellent records, including Robert B. Watts, Jr.," Wilkins added. This, everybody realized, was a reference to the Maryland attorney's son. Smiling with fatherly pride, Watts returned to his seat.

One after another, as the Reverend Mr. Hinton called on them, state representatives came forward and delivered their reports. West Virginia was doing extremely well; out of the forty-four



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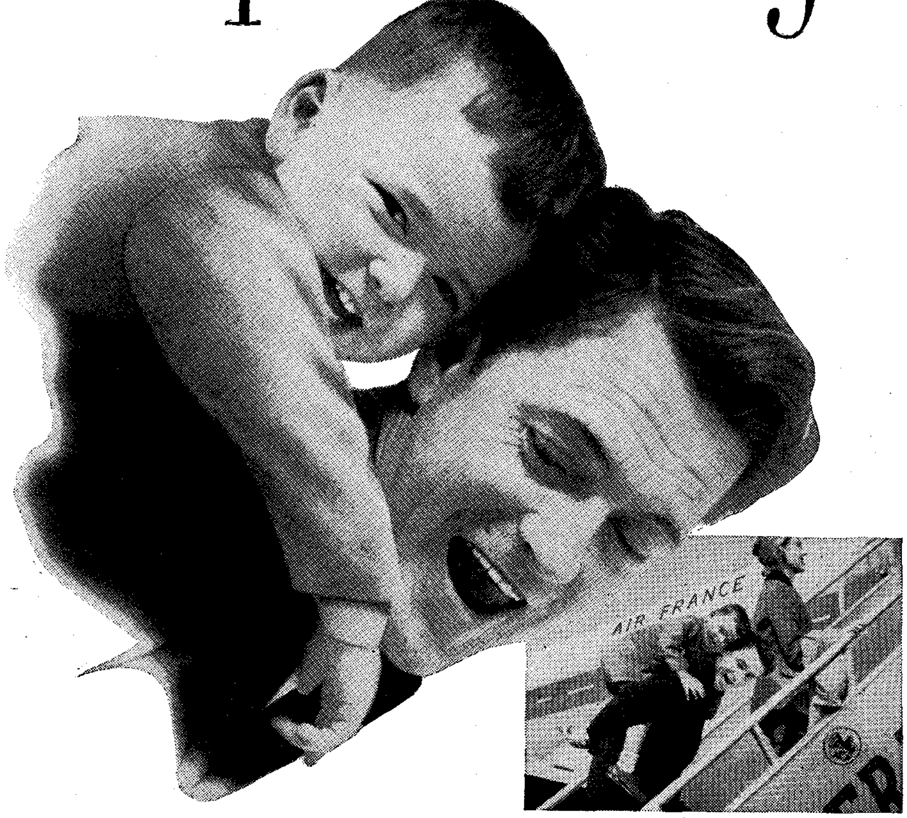

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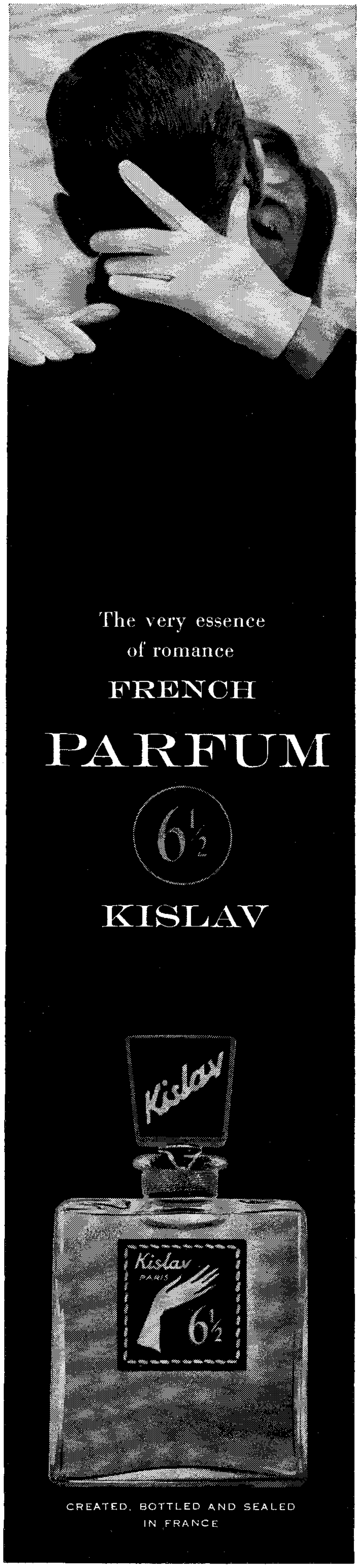
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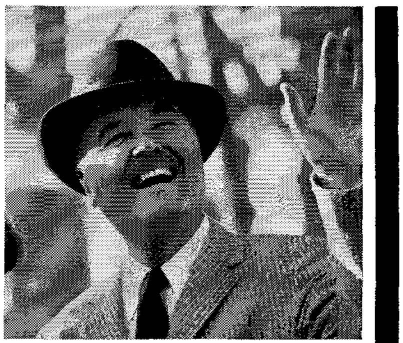
counties in the state in which there are Negroes, all but nine had either completely eliminated school segregation or made a start toward doing so. Oklahoma reported that not only had all school segregation ended in Oklahoma City and most of the counties in the state but all race restrictions had been removed from the city's golf courses, municipal auditoriums, public buildings, and some movies, and from the state parks. The news from Arkansas, Kentucky, and Texas was rather less encouraging. Here and there in each of them some small, tentative forward steps had been taken. In Texas, perhaps the furthest along of the three, Negro pupils had been accepted on a non-segregated basis as of last September in some sixty of the state's 2,200 school districts, including Austin, Corpus Christi, El Paso, San Angelo, Big Spring, and San Antonio. In Kentucky, a total of only 339 Negroes were attending schools with white children. One white boy there had enrolled in a formerly all-Negro school. In Arkansas, only about twenty Negroes, all told, were attending non-segregated schools, most of them in Hoxie and a few in Fayetteville and Charleston. These states—and Tennessee, as well—were, it seemed, in a delicate, uncertain stage somewhere between compliance and defiance. Here matters could still go either way, but the spirit of opposition was manifesting itself chiefly in efforts to put off a little while longer what many felt to be inevitable. Kentucky, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee, in other words, were like someone feeling the water with his toe, not sure whether he's going to like it once he plunges in but quite convinced that at least the first impact is going to be an unpleasant shock.

The reports given at the meeting were detailed and factual, and were presented in an unemotional and businesslike way. Each state's spokesman gave information about the attitudes and actions of governmental officials, about petitions filed with school boards and the responses to them, about negotiations conducted, and about lawsuits, current or contemplated. I would possibly have found these reports deadly dull if it had not been for the circumstances that gave rise to them, the flashes of spontaneous humor, and my awareness of the intense absorption with which everyone in the room was listening to them. With the exception of the ebullient Stewart, of Oklahoma, no one from the states where great progress was being made and a whole social



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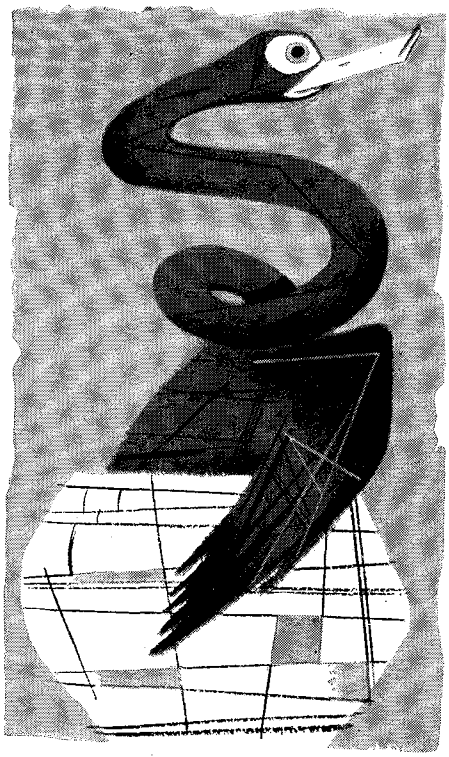

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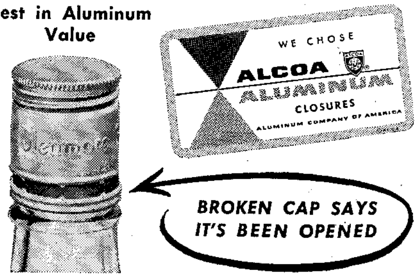


pattern was in the process of change sounded boastful, and even his exuberance was free from any suggestion of gloating. Indeed, what he sounded most like was a chamber-of-commerce booster.

The Reverend Mr. Hinton permitted no one to overrun his allotted fifteen minutes, and no one got the floor without his recognition. I had certainly expected more oratorical flourishes, but the slightest hint of anything of this sort was apt to draw from Marshall the warning "Watch out, man, you're using up your own time!" Marshall himself was put firmly in his place when he tried to discuss a point after the Reverend Mr. Hinton had ruled that there would be no further discussion of it. No one in the group seemed to question the chairman's authority, and I, too, in the course of the meeting, came to be powerfully impressed by the strength and firmness of his character, although I would have been hard put to it to say how he communicated these traits, for he never raised his voice and most of the time a mild, kindly smile lingered on his moon-shaped face. This was the Reverend Mr. Hinton mentioned in Levi Byrd's letter from Cheraw. Shotgun blasts had been fired into the minister's house only last January. One night a few years before, he had been kidnapped by an outraged mob and threatened with lynching for leading a protest against segregation in the schools in South Carolina. When asked about that night, he diverts attention from its terrors by smiling gently and recalling that among those Negroes who set out angrily to try to save him were two cars filled with fellow-members of the cloth—a "whole posse of preachers"—and saying that it was a good thing for their immortal souls that they didn't come upon the mob before he was set free. The Reverend Mr. Hinton is one of the people Marshall presumably had in mind when, on the plane down, he had wondered at the courage of the Negro leaders to be found in the South.

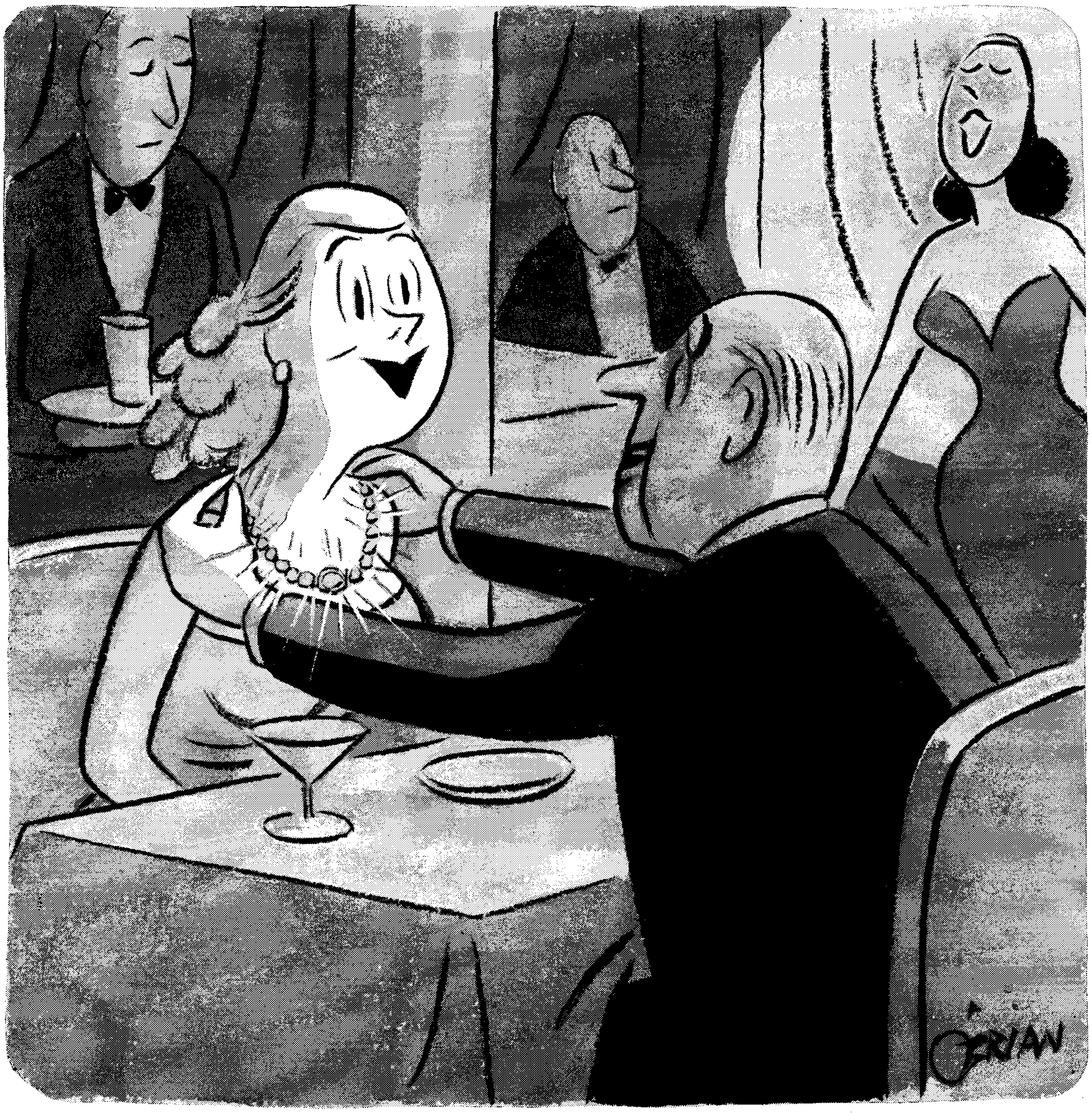
Of all the problems raised at the morning session, perhaps the most unusual was the one brought up by an attorney from Texas—a neat, bald, middle-aged man wearing rimless glasses. At the end of his report on school segregation, he mentioned some of the efforts his group was making to overcome other forms of racial discrimination. "Negroes have been trying to get themselves arrested on the buses in Dallas and Houston, in order to test their segregation ordinances, but they've had no success whatsoever," he said.

The Texas delegate's problem provoked considerable hilarity among the delegates. "If they have no luck, they ought to go to Montgomery, Alabama," the Reverend Mr. Hinton suggested. In Montgomery, as every member of the audience knew, the Texans would have no trouble finding a police officer to oblige them.

SHORTLY before one o'clock, the meeting adjourned for lunch, which was served cafeteria-style in a kitchen down the hall and was, as the Reverend Dr. Borders said, "on the house." Each person carried his own loaded tray into a nearby dining room. We had our choice of barbecued ribs or fried chicken. I took the ribs, and they were delicious. One of the last people to come into the dining room was a delegate from West Virginia, a large, very black man who had read his report, full of notable achievements, in a deep, unexcited voice. He stopped in the doorway, tray in hand, looked around at the others, already at table, and meekly inquired, "May colored folks eat here?" Then, smiling broadly, he marched in and sat down.

After lunch, most of the people went outside and stood in the sunshine on the church steps, smoking avidly. I made my way from one group to another, chatting with some and listening to what they had to say. Marshall was scheduled to go to Birmingham, Alabama, on the 29th to plead Miss Autherine Lucy's right to be admitted to the University of Alabama, and he was saying that, frankly, he wasn't looking forward at all to showing himself in that hostile territory. Somebody jokingly urged him to think how much good his becoming a martyr might do the cause, from the long view. "That's too long a view!" Marshall protested. Wilkins laughed and recalled how in the old days when they were sitting around trying to figure out how the organization was going to raise enough money to stay in existence, Walter White used to look speculatively at Marshall and Wilkins and say, "Now, if one of you heroes would just get lynched, I could arrange the finest speaking tour you ever saw."

We talked about the situation at the University of Alabama, where the Board of Trustees seemed determined to resort to any expedient to bar Miss Lucy from the campus (as, in fact, it subsequently did). Listening to Marshall and Wilkins discussing the legal steps they planned to take in Miss Lucy's behalf



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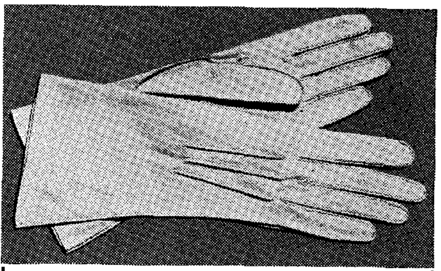
prompted me to ask a question that had been in my mind for some time: What would the N.A.A.C.P. do if it found in the future that it won lawsuit after lawsuit and court decision after court decision but couldn't get the decisions put into effect? "That's the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question, and I'm not even going to try for it," Marshall replied. "I don't know what we'd do. That's something I can't even contemplate. It would be anarchy. It would be the end of the country. I can't imagine it coming to that."

Presently, I joined a group that was discussing the Montgomery bus boycott. This and the Miss Lucy matter, as might have been expected, were major topics of conversation among the N.A.A.C.P. people that weekend. It was on December 1st that a weary middle-aged Negro seamstress in Montgomery, riding home from work on the bus, refused to get up and give her seat to a white man and was promptly arrested. The bus boycott with which the Negro community responded was in its eleventh week at the time of the meeting. I got the impression from the people I talked to that this passive-resistance movement—with its Gandhian patience, acceptance of physical discomfort, and religious professions of love and tolerance toward the oppressors while refusing to submit to oppression—had taken the N.A.A.C.P. almost as much by surprise as it had the white citizens of Montgomery. The N.A.A.C.P. leaders, many of them lawyers accustomed to working through formal court processes, appeared to me to not know quite what to make of it even while taking pride in the spirit it revealed. They could not refrain from comparing the peacefulness and discipline of the Negroes' protest in Montgomery with the hysteria and violence of the white mob at the University of Alabama. One member of the group I was talking with said he had been extremely interested to learn that there had been a marked decrease in crime—particularly crimes of violence—in Montgomery's Negro community since the passive-resistance movement began there.

Nearby, Carter and a slim young man wearing a sports coat and a handsome vest were talking about Columbus, Georgia. The young man, apparently an attorney, was telling Carter about a suit he was preparing to file demanding that the city of Columbus allow Negroes to play on the municipal golf course, and about one of the Columbus Negroes who were petitioning for this—a physician named Thomas H. Brewer. "He



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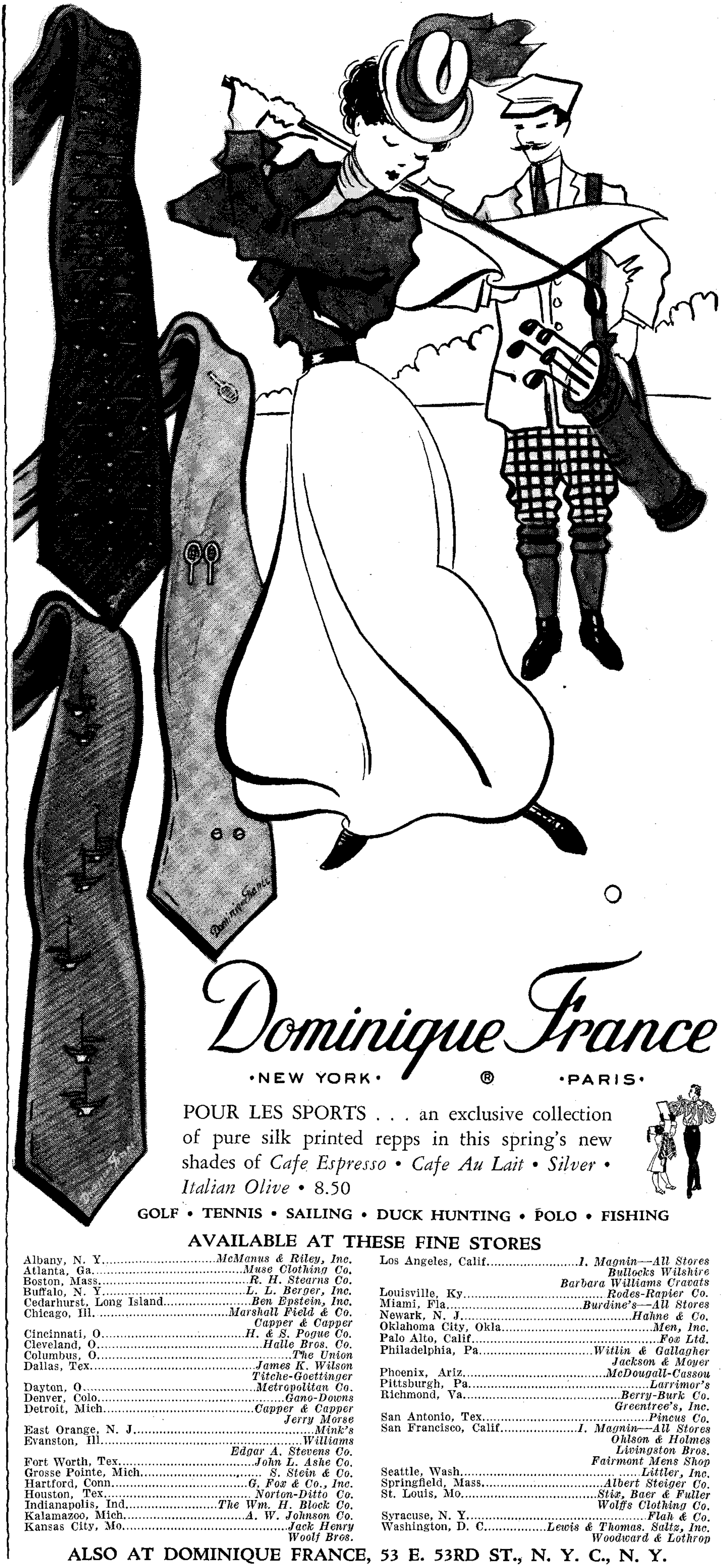
showed up at the course a week or two ago and was turned away," the young man said. "His picture was in the papers." Dr. Brewer, I gathered, was another of the Negro leaders generally admired for their courage and forthrightness; he had been one of the most active in pushing a test case that established the right of Negroes to vote in the Georgia primaries. Not merely was he an outspoken Negro leader but—what was perhaps a matter of equal boldness in Georgia—an outspoken Republican.

I went down the steps and joined some delegates standing on the sidewalk. They were talking about something the Arkansas delegate had said that morning—that the governors of several Southern states were claiming that most Negroes really didn't want to go to school with whites but preferred to stay among their own kind. One delegate remarked that Senator Eastland, of Mississippi, was fond of saying how happy the "good niggras of Mississippi" would be to have things stay just as they are. A short, serious-looking man, who had been listening to the others in silence, said, "That reminds me of the joke about the good niggra who got put on the radio in Mississippi. The white man drove down to this poor sharecropper's shack and told him he was gonna put him on the radio. 'Put me on the radio, boss? Whaffor?' the sharecropper asks. And the white man says, 'Gonna put you on the radio, Sam, because you're a mighty good niggra for a niggra, and we gonna give you a chance to tell the whole world how fine we treat you-all in Mississippi.' So the two of them drive up to the radio station and they go on in. 'Now, there's the microphone, Sam. Jest talk on into it,' says the white man. 'This the microphone, boss?' 'That's right, Sam.' 'And when I talk, people can hear me?' 'That's right.' 'Outside of Mississippi? All over the world?' 'Sure 'nuff, Sam. Jest go ahead and tell 'em.' So Sam went up to the microphone, took hold of it with both hands, and called, 'Help!' "

As it happened, the first state scheduled to report when the delegates went back into session after lunch was Mississippi, which was represented by an attorney, wearing slacks, a sports jacket, a bow tie, and horn-rimmed glasses. He had an earnest manner, his stance was square, his gestures simple. He looked as if not too long ago he might have been wearing jeans and doing heavy work. He said that his report on what progress his state was making toward desegregation could be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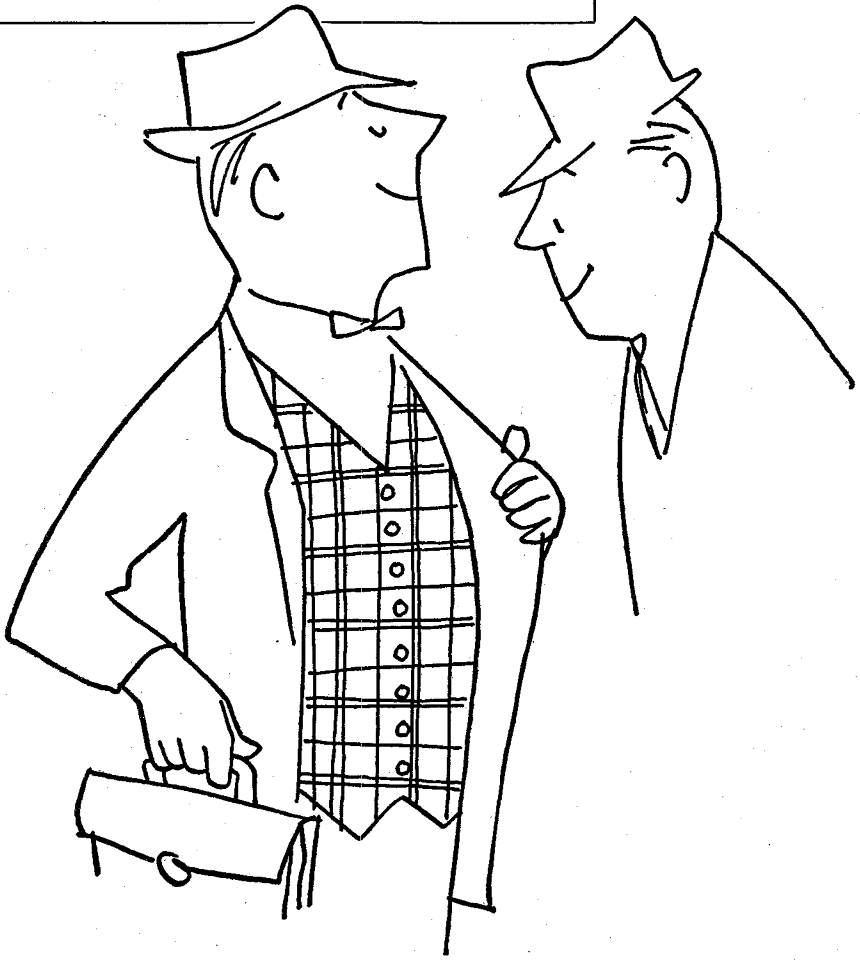

If a man is the first on his block to own a power

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8:05 to sport a tattersall vest...or the

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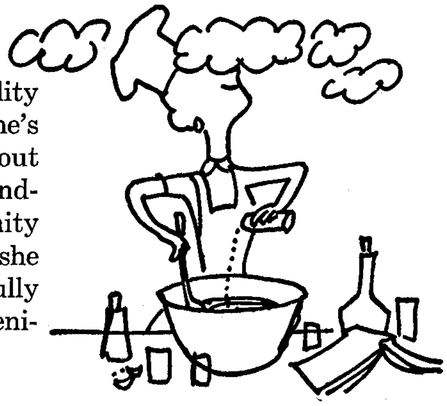
with an artichoke heart, he considers

himself quite original. But...

how original is a woman?

She starts with a cook book recipe—but her originality moves in relentlessly. And before the meal is served, she's invented a recipe that's delightfully her own. She sets out to empty a musty attic trunk—but finishes with a brand-new braided rug. She studies the plans for a Community Health Center in Akron. But she doesn't copy them—she *revolutionizes* them for her own community. She dutifully reads Child Psychology books—but devises her own ingenious ways to settle infant insurrections.



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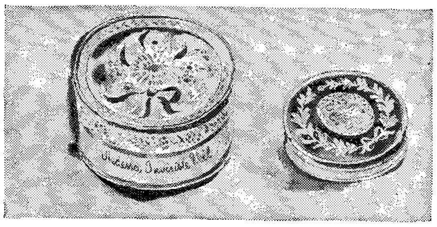

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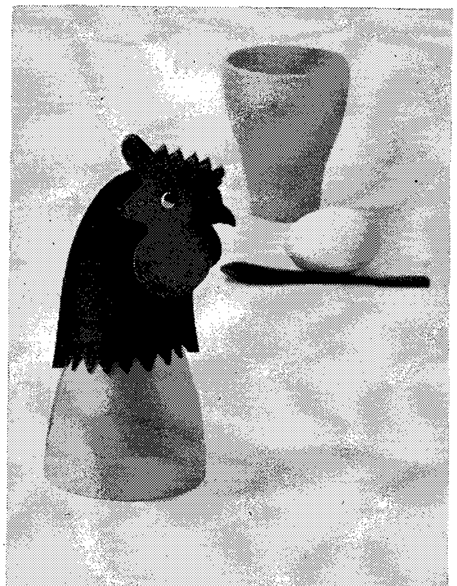
summed up in one word: "None." In fact, he went on, the state officials and legislators, spurred on by the Citizens Councils—a segregationist movement that originated in Mississippi and spread out from there through the South—were devoting most of their energies and their best thinking to making progress in the other direction. "The Mississippi legislature has been meeting since the first Tuesday in January, and they have yet to get around to anything besides ways of strengthening every form of segregation," he said, and, permitting himself the luxury of a modest comment, added, "After they get that taken care of, they'll probably take a couple of weeks to settle the minor affairs of state business." Reading from a sheet of paper, he went over the bills that, he said, the legislature had introduced so far—an act requiring separate waiting rooms for persons travelling on common carriers within the state and forbidding any person to enter a waiting room other than the one marked for his race; an act requiring separate toilet facilities in these waiting rooms; an act conferring upon any person, firm, or corporation engaged in any public business, profession, or trade the right to choose and select the customers, patrons, and clients of such business, and the further right to refuse to sell or render a service to any person, and providing a penalty for any person who refuses to vacate a public place when ordered to do so by the owner or any employee thereof; an act to abolish common-law marriages ("I think the purpose of that bill may be to prevent the children of such unions from suing for their rights," he said. "Aside from that, I don't understand it"); an act making it a felony to hold, or cause to be conducted, athletic contests open to the public wherein Negroes or persons of Mongoloid descent participate with white persons; an act making it unlawful to solicit, advocate, urge, or encourage disobedience to any law of the State of Mississippi or nonconformance to the established traditions, customs, and usages of the State of Mississippi; an act to extend the laws of libel, defamation, and slander so as to prohibit the libelling, slandering, and defaming of states, counties, cities, communities, their inhabitants, their institutions, and their government ("The Jackson newspaper thinks a couple of these bills may be going a little too far"); an act ("Now, this one may deserve careful study") to safeguard for the citizens of the State of Mississippi the rights, privileges, and immunities granted them by the Constitution and



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laws thereof, to make criminal any violation thereof, and to create a civil-rights section to protect such rights ("I can't understand why they've brought out such a bill," he said. "It seems to me," he went on hopefully, "to offer a strong weapon with which to attack the other segregation laws." "Not a chance," Wilkins assured him. "That's a bill against the N.A.A.C.P. The civil rights that bill protects are the very opposite of what are called civil rights elsewhere"); an act to establish special requirements for out-of-state attorneys ("That's the Thurgood law," somebody in the audience said jocularly); and several other acts. Some of them, the Mississippi delegate said, had already passed both houses and most of the rest were expected to pass shortly. Although the Supreme Court had ruled that segregation was illegal in interstate travel facilities, Mississippi police were continuing to enforce it, he reported. They would arrest a Negro who went through the wrong door in a waiting room and fine him twenty-five dollars. However, if the Negro asked for a trial, an action that would require the court to file a written record of its judgment, the case against him would be dismissed. "So," he said apologetically, "we haven't been able to test in the law courts what they are doing."

"Don't worry about the test," somebody in the audience said. "If they dismiss the case, that's progress in Mississippi, man!" Other delegates laughingly concurred.

There followed reports from Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. Like Mississippi, these states were apparently prepared to go to any lengths to defy or circumvent the Supreme Court's ruling that segregation has no rightful place in American public schools. Among other things, the reports brought out that Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia have made plans to abandon their public-school systems altogether, rather than tolerate Negro and white children in the same classrooms. Georgia has passed a law that would make any school board permitting a non-segregated school to be set up within its jurisdiction guilty of a fel-

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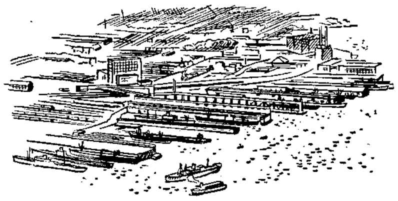

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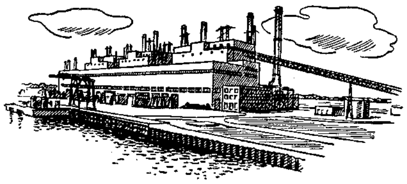

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ony. Prince Edward County, Virginia, evidently guarding against the possibility that a court might order a local school board to desegregate, has refused to approve a yearly school budget and is supplying operating funds on a month-to-month basis. In Georgia, the State Attorney General has filed a suit against the Valdosta School Board, which had implied that it wants to study the situation. The suit seeks, in effect, as one of the N.A.A.C.P. delegates said, "to prevent the school board from even thinking about possibly studying desegregation." Alabama, Louisiana, and North Carolina have passed so-called placement statutes, which give local school boards the power to assign students to schools, ostensibly on the basis of categories other than race—such as health, intelligence, and social adaptability. In the eight recalcitrant states, defiance of the Supreme Court ruling comes not just from the mob but from the highest governing officials. The legislatures of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, and South Carolina in solemn session have passed interposition, or nullification, resolutions, which declare that the Supreme Court's ruling violates their sovereignty. A citizen of one of these states might, in debate with a Northerner, plead the cause of gradualism and going slow in changing deep-seated social customs, but he would run the risk of ostracism if he suggested in his home town that change should ever come. As Marshall put it, "They don't mean go slow. They mean don't go."

I got the impression that of the eight recalcitrant states, Louisiana and Florida were perhaps the least implacably opposed to change—Florida probably for fear of alienating the tourist trade, Louisiana because of the stand taken by the Catholic Church. The N.A.A.C.P. representative from Louisiana told the group that he understood a pastoral letter from Archbishop Joseph Rummel, of New Orleans, would be read in all the hundred and twenty Catholic churches in the archdiocese the next day, and that he thought the Archbishop was going to voice his disapproval of segregation. (This letter, which was read the next day, went much further than that. The Archbishop condemned segregation as a sin and said it would be ended in all parochial schools in his jurisdiction. This produced a rather curious reaction in Louisiana. A number of Catholic state legislators were angry at the Archbishop, and said that segregation, unlike a matter of revealed religion, such as birth control, was outside the Church's

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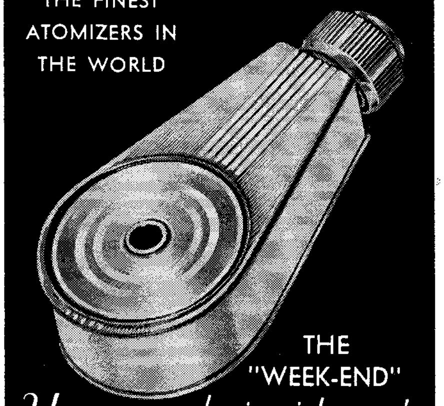

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province. They were particularly angry because he had forbidden them to include parochial schools in a state bill reaffirming the principle of school segregation. It seemed to them discrimination of the rankest sort that Catholics, of all the religious groups in the state, should alone be denied the right to practice racial discrimination in the schools.)

The reports the delegates gave on the eight problem states told of the efforts they had made to discuss the matter with local school boards, and to enter into negotiations with them. With few exceptions, the local N.A.A.C.P. people had been rebuffed out of hand. Petitions sent to the school boards requesting admission of Negro students, in accordance with the Supreme Court ruling, had for the most part not been answered, or even acknowledged. In some states, particularly South Carolina, those who had petitioned had suffered economic reprisals. The afternoon speakers told of these matters with deeper feeling, certainly, than the morning delegates had conveyed, yet they, too, were able to laugh, and without exception their recitations were also purely factual. During the Alabama report, people asked a number of questions about the Miss Lucy matter and the riots at the University of Alabama. "I understand from somebody," Carter said, "that the—" Several delegates interrupted him. "No rumors!" they called. He laughed, and left his sentence unfinished.

The reports were completed by a quarter to four. Glancing at the agenda, I noted that the meeting was right on schedule. Now that the delegates were familiar with the situation, Marshall took over the chairmanship and they began to discuss what to do about it. In regard to the five states that had been making rapid progress toward desegregation—Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Oklahoma, and West Virginia—no suggestion was needed other than that they be watched vigilantly to make certain they kept on doing what they were doing. The chief problem there concerned a corollary issue—a number of Negro teachers had been fired as a result of the consolidation of the schools. "We mustn't allow the burden of racial discrimination to fall on the teachers now that it's been lifted from the students," one of the delegates said. It was agreed that steps should be taken toward insuring that professional qualifications and seniority, not race, were the factors that determined which teachers were to be dismissed.

In regard to the four hesitant states—

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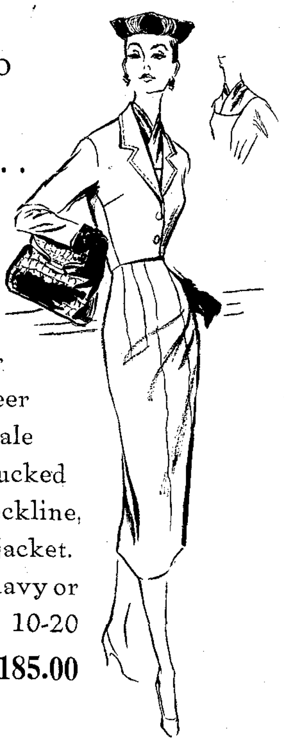
Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas—the main question seemed to be the good faith of the local school districts. "As long as they are showing good faith and a real desire to work this thing out, we should continue negotiations with them—that's agreed, isn't it?" Marshall asked. "But even in these states there are some counties that act as if they were in Mississippi," he went on. "If they won't negotiate, we'll just have to take them to court."

A Kentucky delegate raised a question that interested me: What attitude should be taken toward a school district that had declared that in the interests of gradual and orderly change it planned to abolish segregation in only one school grade at a time? It would start with the first grade next fall; the year after that, as these children were promoted, there would be two mixed grades, then three, and so on until 1968, when the whole school system would be on a non-segregated basis. The reasoning behind this was that such a significant alteration in social attitudes can be effective only if instituted at the earliest possible age, when the child's nature is pliant and unformed. To my ears, the argument had a certain plausibility, but the group rejected the plan. They thought this pace was rather slower than what the Supreme Court meant by "all deliberate speed." And they doubted whether the school board was reasoning in good faith. "In Tennessee, the state colleges have reasoned in just the opposite way," Carter pointed out. "There they said they would start at the graduate level and work down a year at a time. Obviously, they said, only the most mature person can be expected to adjust to so great a social change as this. Both of these arguments seem dreamed up mainly for the purpose of procrastination."

When it came to the eight intransigent states—Mississippi and the rest—there was considerable discussion, but all that it added up to was, I think, aptly summarized by the dapper, bald attorney from Texas who was keeping the minutes. After some time, he stood up and said, "I don't know whether I'm keeping good notes on this. All I can make out of what I've got down here is 'Let's sue!' "

"Those are good notes," Marshall assured him, with a smile.

Even in this group of states, where the N.A.A.C.P. has been consistently rebuffed, it would still negotiate, the delegates agreed, if, as Marshall said, it could find "any local school board with courage enough to support the



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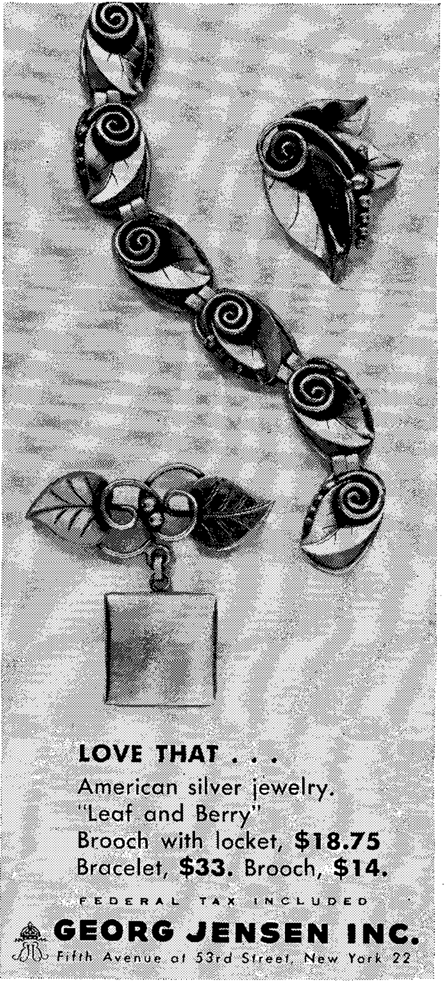

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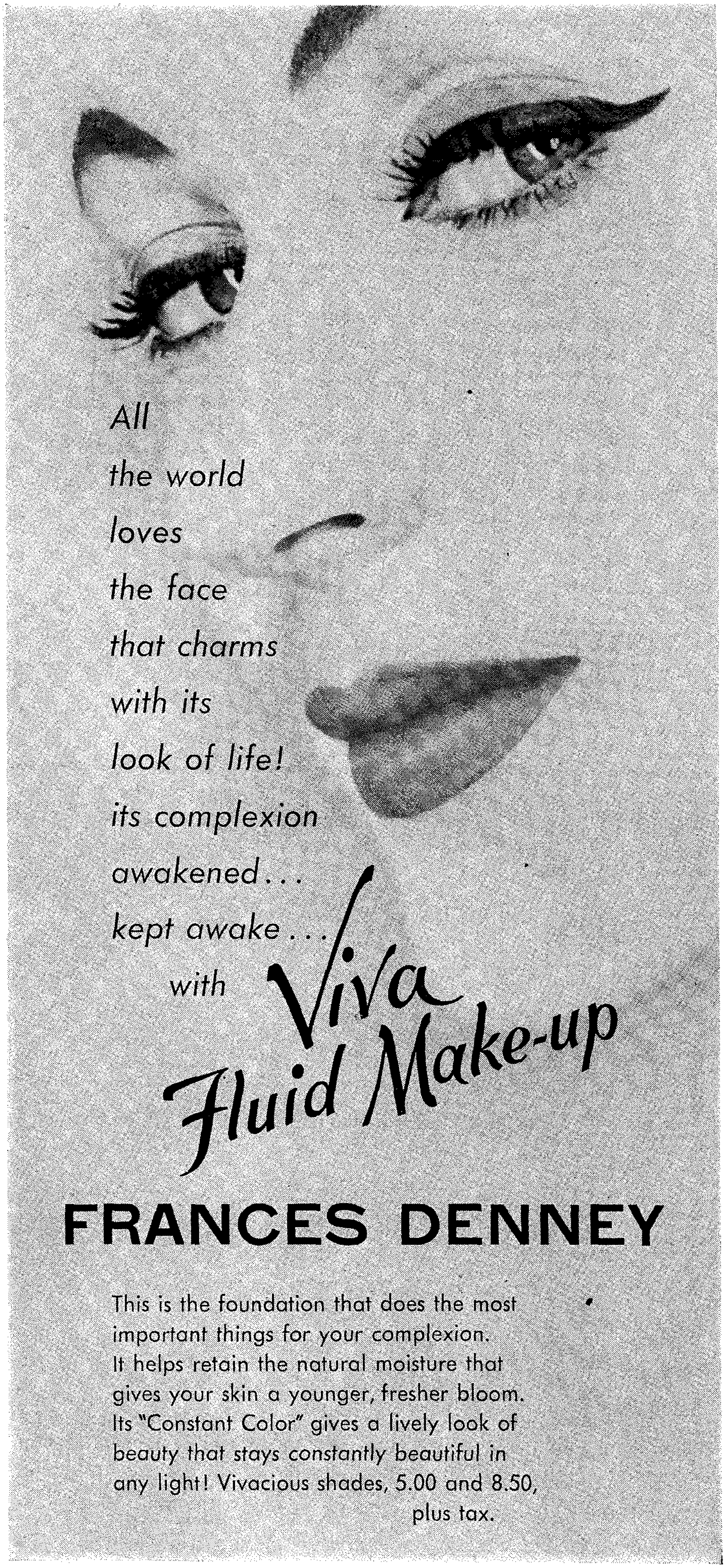
Constitution of the United States."

To my surprise, there was almost no discussion of the theories of "interposition" and "nullification," and very little attention was given to trying to figure out ways of dealing with the various circumvention statutes that legislatures in the Deep South had been busily passing. The delegates seemed to feel that nullification and interposition were the emptiest of threats, not worth wasting their breath on. As to the segregation devices, whether explicitly so labelled or not, they seemed confident that they would simply be ruled unconstitutional, one after another, by federal courts. During the past year, federal courts in Louisiana and Tennessee have held their state school-segregation laws unconstitutional. In Arkansas, a federal court enjoined a group of segregationists from interfering with the Hoxie school board's decision to desegregate. In Texas, the State Supreme Court rejected the State Attorney General's contention that the desegregation ruling did not apply to Texas because the state had not been a party to the five school cases on which the United States Supreme Court passed judgment. And federal courts in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee have not only ruled that those states must desegregate schools but they have set next September as the deadline for accomplishing this. These decisions were the source of the delegates' confidence.

At six, the meeting adjourned for two hours, during which time a drafting committee, which included Marshall, was to embody the delegates' conclusions in a formal statement. Most of the others drove down to the Negro Y.M.C.A. for dinner. I decided that I would take a walk, to get some exercise and give myself a chance to think things over. In many ways, the meeting had not been at all what I had expected. I had anticipated more speculation, more oratory, more emotional outbursts. Certainly I had been unprepared for the orderliness—indeed, the ordinariness—of the procedure. I wouldn't have been surprised to find deep gloom at the turn events had taken in the last year, and demands for an agonizing reappraisal of the N.A.A.C.P.'s position, or even to hear at least some delegates, frustrated beyond endurance, call for violence or other direct action. But the concreteness, the calm, the serene feeling of assurance that the law would eventually prevail—these I had definitely not expected. As for the humor, I had expected some, but of a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different sort. Funny without being escapist, the humor I had heard here reminded me in many ways of Mauldin's G.I.s in the front lines.

Mulling over these things, I walked perhaps a dozen blocks to where the white section of Atlanta begins. There I stopped in at a restaurant opposite the Municipal Auditorium and had a sandwich and a glass of beer. I was unable to get a cup of coffee. "Not much demand for coffee this hot weather," the proprietor said. A thermometer outside the door read seventy-five degrees. In the park in front of the auditorium, the broom hedges were already in bloom, as was the pelargonium in rows along the side. The grass, on which a number of neatly dressed white children were playing, was deep green and lush. As I watched, the fountains were turned on in the park, spouting half a dozen lovely jets from the center of a large marble basin. The sky was pink now, and I started back. It was dark by the time I reached the church.

"ALL right, listen to this statement Stewart's going to read," Marshall said when everyone had assembled again. "We're going to debate it, amend it, do anything you want done to it, but we're not getting out of here tonight till we've got something we're agreed on." Much of the document was handwritten, and Stewart stumbled over words as he read it aloud. It was, for the most part, an embodiment of the group's findings as to the progress that had been made and the actions it intended to take where progress had been faltering or nonexistent. When Stewart finished, one of the group said he hoped someone was going to edit out the grammatical errors. "I don't know whether they were in the writing or the reading," Stewart said, and Marshall remarked, "I know at least *one* was in the reading." A number of minor points were debated at some length, and a few changes made, but on the whole the delegates seemed satisfied with the presentation, and shortly after ten they voted their approval.

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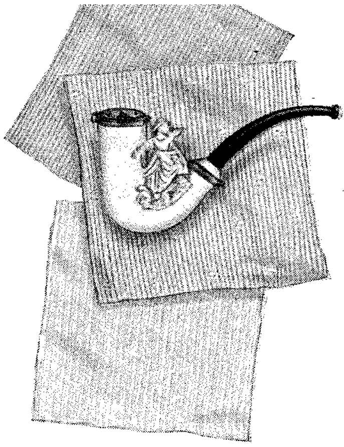

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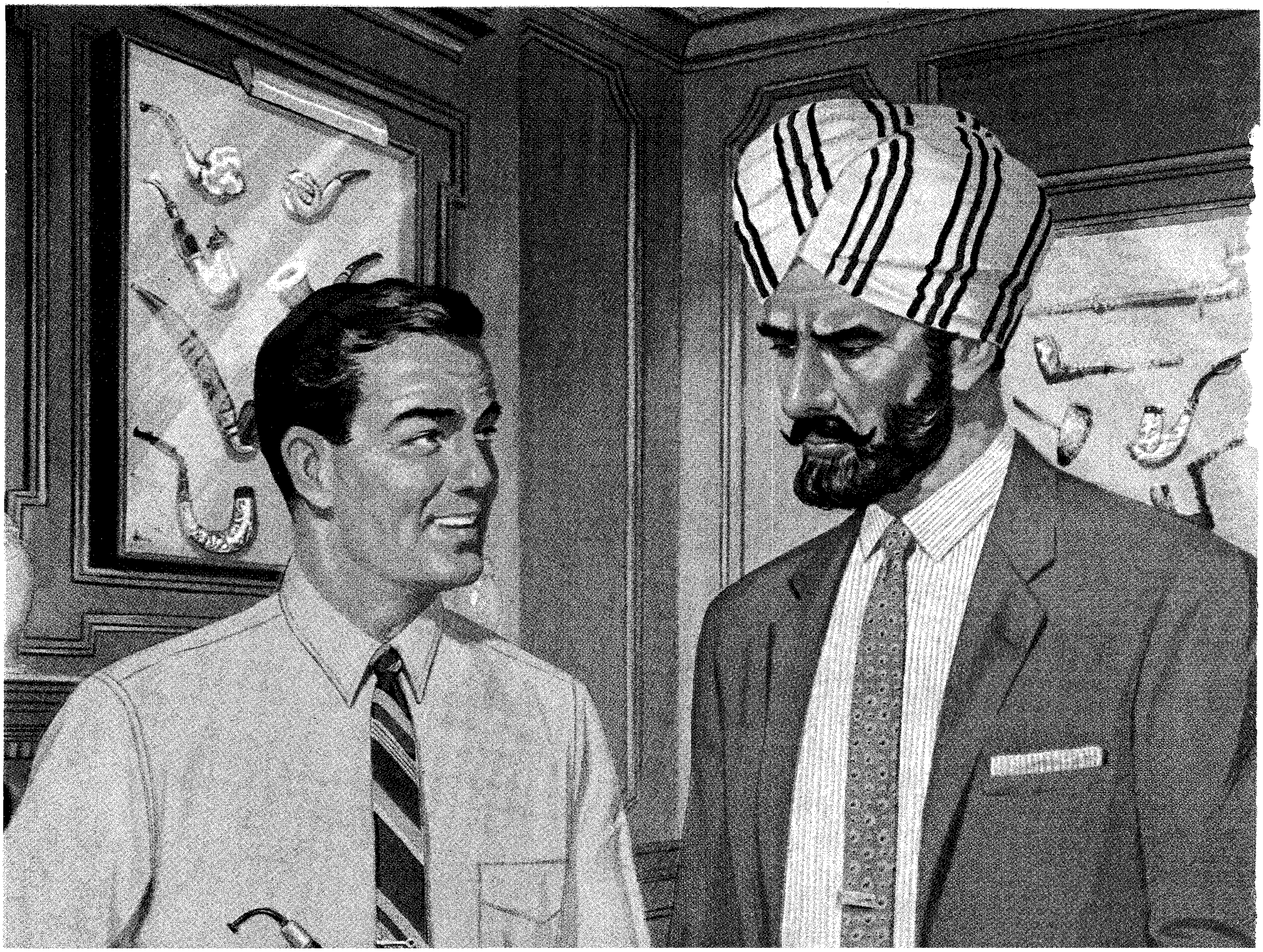

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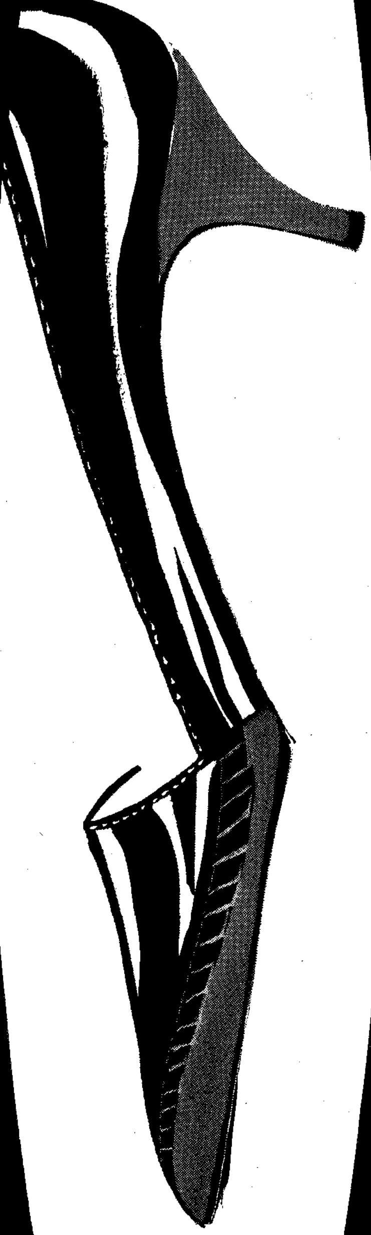
tary, walked forward and said that since he'd been keeping fairly quiet all day, perhaps he might say a few words in conclusion about the significance of what they were doing here. "I don't want to sound over-heroic, but I have the impression that we who are so close to all this don't comprehend its magnitude," he said. "I don't believe we understand the tremendous effect we are having on the nation. All these little decisions we worked out today are part of a social revolution that is taking place. The whole face of a third of America is changing—and what is achieved here in the South will also help to enhance the status of those who live outside this area and bring all of them closer to that condition we speak of so glibly in the phrase 'first-class citizenship.' " Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a tall young Negro come into the room. He walked down the aisle, spoke a few words to Marshall, who was standing at one side of the room near the platform, and then sat down among the audience. I paid scant attention to him, because I was finding myself engrossed by Wilkins' speech. I suppose his words sound oratorical as I've set them down here, but at that moment they sounded just right. I had got to concentrating on the specific details involved, and had forgotten that these people were engaged in making history. I was, therefore, startled to hear Marshall suddenly interrupt in a rough voice, "Never mind the philosophy, Roy!" Wilkins stopped, and Marshall said, "You don't know the news I've just heard."

Wilkins half turned to him and said, "Yes, I do, Thurgood. I didn't want to say anything about it unless it was definite." He looked back questioningly toward the tall young man, and the young man must have nodded back to him or made some other sign. Then Wilkins said, "Dr. Brewer's just had his head shot off."

For a moment, people sat dumfounded, shocked into silence. But soon they began to blurt out questions: How? Why? Was it definitely Dr. Brewer? The young man stood up and said he didn't have many details—all he knew was what a reporter had told him on the phone. And then someone asked if it had been a racial killing. "He's been getting threats for weeks on the phone," the young man said. "Ever since we started the petition to open the Columbus golf course to Negroes. I have, too, but I didn't pay much attention to them."

Wilkins said he would like to ask a minute's prayer for Dr. Brewer. The delegates stood in silence until Wilkins



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said "Amen." Then Marshall strode out of the hall. He looked angry. The others followed. And now the calmness and control they had shown all day disappeared. Fears and rumors flew among them as they stood in tense, excited groups on the church steps. Marshall stood off to one side, alone, staring into the darkness. The young man who had brought the news bolted down the steps to his car, to drive to Columbus, a hundred and twenty miles away, where the shooting had taken place; his wife and children were at home all by themselves. Somebody said, "He'd better get there in a hurry. There's liable to be a race riot when the Negroes in Columbus find out what's happened to Dr. Brewer." A large, powerful-looking man from Bessemer, Alabama, said a race riot had been threatening in his town for several weeks and might break out at any moment, perhaps even that night. "Everybody is armed there now—white and black both," he said. And a woman standing near me, an N.A.A.C.P. official from Alabama, kept saying she was going to start carrying a gun herself, or get out of Alabama altogether.

Marshall and I were driven by Calhoun, the man who had met us on our arrival, back to our dormitory at Atlanta University. We didn't talk much. A few minutes after we got there, two N.A.A.C.P. attorneys from Virginia arrived—Oliver Hill and Spottswood Robinson. Earlier, they had arranged with Marshall to meet him in his room after the meeting and work out the strategy for two school-segregation lawsuits they had pending, and this still had to be done. They looked drawn and exhausted. Robinson, a former law professor at Howard University, fell asleep in an armchair a few moments after he had sat down, but he roused himself immediately, shook his head, and began fumbling in his briefcase for the legal papers he had brought with him. "All right," Marshall said, "let's start with the Prince Edward County case and go all through that before we take up the other. And I guess we'd better get going on it because we've got a lot to do tonight." I left them and went to bed.

THERE was a press conference scheduled for ten o'clock the next morning. I had breakfast with Marshall and Wilkins, and then we went to the church, where it was to be held. The local papers were there, and A.P., U.P., I.N.S., and someone from *Time*. The

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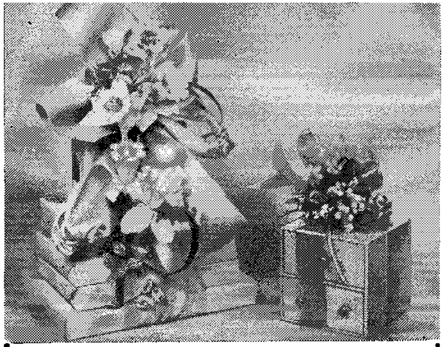

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group's statement, mimeographed overnight, was handed out. The reporters brought up a number of general questions about desegregation, which Marshall and Wilkins answered. Finally, a reporter asked, "What about this shooting in Columbus last night—any comment on that?" Wilkins thought a moment, and then, choosing his words carefully, said, "We are investigating. Dr. Brewer was a very fine old man, an outspoken Negro leader in Columbus." After another moment's hesitation, he went on, "From all we've been able to learn this morning, he was apparently killed in a private dispute, not connected with any N.A.A.C.P. activity, or with any racial campaign. Our reports are that Dr. Brewer was killed by a white storekeeper who rented the floor below his office. They had been arguing all week over whether the police had used brutality in arresting a Negro in front of the store. If those are the facts, we will consider it a private dispute. We certainly wouldn't want you people to headline it as a racial killing."

Most of the men and women who had been at the meeting sat in on the press conference. Afterward, they quietly said goodbye to one another and started off to return to their homes and the work they had cut out for themselves—to Mississippi and Oklahoma and Alabama and the other states of the South. Marshall and I left, too. We stopped briefly at Atlanta University to pick up our suitcases. Then we got on the plane and came back to New York.

—BERNARD TAPER

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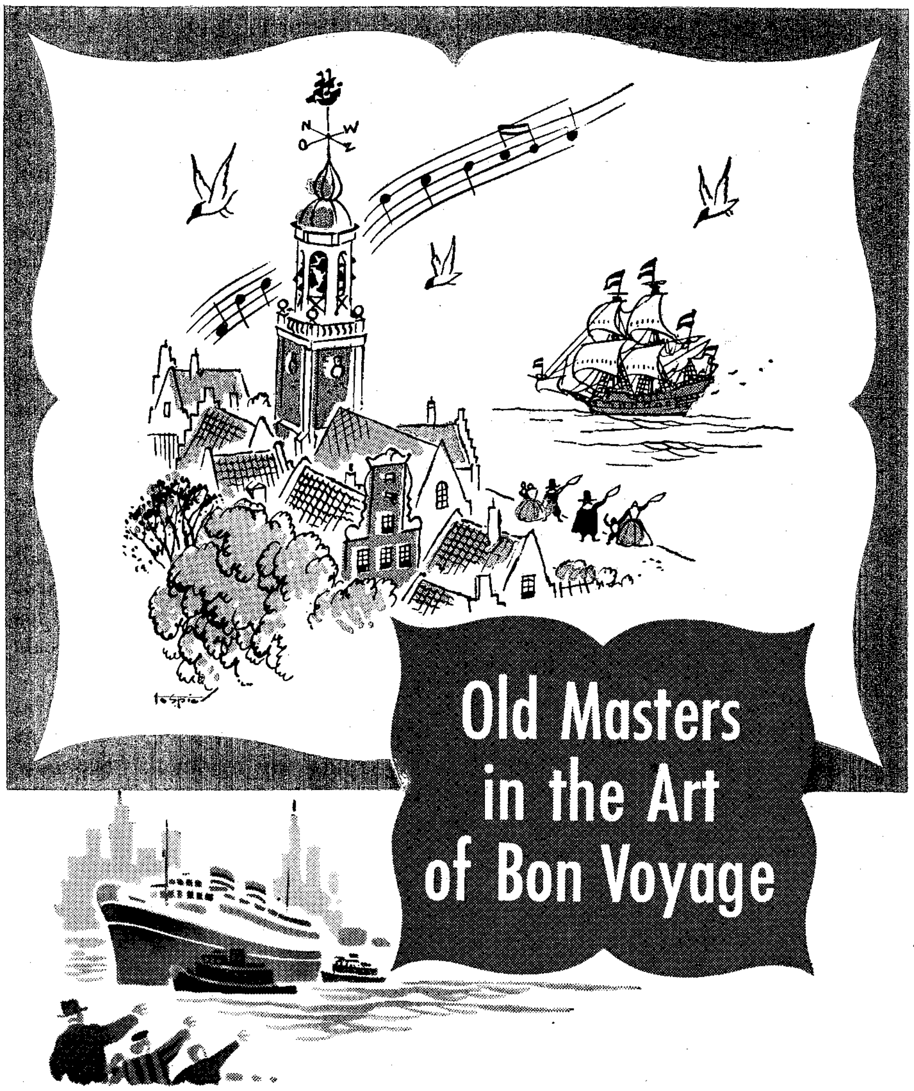

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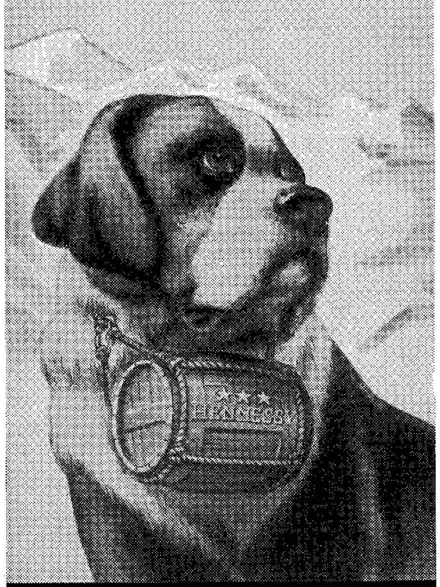

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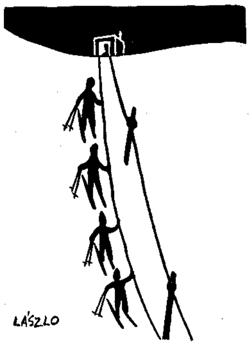
RESTING PLACE

THE old priest was asleep in the front seat of the undertaker's limousine, which was parked in front of the church. I was sitting on the jump seat. I turned toward my aunt, who was in the back seat beside my Cousin Reni, to see whether or not she had noticed. Her eyes were looking out beyond the street of shops to where the dim outlines of Long Island Sound could be seen, behind some fig trees still covered with rain-crusted winter blankets. Through the front windshield I saw the hearse, containing my uncle, alone on his last journey. The sleeping old priest wheezed. Leaning forward, I tried to make out his face, hidden by the brim of a broad black fedora. His head sank forward, bit by bit, until his chin touched his chest. Sounds like the muffled squealings of a pig came from his throat.

"He has just finished two funeral Masses. He is ninety-one," my aunt said, sensing my irritation. "See how he sleeps. To be ninety-one . . ." She turned toward the window again.

Across the street, Signor DiMiele had come out of his bakery and was standing with his white hat in his hand. Lining the street and looking into our car were neighbors who had come to the Mass. They stared at us with that look of embarrassed curiosity given to those whose emotions have been exposed. The old priest had conducted the funeral service, stepped into the limousine, and fallen asleep immediately.



The cortege began to move. The black fedora jumped. "It's all right, Fodder. *Buono, buono, dorma, dorma,*" the driver, who was young, and who seemed to know him, said, but the old man looked frightened.

"We are going to the cemetery now," my aunt said, in very correct Italian.

"Yes. Oh, yes," the old man said, and sat back against the black leather seat, and the squeal of sleep began again.

"It is Father Matteo," my aunt told me, in English. "He is a new priest. He says the weekday Masses and the Sunday seven-o'clock in Italian. You do not know him. Your uncle did not." Because of where we were, her face suppressed the look of accusation reserved for those who have fallen away from their holy obligations.

"The parish is so big lately that Father Grasso asked him to help out," my Cousin Reni said. "His sister is Signora Gronchi—maybe you know her. He's from Naples. He was retired there. Last year, he came here to his sister and her family. They live near the pastry store on Two Hundred Street."

Slowly the cortege wound around the block, under the Elevated, where the striped shadows sped past the circling cars, and then along our block of small frame houses. This was the last look, or last goodbye, for the deceased. On the front stoop of the old gray house across the way, my uncle's *boccie* companion Onofrio sat holding his cigar. He shook his head. The young children suddenly stopped in their stickball game and stared from the edge of the street.

Father Matteo woke up again. I saw his hands for the first time as he raised his black book to whisper prayers. His head rocked back and forth. I heard my aunt, behind me. She was whispering "Amen" to his strophes. Father Matteo seemed lost in his words; at least, he spoke in a voice unmoved by the crying in the back seat.

When we were finally on the highway, he shut his book. I could see that his right hand, clasped over the closed missal, was bent with arthritis. The hair on the back of his hands was light and, like the close-shaven hair on his neck, silver-hued and shining. When he turned to ask us which cemetery we were going to, I saw his face again. It was a sad southern Italian face.

"Not St. Peter?" he asked. "There is another place?"

"Good Shepherd, Father," my Cousin Reni said. "In Westchester."

"Good Shep-erd." He tried to pronounce the name of the cemetery we were headed toward.

My aunt explained it to him in Italian.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I think I have heard of it. But I have never been there."

He turned around again as the cars continued along the highway, waved through traffic lights by police. His face seemed many years younger than his age, but his voice was worn down to the kind of whisper that accompanies an early-morning rosary.

When the cars reached the cemetery,

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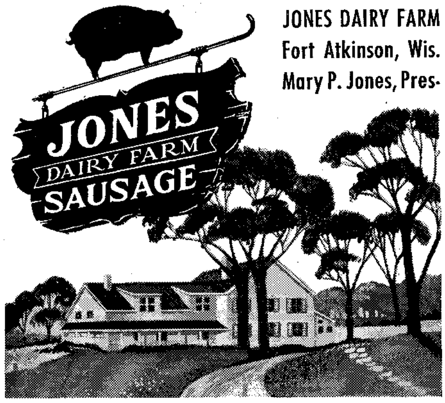

the hearse pulled away down a silent macadam lane between evenly spaced trees. The cars stopped on a slight hill. Below us, a broad field of gravestones lay planted in the grass of a tree-encircled lawn. The hearse stopped near a canopy at the foot of the hill. I saw a few workmen come from behind the trees and speak to Mr. Marteri, the undertaker. I did not hear a sound from the back seat. I felt like turning to see if they were there. The driver had become as anonymous as the limousine itself. Everything seemed suspended. Then Father Matteo coughed. It seemed to be the signal for the cars to move down the hill toward the canopy. The undertaker's men removed the casket from the hearse. At the bottom of the hill, we stepped out and were lined up neatly at the foot of the casket by Mr. Marteri and his wife, who moved us into place as though we were blind.

Underneath us, on a false floor of green carpeting, rushes were strewn about. Father Matteo was helped from the car, and as we watched he walked slowly to the head of the casket. My Cousin Victor, who is a boxer, suddenly began to weep. Father Matteo made the sign of the cross with his right hand, and his coat fell open. The white surplice, incongruous with so much black around it, drew all eyes. The lone weeping stopped. Father Matteo began to read his whispered prayers. We were led past the casket. My aunt stepped forward. Someone clutched at her arm, fearful that she might throw herself upon the bier. She stopped and turned. It was Mr. Marteri; he released his hold.

"Goodbye, Luigi," my aunt said, in Italian. "I will see you soon."

I DO not remember how we got back into the car, but we were on the highway again. Father Matteo was staring out the window. He turned toward me.

"That cemetery," he said, in Italian, "is a beautiful cemetery. Better than St. Peter. Do you know St. Peter, near the bay?"

"Yes," I said.

"They don't take care of St. Peter. The grass is full of weeds; the graves are untended."

We rode on silently.

"What was the name of the good soul?" he asked suddenly.

"Luigi Mauro," I answered. "My uncle."

"I will pray for him," he said. "I will mention him in all my Masses."

My Cousin Reni tapped me on the

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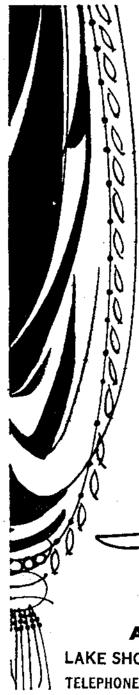

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shoulder. I leaned back. "Mama wants you to give him this," she said, and put a five-dollar bill in my right hand.

I gave it to him and thanked him.

"I will say a Mass for him with this. I will mention him in all my Masses," Father Matteo said again. "I will pray for the good soul."

I turned to repeat this to my aunt, but she had heard and she was smiling. She motioned for me to move closer. "He is a real old country priest," she said softly. "A little saint of a small parish in the mountains. Sometimes he is so funny. You know Signora Mennino? She was complaining to him about how sick she is all the time. Always eating. He told her she spends too much time feeding her stomach and not enough feeding her soul." My aunt smiled, and then, seeing that I did not, she turned toward the window again.

"*Giovanotto*," Father Matteo whispered from the front seat.

"Yes, Father," I said.

"This is a lovely cemetery. Is it consecrated ground?"

I asked my aunt. "Yes," I repeated. "It's consecrated. It's the newest cemetery of the Church."

"I think I have heard of it," he said. "It is very clean, very well kept. Is that not true?"

"Yes, I think so. Very nice."

There was a pause. "A plot here must be expensive?" he asked.

"No, not as much as St. Peter's," I said.

"Are you sure?" He turned almost completely around, and his black eyes looked directly at me. "Do you know how much?"

"No," I said. "But my Cousin Victor called St. Peter's. We have a family plot there. We were going to take my uncle there. But it is filled up. They wouldn't

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allow us to use the family plot again, so we were going to buy a new one there. But then we called Good Shepherd. The mortician told us about it."

"Good Shepherd," Father Matteo repeated. "Good Shepherd was less in price?"

"Yes, and I think the plot is even a little larger."

He turned to look at the highway again. "Excuse me," he said. "My neck becomes stiff."

When we stopped at the next red light, he turned around. "What was the good soul's name?" he asked.

"Luigi Mauro," I answered.

"Luigi Mauro," he repeated. "Yes." He turned and leaned back over the seat close to me. "*Giovanotto*," he said, "will you ask your cousin for me? Ask your cousin how much the plot costs. Ask him if he is sure it is less than St. Peter."

"I will," I said.

"Do you know that St. Peter is in the swamps?"

"No, Father."

"Yes, there are swamps all around it. The odor of the *palude* is everywhere. It is cold and damp. I know it from services. I do not like to go there. I always get a cold."

He sniffed, as though the suggestion were bringing back an old cold. Then he turned around to get the handkerchief in his coat sleeve.

"Close the window," my aunt said.

The driver heard her and pressed the button next to his seat that raised the rear windows.

WHEN the car reached the edge of the city, our limousine made a left turn. The others continued straight ahead.

"We are taking the Fodder home," the driver said to me. "He lives on Two Hundred Street. It'll only take just a few minutes."

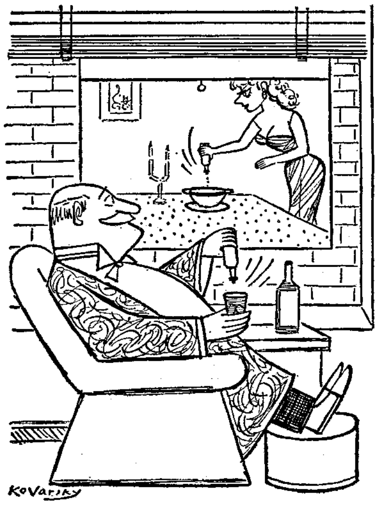
Father Matteo turned around again. "I live with my sister," he said. His voice was louder, with a new energy. "I have been looking for a plot for myself and her family. It is one thing I can do. I have the money, too. So do not forget, *giovanotto*, to ask your cousin."

"How shall I let you know?"

"When we arrive, you come inside with me and take the telephone number. Call me."

As soon as the car stopped, my aunt said, "Help him."

He was stiff from the ride. I eased him from the seat and helped him to the



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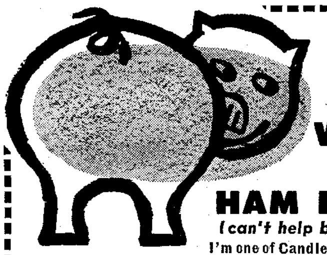

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curb, lifting him by taking his elbows. We reached the stoop and started up the stairs one at a time, slowly.

"This is my sister's house," he said, lifting his head. "She had a hat store."

It was a gray asbestos-shingled house, like most of the other houses on the block.

"The skeleton inside me wonders what I am waiting for," he said, and smiled.

We finally reached the door, and his sister let us in. She was short and hunched, dressed in a gray smock and gray slippers.

"This *giovanotto* needs our telephone number," he said to her. "Give him the number."

His sister hobbled away. We stayed on the glass-enclosed front porch.

"Did he have a large family?" Father Matteo asked.

"My uncle? One girl and my aunt."

"I will pray for him in every Mass," he said. "I do all the Masses for the dead. Do you know that?"

"No, Father," I said.

He smiled. "Today is the first time you have seen the inside of the church in years. Am I right?"

"Yes, Father. That's right."

His sister returned with a square of paper and handed it to me. I read the number aloud as she watched me.

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you, Father. I'll take care of this. Goodbye. Goodbye, Signora."

He grasped my right arm and walked to the door with me. "Do not forget," he said. "Some things cannot wait." He smiled at me and put his hand on my shoulder. "Look at this *giovanotto*," he said to his sister. "Isn't this a handsome *giovanotto*?"

His sister nodded slowly.

"Go, go, they are waiting," he said suddenly. "Take care of your aunt. Watch the steps. Do not forget to call me. God bless you." He raised his right hand, to make the sign of the cross.

"Is he all right?" my aunt asked when I reached the car.

"Yes, he's all right," I said.

I got in the front seat, where Father Matteo had sat. As we drove away, I looked back at the house, with all its windows shut and most of the shades drawn.

—JOSEPH PAPALEO

•

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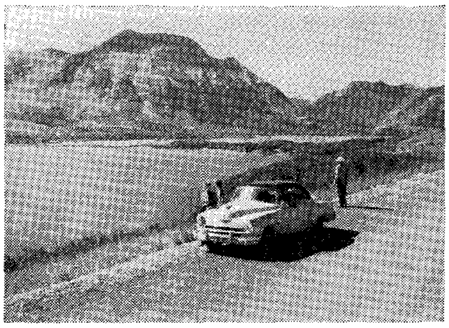

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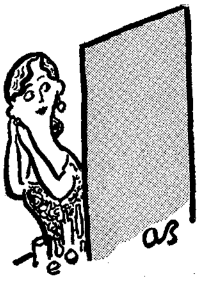
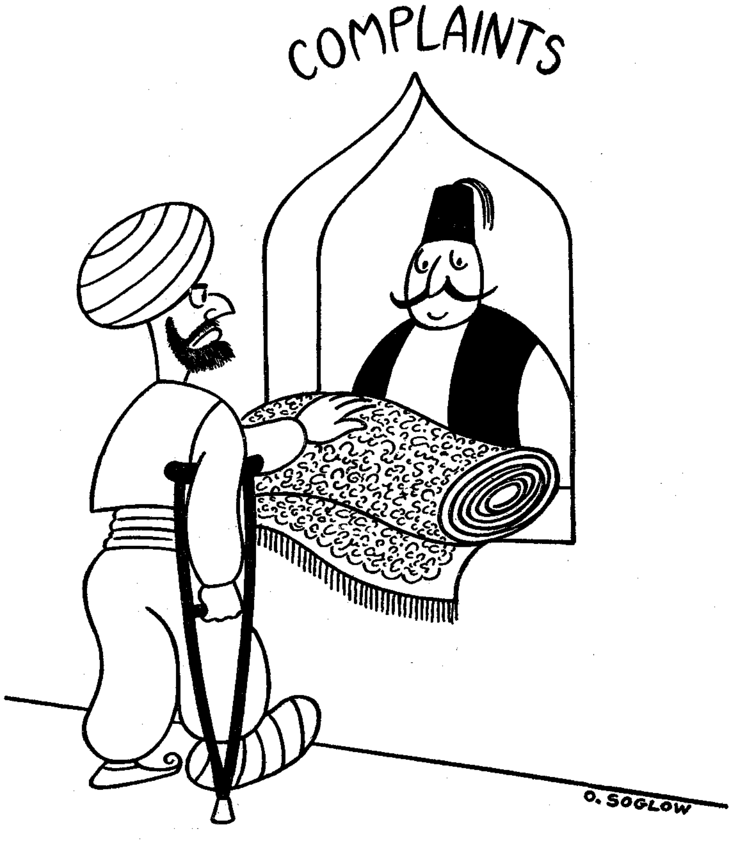
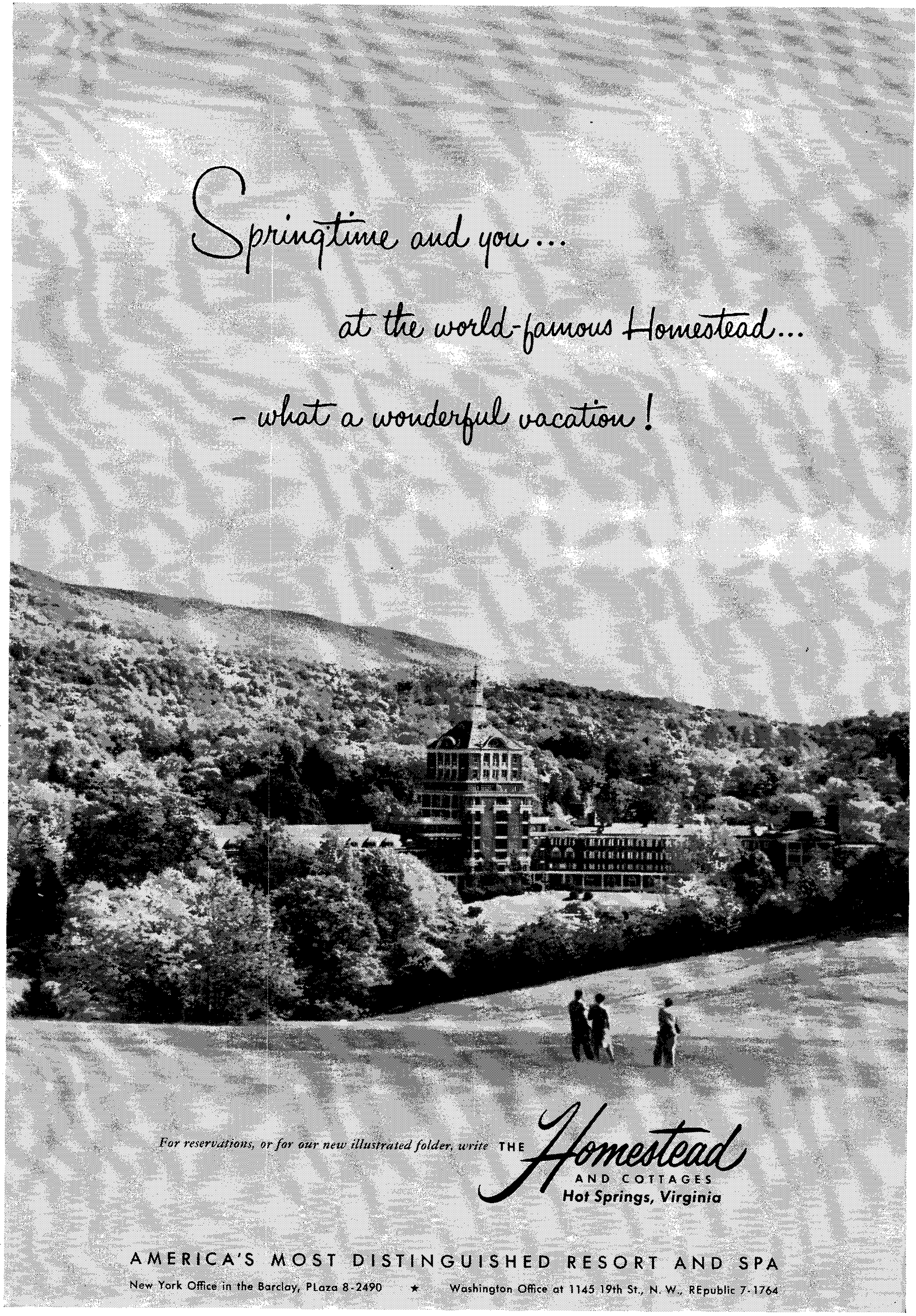


THE elongated and willowy look through the middle has been the goal of our top American ready-to-wear designers for some time, and many are the tricks that have been employed to this end. We've had high, padded shoulders; we've had broad, exaggerated midriffs (remember all that prattle about the "long-torso look"?); we've had forays in the direction of those Gladiola Girl belts (back to the Charleston, eh?) around the hips, of box jackets, and of middy styles. This season, the long look is apt to be accomplished with a high, rounded bosom, usually with a seam or tie or belt just under it for further uplift, and often with so easy a line below that women who are size 16 in nipped-in costumes are delightedly wriggling into a size 14. It doesn't mean that they are any thinner; on the contrary, they're just spoiling everything, for all that lovely ease down the body is not designed to be pulled taut. This high line in front (loosely called Empire) is often coupled with a low waistline in back. The attitude toward this raised bustline varies enormously from designer to designer, and I shall now attempt to diagnose the efforts of several leading members of the profession. Not so incidentally, the contents of fabrics have become so crazily mixed up that the makers usually don't try to describe them; they just give you the percentages of silk and wool and cotton and synthetics. And every shop has a different name for each one. So I'm just going to say what they look and feel like to me; many a silk linen, for example, has a slubbed surface that suggests shantung to my dogged mind.

GALANOS, an object of veneration in most of the best shops in town, approves of the high-bust look, and he accompanies it with hips that are gently rounded. One fancy of his involves, in addition, a sleeveless, bust-length, straight bolero with a collarless round neck and three bone buttons across the top of each shoulder. They're just decoys, though, for the thing is fastened in back with a zipper. This terrific top, of black Samek wool (a closely woven English material like the stuff that's used for men's tropical suits), is bound with black satin; it's mated to a street-length dress of Samek with the same bindings. One waistband curves up under the breast and the other is a bit above the normal waist; the dress is round over the hips, and a low back panel gives the effect of a slit at each side of it. Each slit effect is bound with satin and has a satin bow at the top. The same top, done in tan Samek, covers an astounding black dance dress comprised of a sleeveless bodice of wool voile (this has a wide bateau neck), a midriff that is virtually naked (only one layer of chiffon and one of net), and a swirling chiffon skirt that is all vast godets cut at a forty-five-degree slant. It's at Bergdorf Goodman, Gunther Jaeckel, and lots of other places. This scheme is repeated with a top and a straight-hanging bolero of Italian silk, the same midriff, and the same skirt. Black Samek also makes a costume with a bolero so small it barely accommodates four absurdly minute patch pockets, and a sleeveless bateau-neck dress with a satin belt that pretends to go through a narrow front panel and buckles in back below the bolero, which has a facing and over-collar of white faille. Another Galanos success is a day dress that looks two-piece in front. It's of charcoal silk-and-wool or needlepoint navy or black wool, and appears in several versions. Folds start at each side just under the arms and are crushed as they cross on the stomach; they wind up buttoning low on each hip. Sometimes the dress ascends above this crossing to a prim Johnny collar; sometimes there is a deep décolletage above it, filled in by a straight-across snapped-in dickey. Variations of this are at Gunther Jaeckel, Bergdorf, Hattie Carnegie, and practically anywhere else you have a charge account.

BEN ZUCKERMAN achieves the aforesaid Empire effect with snugness under the armholes, which, though placed high, won't cut under the arms, for pliable gussets there permit plenty of brandishing. The dress (or suit, or coat, or whatever) goes smoothly, but without pressure, down below the ribs and then glides outward into a bell skirt; in front, the uplifted look of the bust is likely to be emphasized by a casual tie underneath it that can be pulled as tight as you wish. Worsted with an alpaca feel makes a narrow-skirted suit with a hip-length jacket that slides in this manner down the body and has slot seams descending the sides in front. This embodies several Zuckerman trademarks—white violets in the hollow of one shoulder, a round collar that stands away from your swanlike throat, and a tailored bow in back of it. The suit is $175 at De Pinna, among many others. Zuckerman has done magnificent coats in the same mood; one that's constructed of his pet silk-and-wool alpaca (you'd be quite justified in calling it mohair, too) has a casual, convertible type of collar

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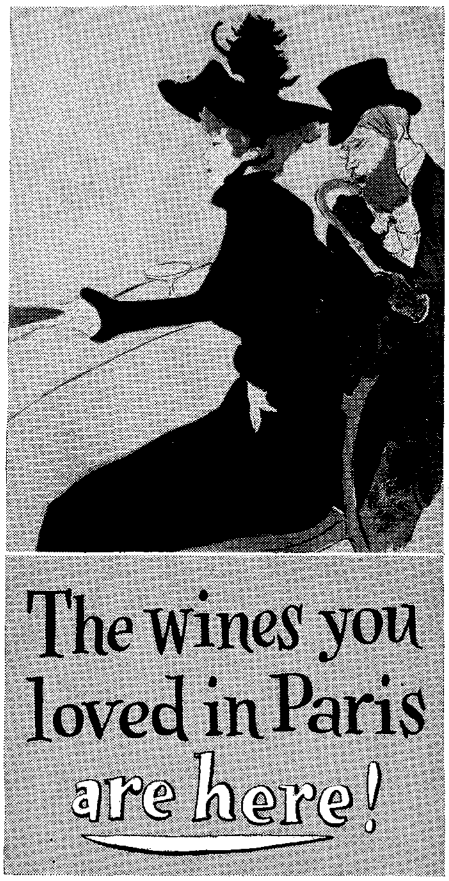
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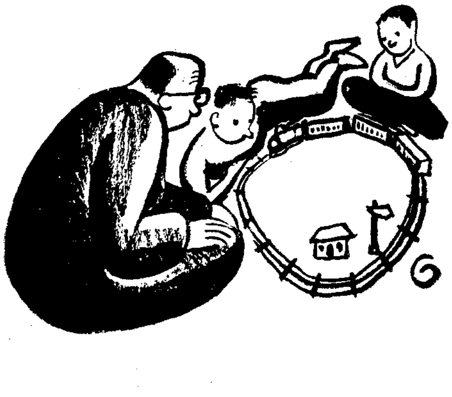
and two self ties, one at the base of the collar and one just below the bust. Another Zuckerman coat, with white violets on the chest partly concealing the same sort of bow-tie fastening, has folds starting front and back above the waist, coming forward at each side, and then descending to make the hem flare more hugely. De Pinna delights in things like this, and so does Lord & Taylor, which is particularly well stocked with Zuckerman offerings. L. & T. is the sole owner of his coat-dress with black bone buttons all the way down below the casual revers, a splash of white violets at one side, and bows across the kidneys, for a change. This one is of that same alpaca, and it's good by itself or over a print dress. Taut under the arms and neat down the ribs is the scheme of a perfect Zuckerman day dress of navy or black worsted with a round, collarless neck and a row of four trim tailored bows (with a button at the center of each one) going from the throat two-thirds of the way down the front; $155, and Bendel, for one, is crazy about it. Bendel is also taken with his sheath of red silk linen with three-quarter sleeves. It's semifitted; when you want a suit look, you put on a separate peplum of the same silk, and the red leather belt attached to it cinches the deal.

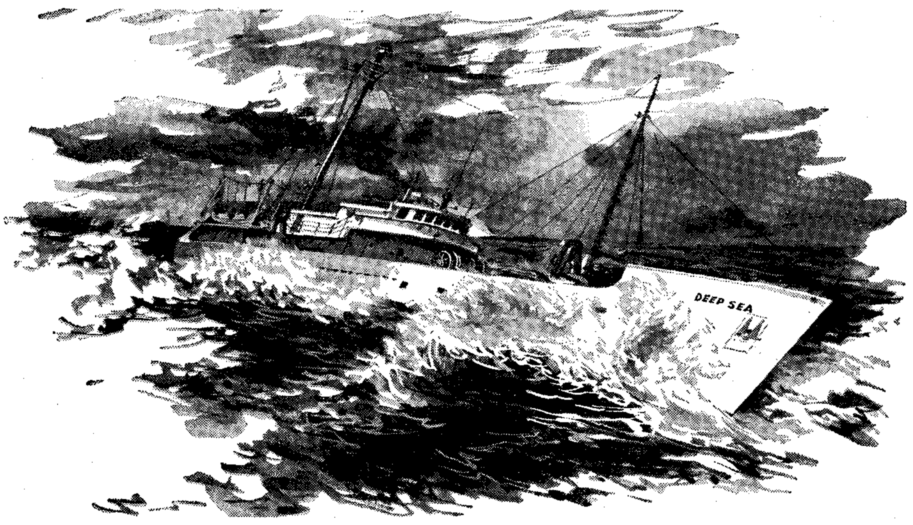
THE fluid, simple grace of Pauline Trigère's day clothes is always in evidence. It's implicit, for example, in her Ford of black, navy, gray, or beige sheer wool with short, set-in sleeves, an innocent round neck (no collar), and five smoked-pearl buttons going down the chest. A seam high across the front indicates an Empire waistline. The dress flows down the body to the hips, whence her peculiar circular fullness sweeps sideways from a narrow front panel; more circular fullness burgeons at the base of its very low, long back. This is $155 at Saks Fifth Avenue, Jay Thorpe, and plenty of other places. De Pinna is devoted to Trigère's sleeveless dress of black wool with a waistcoat front of a black-and-white vertically striped surah that resembles men's shirting. Its collarless jacket curves in at the waistline and has a hippy, buckled band at the hem, which is at the hipbones. Then, to show that she plays no favorites in line, she's done a "sweater" dress (Jay Thorpe, for instance) of gray wool with a fine white horizontal stripe on the long, separate top and a vertical one on the narrow skirt. The top, which has a round neck and no collar, undulates to the hips and is buttoned down the back.

NORELL, of Traina-Norell, keeps on making doll-skirted dresses in taffeta and organdie for cocktails and dancing, but his Empire line for the evening is much more devious and (which is most important) news. His nighttime dresses are snug under the bust, then nestle against the body all the way down without visible seams or other obvious tricks. Almost every shop in the city loves his street-length black silk crêpe with a bateau neck, short sleeves, and a self belt that comes right under the breast and ties in back; a pink rose adorns the chest. (While we're on the subject, Rentner has turned out a lovely dress of this type in rayon matte jersey; it's draped up to a white rose that is planted beneath the bosom, and the wraparound skirt floats as you move. Saks has this.) Among the full-length Norell beauties is a black silk crêpe that clings to the torso like skin and is cut in a V to the Empire waistline front and back. Don't be alarmed; there's a built-in bra. For further modesty, inverted Vs on each side meet in a sharp point on top of the shoulders. Lord & Taylor and Rosette Pennington are two admirers of this. Another version involves a top of white satin, puffed sleeves, and slight gathers around the deep U neck. Bergdorf Goodman has latched onto some long, slender Norell dresses of printed crêpe (orange and reddish and pinkish calendulas—or are they zinnias?—on a white ground, or nasturtiums with bright-green leaves on white crêpe). The nasturtium deal has wide straps that end in bows at the sides of the very low décolletage in back. A gathered full flounce starts behind the knees, but the front is narrow. This is $410, and it's at Bergdorf Goodman.

DIOR-NEW YORK draws attention to the upper part of the body with wide and dashing décolletages. Universal acclaim is the fate of his tailored dress of gray or navy flannel with an oval neckline out to the tips of the shoulders. There's a petal collar, six inches deep, below this. The center petal is held down by two smoked-pearl buttons; there are two more of these buttons above the leather belt and another pair under it. This job is $210, at Rosette Pennington, Saks, and Mimi Tuthill. Another *succès fou* is Dior's theatre "suit" of black or navy Italian silk. It's a two-piece dress, actually, with a straight-across dickey that snaps in to fill the deep, curved V of the cardigan neckline. (You *could* wear a blouse with it, at that.) The dress goes wide on the shoulders, and a broad self band descends to a two-button fastening down the stomach. This is all around town, and Saks also shows it in a slate-blue stuff that borders on mohair (it's silk, orlon, and wool) and has a tiny pattern of stylized blue and mauve roses.

BY far the freshest and most wearable of the new ready-to-wear clothes are the simple sheath dresses and the high-riding skirts, with or without blouses, that are topped by very short Empire jackets to turn them into costumes. In this field of activity, Adele Simpson's offerings just about dominate the $135-to-$175 range. Her versions are in three pieces—a skirt, as clinging as wallpaper, ascends to just under the bosom and is attached to a guimpe; above this goes a brief overblouse that usually matches the lining of the skimpy jacket and also follows its contours, whether it is curved away in front, bolero fashion, or is cut straight across. The blouses are of crêpe, printed silk, or linen; the dresses are of plain or Glen-plaid wool, and they have the advantage of looking complete without the jackets. Oleg Cassini offers some good things, too, in particular a sleeveless sheath of gray flannel with a self belt, two and a half inches wide, that buckles under one side of the bosom and then curves down along the ribs to reach the natural waist in back. This has a simple round neck that is encircled by a flat band; the jacket has a pointed collar and is short enough to show the belt of the dress in back. It's $110, at Saks. Jay Thorpe is one of the many establishments that treasure Harvey Berin's contributions along these lines. For around $125, he does a bateau-neck sheath of black sheer wool that is accompanied by a jacket of oatmeal wool with black buttons and a black taffeta bow under the small round collar; several of his sheaths, of gray or beige wool with a white pin stripe, are the same money. With these last go little jackets sur-





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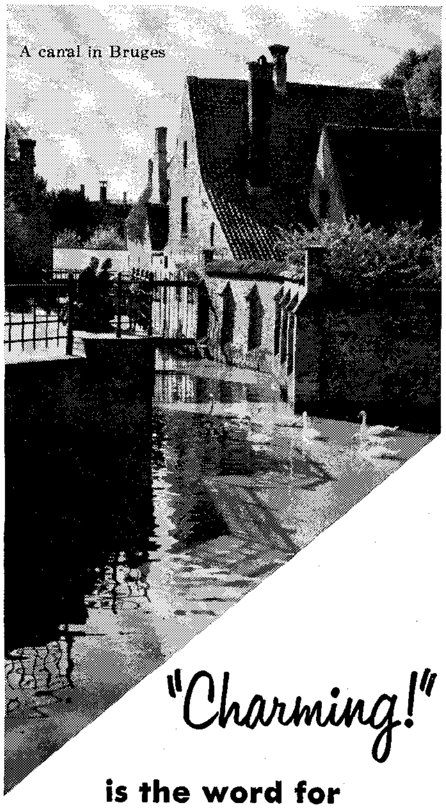

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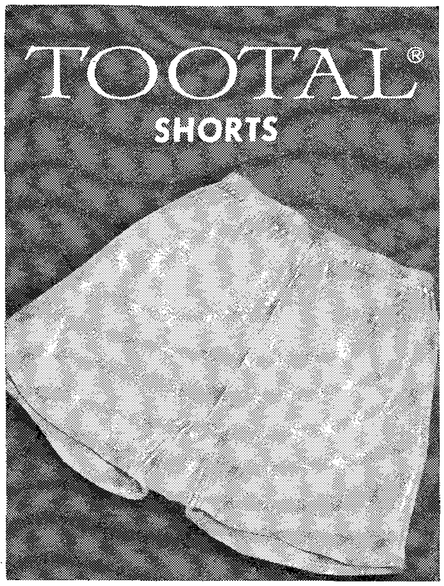
mounted by tiny lingerie collars and buttoned down the front or the back.

On a grander scale of prices are Zuckerman's confections. One of them starts with a wide-lapelled single-button jacket of orange herringbone tweed. This is worn over a dress of black alpaca worsted with short sleeves, a U neck, and an Empire air; $285 all told. Zuckerman also combines a waist-length jacket of silk-and-wool alpaca with a matching sleeveless dress whose skirt is a mass of big, unpressed pleats. Both ensembles are at Bergdorf. Rosette Pennington is one aficionado of Dior-New York's navy or black wool dress with self string shoulder straps *plus* a string halter; $295. The jacket of this has wide revers, fastens with one button, and is brief enough to display the leather contour belt of the dress. Bergdorf has acquired Kunel's three-piece invention—a waist-length jacket and skirt of gray jersey that resembles flannel, and a blouse of striped white Swiss cotton into which yellow dots are woven. The French cuffs of the blouse, which has long sleeves, emerge below those of the jacket, which has two patch pockets and a turnover collar; $265. Gunther Jaeckel is fond of a costume by Spectator, Ltd., that consists of a high skirt of black Italian silk and a short jacket of white Italian raw silk encircled by a wide band of black grosgrain just short of the hem; $135. Blotta's Chaperones are another short short story. They are stoles that are waist-length in back and terminate in conventional stole ends in front; tiny sleeves anchor them in place. One of gray wool matches a tailored dress of matching wool; $235, at Mimi Tuthill. Bonwit Teller shows another Blotta costume—the same stole and a double-breasted, short-sleeved dress in two weights (heavier for the stole, lighter for the dress) of what is poetically called "nectar-colored" tweed (pale amber, actually). This is $255. Mollie Parnis, not to be outdone, has produced a high-neck sheath of navy or black silk linen covered with a cape stole whose ends reach to the knees in front; $145, at Bergdorf.

I have also spotted several little beauties in this field that are under a hundred dollars. One, at Rosette Pennington, comes in surah with a charcoal-and-white hound's-tooth check. It has an oblong neckline and a removable lingerie dickey, and the skirt is deeply knife-pleated, for once; $90. Its leather belt is visible below the lined jacket of black silk linen, on which a square of four buttons is placed low. And Hattie



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Carnegie's Blue Room has a real love by Ben Barrack—a top of oatmeal tweed linen with nasturtiums below one shoulder (a humble reply to Zuckerman's white violets) and a sheath of black, navy, or brown silk linen with linen-tweed binding around the bateau neck and the armholes; $80.

NONE of this means that the costume involving a long coat has gone aglimmering. Vera Maxwell, as usual, has champion examples of this sort of thing. A short-sleeved coat of gray flannel, full-swinging and collarless, is lined with a jacquard cotton in two shades of purple blue (it looks like a silk upholstery fabric) to match its long-torso, full-skirted dress; $155, at Rosette Pennington. And De Pinna has fallen for Maxwell's straight, narrow, collarless tweed coat that is slit at the sides and lined with the enchanting print of the accompanying silk dress—a blush-pink ground with fountains and cupids and other Versailles-Fontainebleau motifs in pale pastel colors; $235. Rosette Pennington has a Mollie Parnis costume cut on crisper lines—a coat of bright-navy jersey with a flat seam around the hips (for a middy effect) and a stiffened skirt belling out decisively below, plus one of her pet navy-and-white polka-dot surah dresses with unpressed pleats in the full skirt. The coat is $125, the dress is $70. Anna Miller, who makes many of her clothes in sizes up to 20, offers a coat of black alpaca that buttons straight down the front; the removable tabs behind the hips can be tied to nip it in. The dress beneath, square-necked and straight, is of black silk lined with gray-and-white striped silk that looks like shirting. Mimi Tuthill is showing this one. Rentner has contributed to Bonwit Teller's collection a red coat of a British basketweave wool. It's cut straight, buttoned down the front, and bloused slightly over a low back belt, and it goes with a sheath of black rough Italian silk. Another version of it is all navy; $425. Irene (shown only at Gunther Jaeckel) has done a coat of red-and-black silk, slashed to the waist on each side and double-breasted; it is paired with a dress of dull-red silk printed with an allover rose pattern in shades of burgundy, orange, and red-and-yellow blends. This has a surplice V front and back, and can be worn absolutely anywhere.

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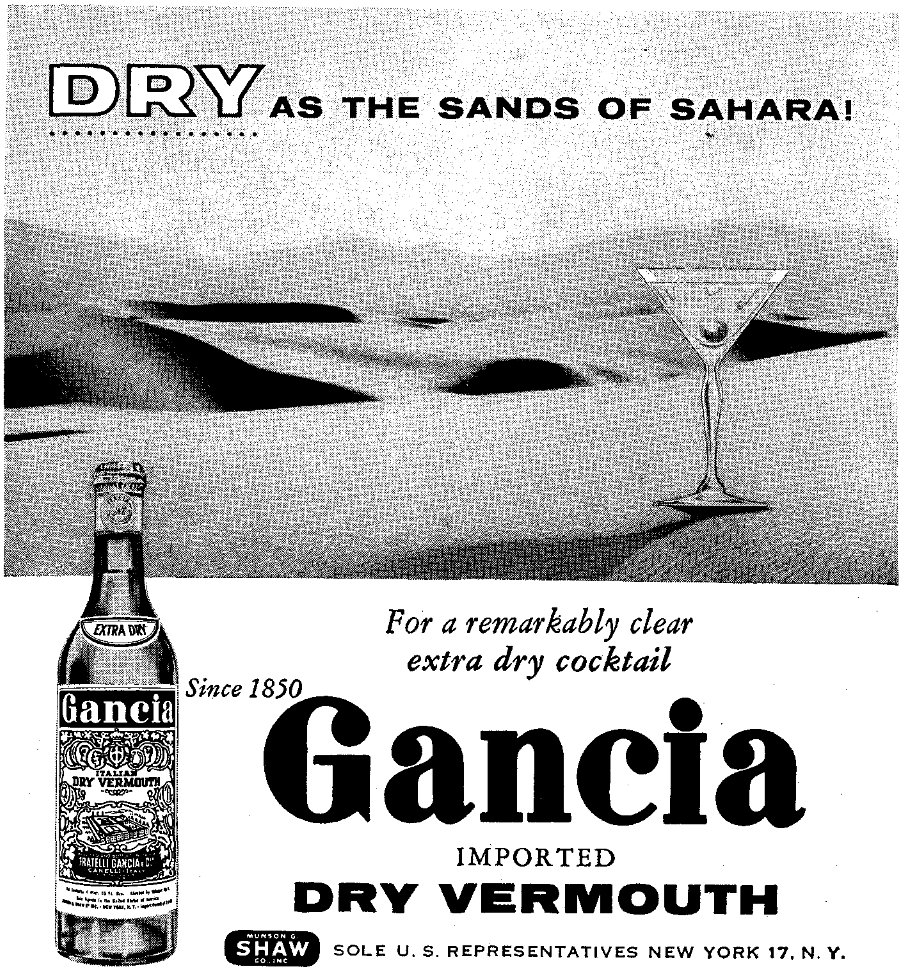

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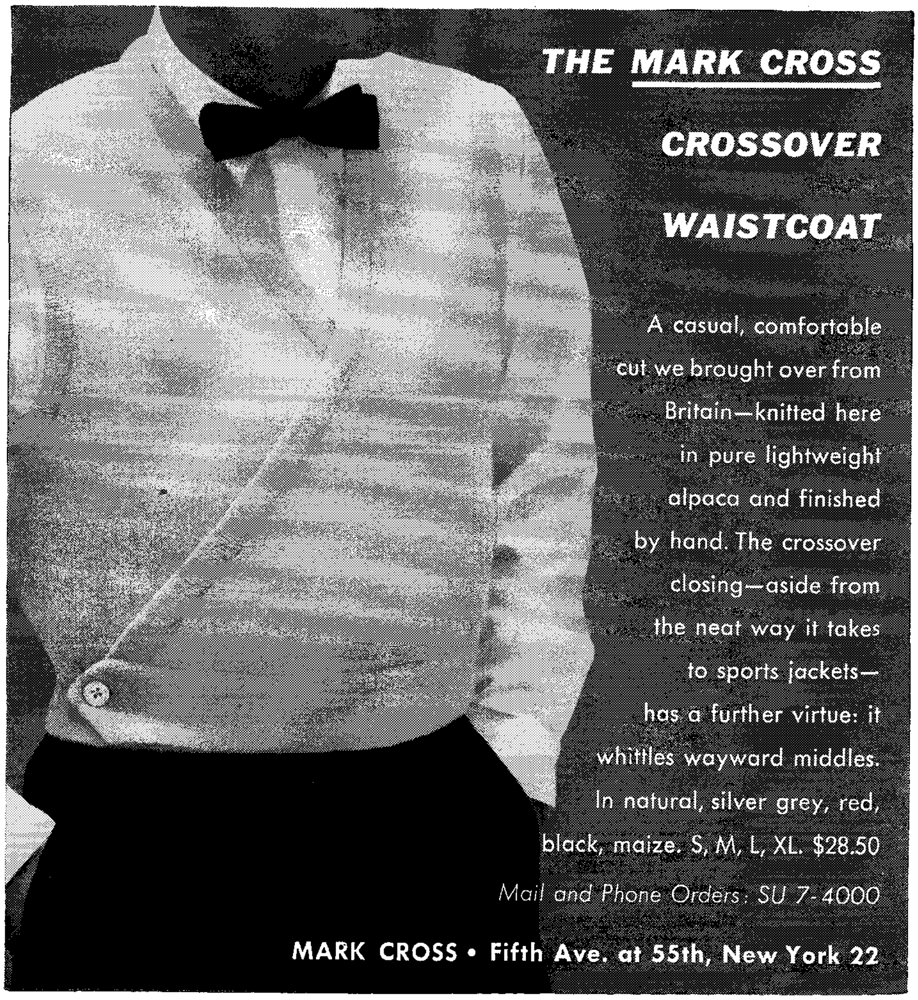

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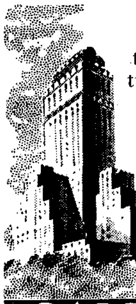

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trend but that tempt the beholder because of sheer prettiness, or giddiness, or both. In haphazard fashion, I'll now make note of some of these charmers.

For gala evenings, there are Trigère's full-skirted affairs, impertinent as can be. Among them are arrangements of navy or black poult-de-soie that come up to just under the bosom, whence a vestee of white handkerchief linen ascends to the throat. These are cut to lay bare the back in a vast square as far as the poult waistband. Another poult-de-soie, Bloody Mary in hue, has a gathered full skirt and an attached blouse of Swiss cotton with a tailored tie at the neck. A poult bolero and an attached cape as long as the bolero (which isn't very) complete this one. Bergdorf loves both outfits. Sophie, who operates solely at Saks, uses pink poult-de-soie for a quietly feminine strapless dress with upward tucks on the bodice and downward tucks below the waist that come apart at the seams to show frosty embroidery on the white satin beneath. This is ankle-length in front and trails to the floor in back. Blotta is even more emphatic in his back-dipping mood. A stunner of his (at Mimi Tuthill) in French-flag-blue chiffon is strapless on top and all shirred folds down to the hips. There a dance-length skirt of flame chiffon takes over in front; astern, the blue has an uninterrupted journey all the way to the carpet. Finally, there's a huge stole of the flame chiffon. Samuel Winston, who is doing particularly nice dresses of all types this year, has given an innocent, little-girl-at-a-party look to a full-skirted dance dress of white linen at De Pinna. This is equipped with a linen Johnny collar, and white Belgian lace makes its deep yoke, a band around the hips, and another at the hem of the skirt. The final touch on this one is a cummerbund of brilliant turquoise satin. Bendel shows an unusual Winston costume of pale-olive tweed shot with blue flecks. Its circular, set-in yoke collar is made of folds and folds of pale-blue chiffon, and the skirt is deep, deep inverted pleats. A snug short jacket of tweed tops this off. Also at Bendel is Talmack's beige or turquoise chiffon dance dress with a sheer chemise top and a skirt of unpressed pleats; $135. And then comes Jo Copeland, who designs for Pattullo. She has done a fine job on all sorts of dresses this season, and Jay Thorpe has amassed an especially good cross-section of them, including her sassy day-length sheath of black crêpe, which is wrapped round and round the strapless décolletage and upper arms. This wrapping

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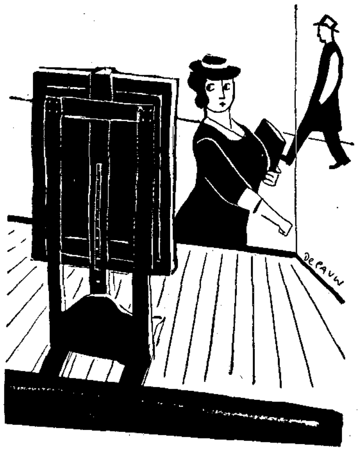
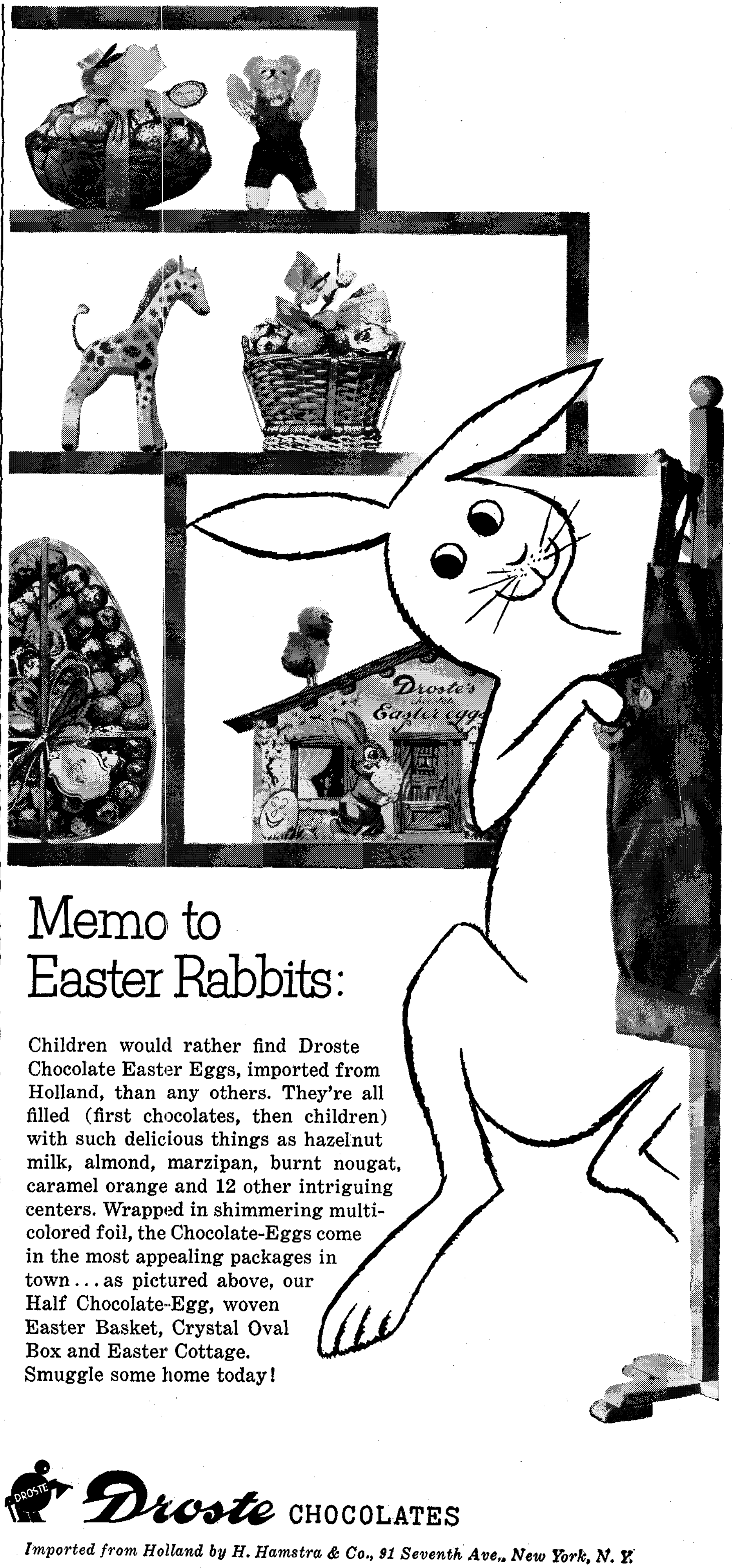
is interspersed with lavish intertwinings of turquoise and pink heavily folded taffeta.

Less formal are the masterly works of Ben Reig, among them one of the handsomest black-and-white print dresses in many a day. The print is big white lozenges on black shantung. There's a sheath front, buttoning from a tiny collar to a bit below the waist. In back, triple bands of the print, overlapping to give a pleated effect, descend on each side from a low yoke to loop over a belt of black patent leather; these bands are caught in below the belt and then float loose as panels; $185, and very reminiscent of Patou. Reig goes dressier with a Vertès type of print—blurred pastel roses on black silk. There's an Empire line at the top in front, the waist is way down in back, and there are great big lantern sleeves. Gunther Jaeckel is its proud possessor. Suzanne Augustine's sheath of gray or navy wool has a wide, oval, off-the-shoulder neckline that can be filled in (a favorite trick of hers) with a white linen dickey that has a tailored bow at the throat. A contour leather belt and a nice gored skirt complete this particular picture; $155, at Mimi Tuthill. De Pinna loves Augustine's two-purpose dress—a sleeveless sheath of navy wool with a tiny white linen turnover collar, plus a great overskirt of navy taffeta, heavily pleated and split front and back to achieve a panelled look, that goes over it when the cocktail hour approaches. Jane Derby, another girl who specializes in honest-to-goodness charm, has done a cocktail dress of black silk crêpe with a circular skirt. The collar, which ripples outward around the square décolletage in front, is faced with pink grosgrain. Tiny velvet bows sprout below it on each side, and the back is cut in a moderate V. Mimi Tuthill has it for $135. Next come a couple of Jo Copeland's dressy afternoon costumes at Jay Thorpe. One





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KNIFE AND FORK

Beard to Tail

Overheard a heated conversation about the word *"barbecue"* in T--ts Sh-r's the other night. One gourmet flatly stated *barbecue* came from the French phrase "de barbe à queue" which literally means to cook a carcass completely "from beard to tail."

The other gourmet, a Harvard man, stoutly averred it stemmed from the Portuguese *"barbacoa"* meaning a grill or frame on which to roast meats.

Which of these scholars is right, we can't say. Point is, both instinctively reached for A.1. Sauce afterwards.

Whether you roast an ox from beard to tail or broil a chop by its lonesome, herb-and-spice-rich A.1. Sauce does something to meat that's almost magic. Used liberally before broiling or roasting A.1. helps to tenderize. Used afterwards, it adds a piquant touch that makes a steak sing with flavor.

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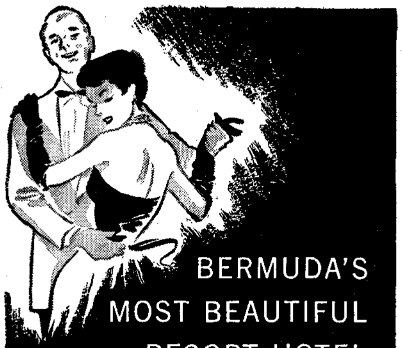
is a sheath of burgundy Dupioni silk, and its very deep neckline is partly filled in by white organdie folds that have been embroidered in red. The other, of sheer navy crêpe, is shirred up the center to a deep taffeta shirt front with gold buttons; a round white piqué collar tops it off. Among Jay Thorpe's ready-to-wear imports from France is a real siren song of red jersey with cellophane threads woven through it to impart a frosty look. This is a sheath with cap sleeves, a deep V neck, and a casual tie right above the stomach; $175. Another member of Jay Thorpe's imported collection is an evening costume of a heavy cotton that is pink and mauve and golden, like a cloudy sunset. The sheath is adorned with iridescent sequins, and there's a deep V neckline in front. Over this goes a swashbuckling rayon coat of dull mauve with a very full back and very full sleeves caught in with elastic at the ends. It's $450, and really something. Hattie Carnegie's place of business is full of her own ready-to-wear designs, including knitted dresses in solid colors with a pebbly look or in a gray-and-blue diamond-shaped tile pattern on white. The basic dress is simplicity itself—a turnover collar, bone buttons, and high, jagged pocket detail on the chest. It has short sleeves and crocheted edging on the collar and the pocket detail, and it's $235. Another prevalent Carnegie is a simple dress with an oval neck and short sleeves; this comes in black barathea and in all of the wonderful Carnegie prints—pink clover and zigzag green leaves on white, pale green-gray with bright-pink primroses all over it, pale pink with pale-pink, mauve, and sea-green asters strewn about, and so on. They are a fitting epitaph for Miss Carnegie, a woman who will not be forgotten so long as the rest of us want to look uncluttered, pretty, and feminine. A magnificent hip-length Carnegie jacket of black brushed wool with a manic two-inch piece of patent leather placed low in back as the sum total of its belt is $235. It has a green taffeta lining. This can also be ordered in navy with a red lining. Bendel's own very simple basic dress is of linen or wool, and its collarless round neck is slashed down to a bow of white piqué on the chest. There's a contour belt (self for the linen dress, leather for the wool one), and three smoked buttons appear before each hip; $125 and $155, respectively. Branell makes costumes with a cape ending just above the waist. Gunther Jaeckel has these. One is a dress of black-and-



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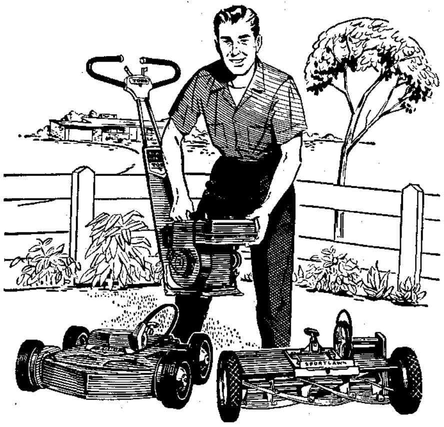

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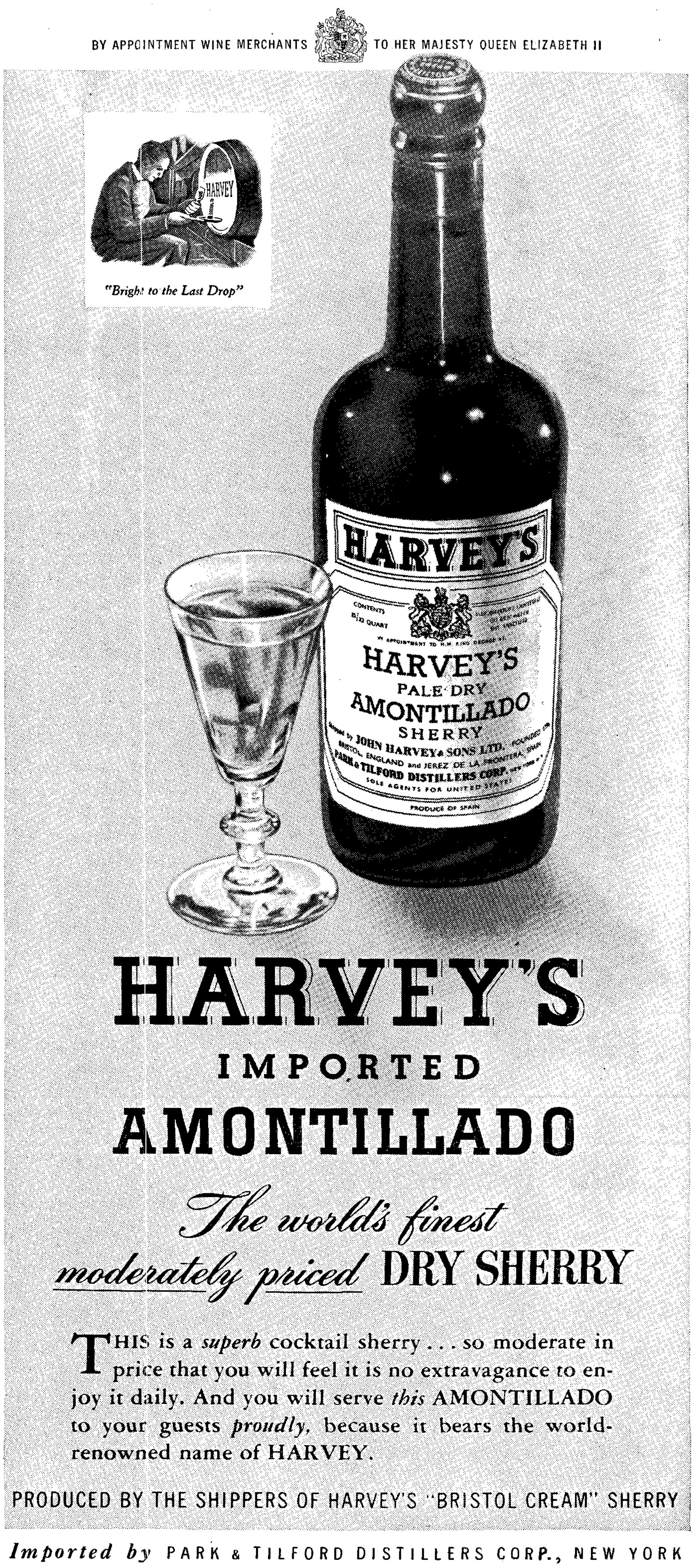
—Lois Long

MARKETS AND MENUS

New Cheeses and Old

IN 1950, when the law was passed decreeing that all foreign cheeses coming to this country must be either aged for a certain period or pasteurized—a ruling that automatically insured the pasteurization of all types of soft cheese, since by their nature they cannot stand up under the required aging—groans went up from cheese lovers all over the land. Protests against the outrage of pasteurization continue to arise whenever connoisseurs lift their voices or their pens to celebrate the glories of foreign cheeses, and the distinguished authority Mr. Clifton Fadiman has recently written that the treatment is "the equivalent of assassination." It is hard to think that all these sincere and knowledgeable people can be wrong, but I don't think I am wrong, either, when I say that pasteurization doesn't seem to have wrought any great harm—or any harm at all—to the soft cheeses that come to us from abroad. At the time the regulation became effective, I, along with the rest of the embattled cheese eaters, glibly foretold the end of the era of great cheeses in this country; now six years have passed, and I make bold to say (I am nervously aware that the claim is not only bold but brash) that the Bries and Camemberts shipped pasteurized to us from France since 1951 have become progressively finer, until this winter they have reached what seems to me the very pinnacle of perfection. Could it be possible, I wonder, that confusion has arisen in the minds of some Americans between a pasteurized cheese and a processed cheese? The latter, of course, is not a cheese at all but scraps and oddments of the real thing cooked together to produce a miserable mess that has no virtue other than longevity. But as for the pasteurized foreigner, the case against it seems greatly exaggerated.

This lengthy preamble is by way of introducing a new pasteurized cheese from France, which is called, with a disarming explicitness that is by no means an overstatement, Parfait. The newcomer, which put in a brief appearance here around Christmastime and then vanished from the scene before more than a few fortunate people got a taste of it, has the extreme delicacy of the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Swedish Hablé, along with an added creaminess of its own, and it is exceptionally long-lived for a cheese of this type. It will, indeed, inevitably present itself as a serious rival of the Hablé, whose makers will have to take what comfort they can from the fact that one of the established cheese makers of the Seine-et-Marne, whose Bries have long been rated among the finest in France, has paid the Swedish product the compliment of producing a cheese of the same type. As far as consistency is concerned, the Parfait is superior not only to Hablé but even to the best French soft cheeses; it is made of whole milk with twenty-five per cent cream added, which brings the butterfat content to seventy-five per cent and creates a smooth richness that brings an almost sensuous pleasure to the tongue. On the other hand, the Parfait lacks the subtlety of flavor of a great Brie, or even a Camembert, and discriminating cheese lovers will, I think, find its exquisite, very feminine charm slightly lacking in character. I cannot, for instance, think of it as the right ending to a splendid dinner, or as the accompaniment to a rich Burgundy; as a luncheon dessert or as the partner of a light claret, however, it is, as the label so succinctly states, *parfait*. Perhaps I should warn the inexperienced customer that it should be kept at room temperature for at least an hour before serving; eaten right out of the refrigerator, it is bound to be a disappointment. At any rate, I think you will agree that here is an addition of some importance to the noble family of cheeses. It comes in packages weighing a minimum of seven and a half ounces, and costs around $1.75 a package. Shipments of the cheese have been fairly erratic, but you will find it from time to time at Vendôme, 15 East 48th Street; Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd); Bloomingdale; Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); and Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st).

A classic cheese that has not been seen in these parts for some years is blue Cheshire, which is now to be had at Macy, for $1.66 a pound. To tell the truth, until I sampled Macy's import it had been so long since I'd tasted blue Cheshire that perhaps I should not presume to say that this one has all the qualities one looks for in that illustrious product. Actually, blue Cheshire is not easily come by even in England, or at least in London; I remember, in the best of days, having the very devil of a time tracking down a worthy specimen in the London restaurants and grocers'

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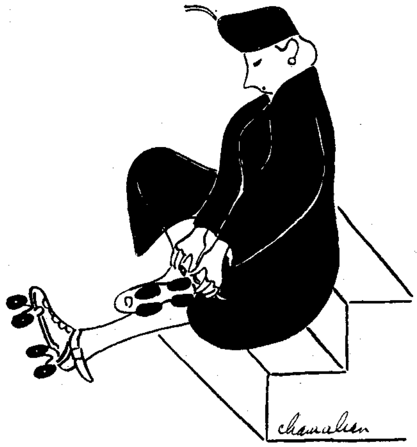
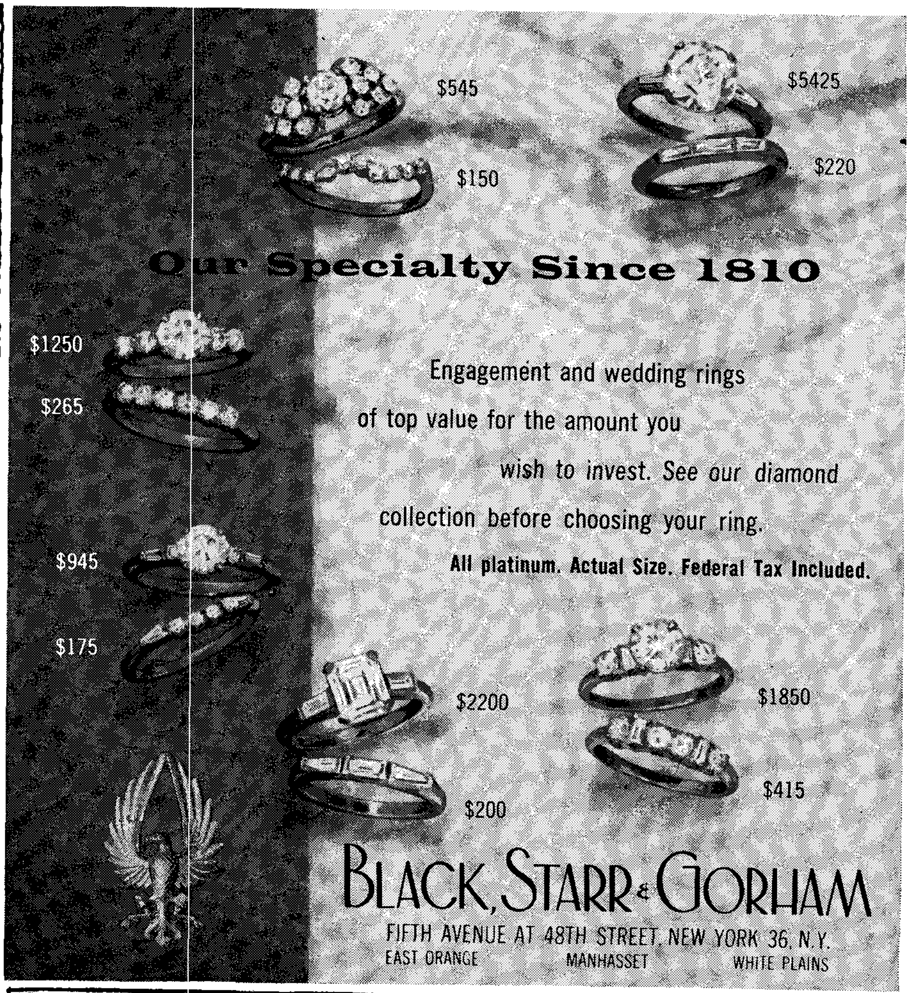
shops. To find it here, rich, fat, blue-veined, and with something of the full body of Stilton, is a bit of real good fortune. And before we leave the subject of cheese, I should mention that a Reblochon, which I make no bones about calling one of the finest of the kind I have ever eaten, has recently arrived here from the Haute-Savoie, where, of course, the *véritables* Reblochons hail from. This one, which is made by Gilbert Bouvard, has a creaminess of texture and a delicacy of flavor that make it outstanding even in a variety of cheese that is distinguished for its creaminess of texture and its delicacy of flavor. It comes in rounds weighing about a pound each, and is available at Bloomingdale, Altman, and Vendôme, at around $1.80 a pound.

SEVERAL months ago, I reported in these columns on some extraordinarily fine hors-d'oeuvre spreads created by James Beard and André Surmain and sold at a very small dress shop, called Chauncey's, at 299 East 52nd Street. I am pleased to report that the shop is gradually getting rid of its stock of women's wear and will in future devote itself exclusively to the sale of items of the higher gastronomy, recognizing, doubtless, that blouses can be sold by any fool but only Beard and Surmain can dream up a pâté. These inspired dreamers have now produced two excellent soups—a fish chowder and a potage *Chaumière*. The chowder must, I suppose, be identified as New England, although anything so rich and suave, so robust and yet so subtly flavored, surely cannot be met with very often on that stern and rock-bound coast. Aside from the fact that it contains a generous amount of cream, the principal difference between this fish chowder and others is the exemplary way the onions have been simmered to a soft mush, so that no half-cooked bits mar the creamy unctuousness of the soup. The second





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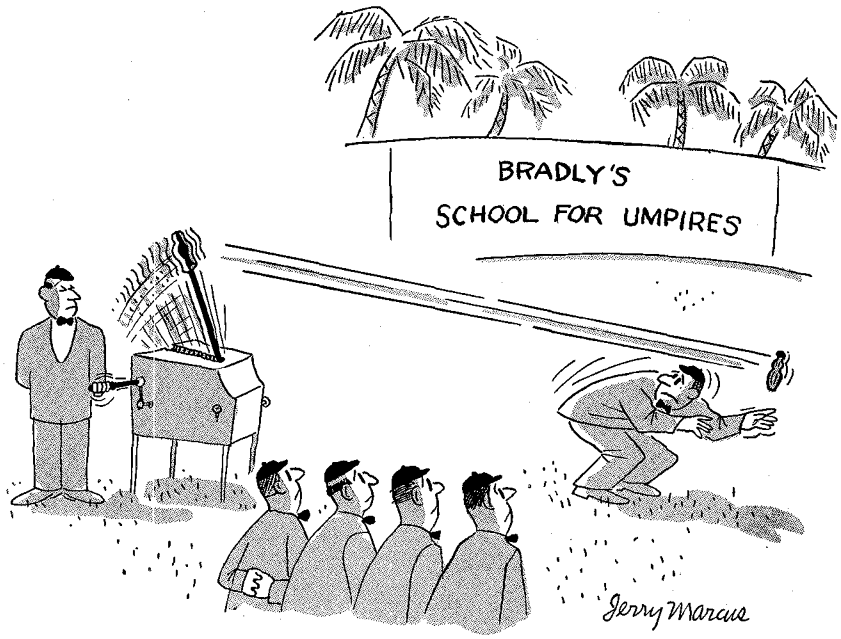

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offering is a thin *purée de légumes* cooked in a strong beef broth, to which, at the last moment, lightly sautéed rings of onion have been added. This makes an elegant beginning to a dinner, whereas the chowder is a meal in itself. Both soups are sold frozen, at $5.50 a quart, and a quart is enough for four people.

Still another new food product of the Chauncey shop is an orange bread, made by a woman in Stowe, Vermont, that is a delicious confection—pungent of orange, with a moist and very tender crumb. Lightly toasted and eaten with good sweet butter (if you have the luck to find any), or wrapped in foil and heated in the oven, it makes an accompaniment to tea or coffee that is as unusual as it is enjoyable. Owing to its agreeable moistness, the loaf is remarkably long-lasting—or would be if its admirers could leave it alone. It weighs two and a half pounds and costs $2.50.

THE frozen-food industry met here in solemn convention a few weeks ago for the biggest show in its history, and the blowout, in which two hundred exhibitors and heaven only knows how many products were represented, offered me a chance to inform myself about how the foods—as opposed to the industry—are coming along. Well, I am now in a position to tell you that everything—or almost everything—on earth is being frozen. I am also in a position to tell you that while a few new items are first-rate, an awful lot are simply terrible (mostly the cooked, ready-to-eat things), proving what everybody knew already, that good cooks are rare and that a poorly made dish is no better—and no worse—after it is frozen than it was before. Lest these querulous complaints give the impression that I look with a jaundiced eye on our ever growing fondness for eating out of the freezer, I hasten to say that I have recently come across a frozen puff paste (what French cooks know as *pâte feuilletée*), packed under the Holfra label, that is unsurpassed by any pastry of the kind I have ever eaten—frozen or unfrozen. It has the tender lightness that only the best materials in the hands of a gifted pastry-maker can achieve. The pastry-maker in this case is a Dutch woman, who turns out three varieties of hors-d'oeuvre tidbits—cheese straws, some delicate oblongs topped with anchovy, and small patty shells to be filled with any piquant mixture of the customer's own making. (They are wonderfully good served warm with a dab

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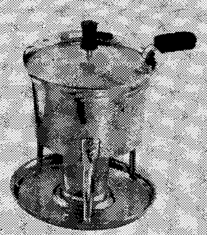

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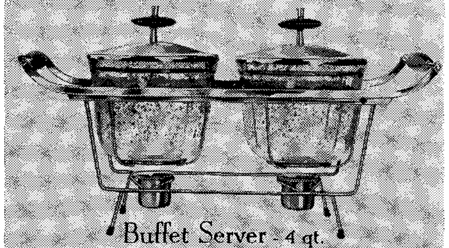

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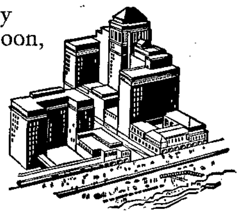

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of cold pâté, or filled with fine chopped shrimp in a highly seasoned béchamel, or, again, filled with small bits of Smithfield ham in heavy cream seasoned with chives and Tabasco). A fourth creation is a standard-size patty shell, which, when filled with a suitable mixture—sweetbreads, creamed oysters, or crabmeat—makes a good luncheon entrée. The patty shells, in either size, cost around seventy-five cents a package (there are four of the large shells and a dozen of the small ones per package), and the cheese straws and the anchovy pastries are around a dollar a package (fifteen cheese straws and a dozen anchovies). Almost any day now there will be added to the Holfra line an assortment of small, delicious tartlets, with fillings of creamed mushrooms, cheese, creamed onions, or a caper-studded mixture indigenous to the South of France. The other pastries are on sale—and the tartlets will be—at Vendôme; Bloomingdale; Nicola's Food Market, 271 West Fourth Street; Esposito Brothers, 444 Sixth Avenue (10th); and the Di Palma Market, at 894 Third Avenue (54th).

AT Ellens Chocolates, 1165 Madison Avenue (86th), there are pastries of a very different kind—ready-baked and unfrozen. These are of a butter-rich *pâte brisée* cut into very small and fragile fingers and rounds—some strewn with caraway seeds, some pungent with cheese and paprika, and still others strewn with fine slivers of nuts. These delicacies, which almost literally melt on the tongue, are created to be a restrained and elegant accompaniment to a drink, rather than to add any excitement to it. They are exactly the thing to go with a dry sherry or Madeira, and, for that matter, they are indicated for cocktails when it is important not to dull the appetite with rich or complicated hors d'oeuvres. The same shop also provides dainty cookies of a type that were only too easily come by in the days of the Hitler horror, when ladies from Central Europe, newly arrived on our shores, were forced to turn their hands to such enterprises. The Ellens assortment includes plain, rich little tea cookies, tiny rounds of buttery shortbread, jam-spread wafers of incredible thinness, and so on, to make up just about the entire roster of small German and Austrian *Kekse*. These sell at from $2 to $2.50 a pound, and the cocktail pastries are seventy-five cents a dozen. There are, too, some minute ham-filled crescents made of puff paste, but these, I

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think, are slightly less fine. They are $1.20 a dozen.

TO get on to sturdier fare, Candlewood Farms, whose retail store is at 1737 York Avenue (91st), has developed ("invented" seems a likelier word) a little chicken, no bigger than a plump squab, that makes one generous serving of almost entirely white meat. The full-breasted little birds are sold when they are thirteen weeks old and weigh from a pound to a pound and a quarter; if they are properly roasted, which means not *over*roasted, they make as tender a pièce de nonrésistance as a hostess could wish to set upon her table. Provided you order half a dozen or more of the birds, you can have them delivered anywhere in Manhattan just twenty-four hours after they have been killed and carefully oven-dressed, and, of course, you can buy them singly at the York Avenue shop. They cost $1.25 apiece.

I NOW have two new beers to tell about. One, shipped from Belgium under the name of Ekla, is very light and extremely pleasant, with a taste something like that of a Pilsner Urquell of prewar days; the other, called Kronenbourg, is from Alsace, so perhaps it is not surprising that it is a great deal better than any other French beer you have ever tasted. They cost thirty-nine cents a bottle, and one or another or both of them are sold at Rahmeyer, 1022 Third Avenue (60th); L. J. Callanan, 41 Vesey Street; the Eighth Street Delicatessen, 31 West 8th Street; and Dover Caterers, 683 Lexington Avenue (56th).

Then, there is a pair of Chilean wines—red and white—from the Santa Paula vineyards. Santa Paula will, I hope, forgive me if I mention that the "Vintage of 1943" on the label came as a considerable surprise, and that I would have guessed the wines were bottled in the early part of 1956—a trifling detail that I don't in the least hold against these serviceable little bottles. The red, which is labelled Burgundy but tastes like a light, unpretentious Beaujolais, especially appeals to me, and an even more compelling appeal is its price tag—fifty-nine cents a fifth. The white, which is labelled Riesling, goes for the same price, and that, along with their agreeable freshness, is going to make both wines a large number of friends. Budgeted tipplers who claim they must stick to beer for economic reasons may be interested to learn that, according to my mathematical calculations, the twenty-three fluid ounces in a bottle of Santa Paula Burgundy or Riesling come to two and a half cents an ounce, as against three and a fourth cents an ounce for a twelve-ounce bottle of either the Belgian or the French beer. Sherry Wine & Spirits has received the largest part of this interesting shipment, but a certain quantity of the wine is also to be had at Ambassador Liquors, 144 East 86th Street; Walker's, 163 East 52nd; and Greenwich Wine & Liquor Store, 192 Seventh Avenue South (11th).

—S. H.

• •

LOVE'S ISLAND

You should know that the landscape is gaunt: bleak
Beaches open upon a hinterland untroubled
With trees, untouched by flowers or the
Frailty of seasons; cerements of sun there
Warm the skeletal earth; and ariel music
Is the cricket's requiem, the vague flutter
Of the moth. It is not as you would expect.

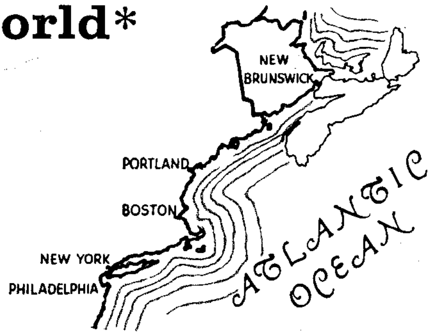
And the voyage is turbulent, tempestuous,
Uncertain, with the wind shifting at night
And the clouds low over the water.
You should know also that the way is uncharted,
That the sextant stars slip, at times,
Out of place, and shine, when they do, dimly
Through the tossing fog and the salt spray.

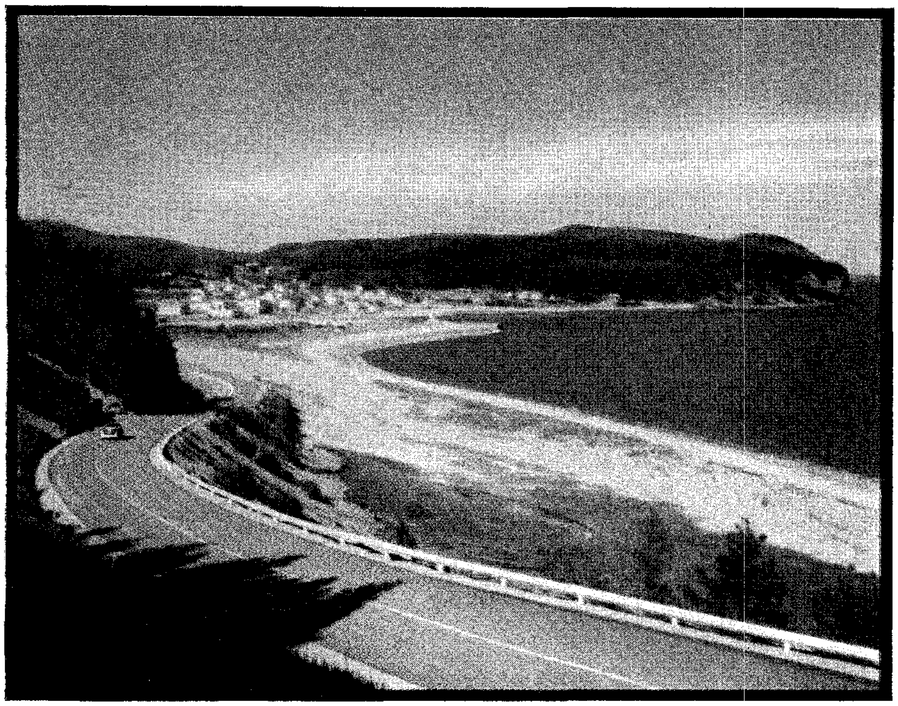
But finally, when you have got there, there is quiet.
The dry grass over the dunes is still
In the windless air, and the gulls are transfixed
In flight; perpetual noon weaves the vacant
Splendor of gold out of nothingness into
Reality beyond analysis of where or when:

Cythera is another land.

—WALTER KAISER

In all your travels, here's the shortest drive to a completely different world*

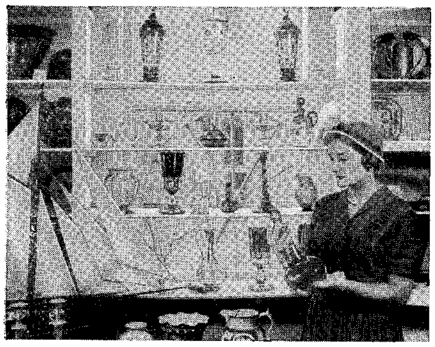




Gateway to Fundy Park, showcase for Canada's "Picture Province" by the sea

New Brunswick, Canada's nearest, easiest-to-get-to maritime province, is only 610 miles from New York, N.Y.—385 miles from Boston—about 700 from Philadelphia. That's not as the crow flies, either, but as your car drives.

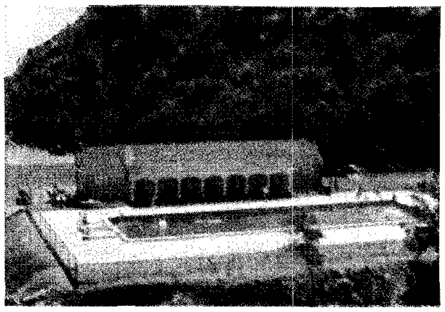
And what a *world of difference* those few miles make! The climate, for instance. New Brunswick is delightfully warm by day, cool by night. (Wool blankets are *de rigeur* for comfortable sleep.)



Warning! Women in the party will want to shop in New Brunswick—and why not? You can buy British woollens, bone china and rare antiques at considerable savings while handsome hand-woven skirts and suits from the looms of New Brunswick's superb craftsmen can hardly be found anywhere else.

While she shops, *he* golfs. The royal and ancient game is practiced with enthusiasm over courses of great scenic beauty and championship calibre. Visitors to New Brunswick, incidentally, are afforded the fullest of hospitality at every golf club short of increasing par.

New Brunswick has not only a 600-mile sea coast with a number of excellent beaches but it also has more inland waters than any comparable land area in the world. These waters abound with speckled trout, black bass, pickerel, togue, perch, shad, Atlantic Silver salmon (the fish that made New Brunswick rivers famous) and, along the coast, pollock.



Gourmets! A New Brunswick holiday invariably will turn the fussiest eater into a trencherman. Local popular dishes include Shediac lobster, Caraquet oysters, clams and Saint John Harbour salmon. The beautiful rural county of Kings, dairy centre of eastern Canada, will provide the butter for the famed New Brunswick potato (smaller than the Idaho but with a rewarding flavour) and rich, sweet cream for the fresh berries that so often climax a New Brunswick meal. Small fry also claim our ice cream ranks foremost among the world's great treats for a nickel.

One moment, please! There's more, much, *much* more about New Brunswick that you should know. The NEW BRUNSWICK HOLIDAY KIT has been prepared for just that purpose. In colourful pictures and in words, it will provide a thorough introduction to this nearby Canadian province. It's yours for the asking—*simply mail the coupon* NOW.

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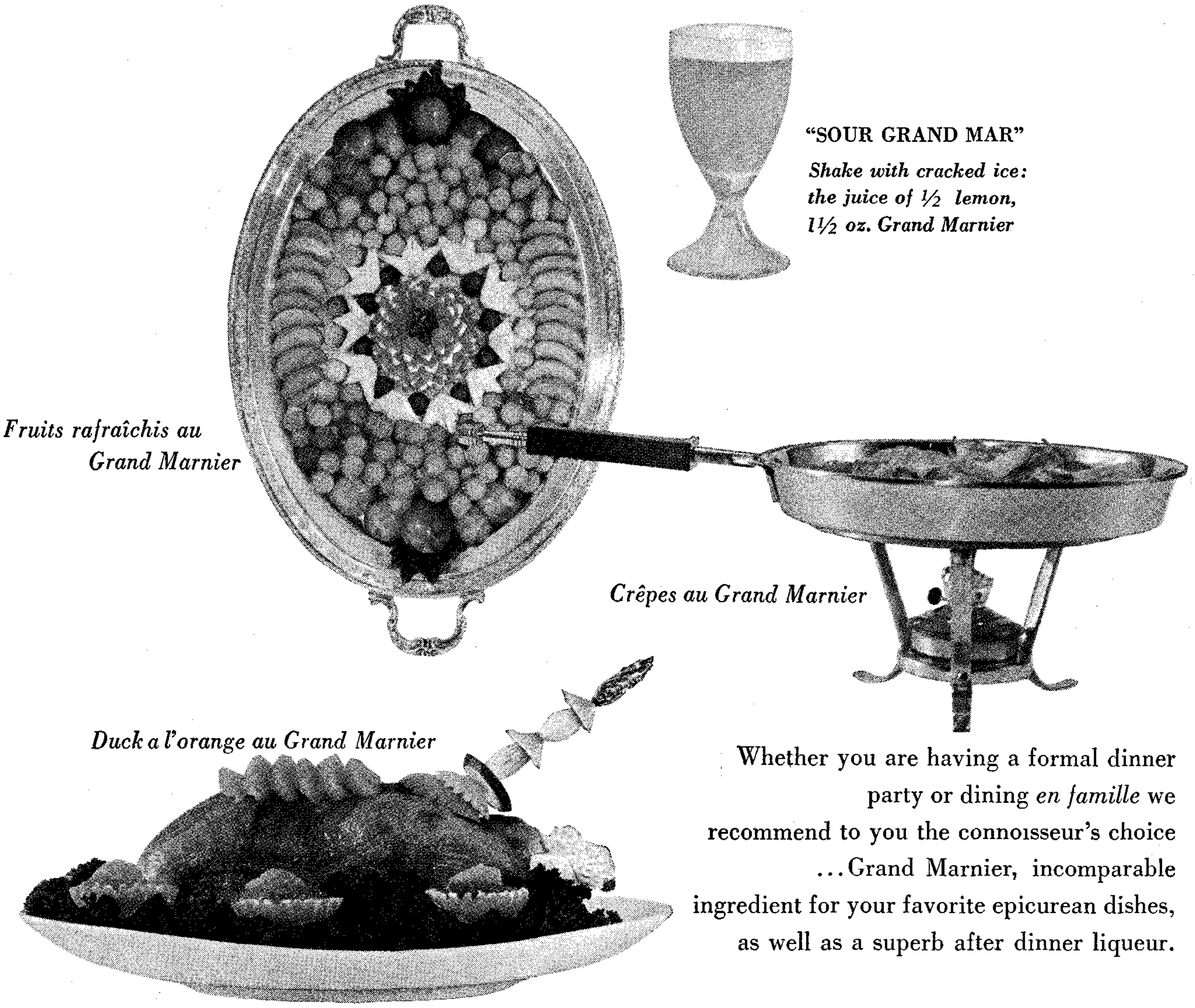

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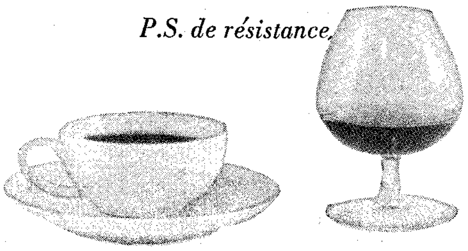

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SOLE U. S. AGENT

THE ART GALLERIES

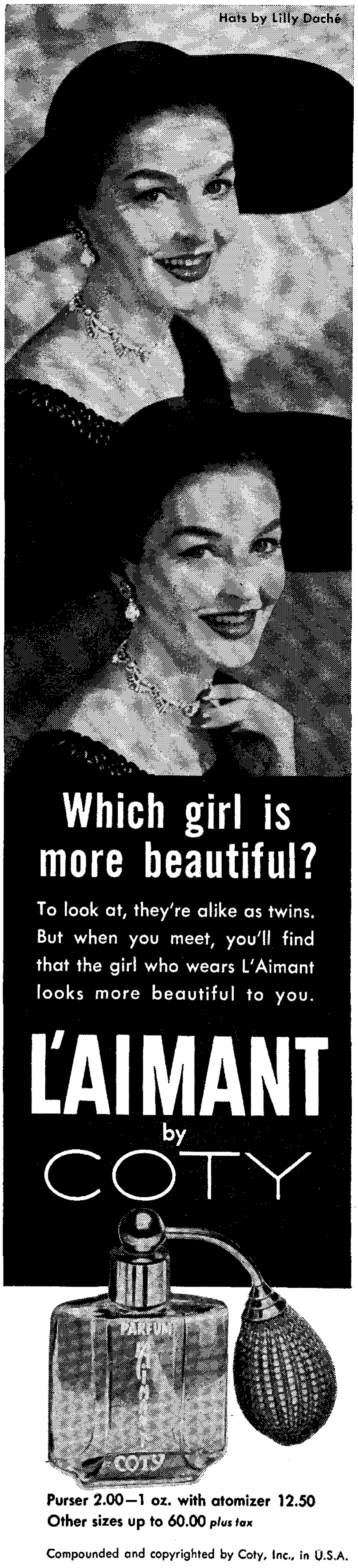
Morris Graves and Max Weber

TWO good-sized retrospective exhibitions now confront us, one of Morris Graves at the Whitney Museum, and the other of Max Weber—in honor of his seventy-fifth year of life, incidentally—at the Jewish Museum. I approached the Graves affair with some trepidation. It takes an artist of stature and integrity to stand up under a lifetime inspection, but Graves has both these qualities. It requires a certain breadth of outlook and variety of attack as well, or a retrospective is likely to founder in monotony and repetitiousness, and I've known of artists, and quite good ones, who, because their fault lay in a uniformity of pattern, or subject, or symbolism, were done more harm than good by such a going over.

I must say that my fears were in large part unfounded. Graves, of course, is the Northwesterner (he was born in Oregon, forty-five years ago) who has long been associated with the coterie known as the "Seattle group" of artists, led by the older Mark Tobey, and his point of view parallels to a considerable degree both the esotericism and the almost ethereal obliquity of Tobey's approach. Because of this, I was afraid that Graves' imagery might not have enough carrying power to sustain an exhibition of such length. There is, in fact, a slight feeling of thinness about the show, and still more of uncertainty. Graves' philosophic approach has always been Oriental, ranging from Taoism to the abstruser aspects of Zen Buddhism, and the attempt to translate such gauzy concepts into the concrete idioms of Western art is a problem to tax a master. Graves has been successful only partly and intermittently, and the result—in this show, at least—is a series of wild ups and downs, from work that is deeply and brilliantly expressive to the mildly obfuscatory, and from the vividly succinct and summary to something close to caricature.

One gets the notion, too, that there is a deep focal point of confusion in Graves' attitude, for although he has varied his symbolism from time to time, and widely, from his memorable moonlit birds to light-struck pine trees, rock figures, chalices, and so on, and although he has improved his technique prodigiously in the process, he has not increased his emotional expression commensurately, and his later work has in general little more impact in that respect than his earlier pieces. Yet a compelling honesty is in evidence, as well as an abiding feeling for taste, and as a study of a man's stubborn and dedicated efforts to combine two cultures that are usually taken to be antipodal, and to express what may well be close to inexpressible, it's in the main a fascinating show. There have been times when Graves succeeded. The earliest items in the collection, which runs to seventy-five paintings and a third as many drawings, are dated in the early thirties, when he was in his twenties. As might be expected, they're a little unsure in manner, and it was not till his famous bird series, ranging from "Bird in the Mist," of a few years later, to such others as "Surf Bird," "Blind Bird, No. 1," and the lovely "Bird in the Moonlight" (in which, by the way, Tobey's abstract, scribbly "white writing" is put to the novel and delightful purpose of suggesting both moonlight and song), that he really struck out on his own.

It was the paintings of this period that brought Graves to general attention, and they remain, to my mind, his most successful body of work. He, however, apparently was not satisfied, and though birds have continued to attract him sporadically and in various stylistic frameworks (see the dark "Blue Bird," the strongly stylized "Wounded Scoter," and the flowingly designed "Ecstatic Gander," for example), he soon turned, it seems almost restlessly, to other systems of symbolism. A series of ritual vessels came next (the chalices), painted as if made by ancient stone carvers but mystically illuminated. Then came the pine-tree series, a fish phase, and so on; and since his styles varied wildly into the bargain, from an increasing devotion to the Oriental to lapses into something close to Western abstraction, an inevitable effect of the helter-skelter is evident in the show. This is not to say that many of the paintings are not works of a very high order. Such pieces as "Sea and the Morning Redness," "Young Pine Forest in Bloom," and the dark, tragic "Under the Grinding Rivers of Earth," to take a few at random, are both moving in concept and exquisite in execution, and in some of the later pieces, like the fanciful "Masking Bird" and



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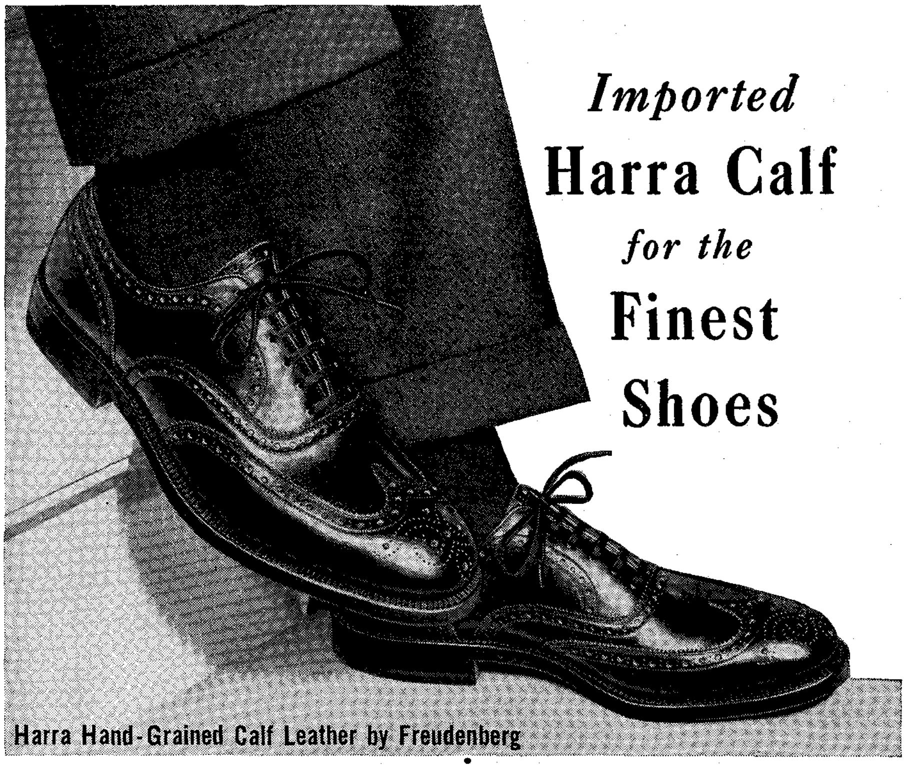
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"Connemara Pooka," he seems to be moving toward greater maturity of spirit as well. It's just that there's a feeling of discontinuousness, as of a man still finding his way, unsure. On leaving here, the exhibition will visit seven other cities, among them Boston, Washington, and Seattle.

IN contrast, Max Weber, despite the fact that he started as a sort of Fauvist, switched to abstraction and then to a highly personal form of Expressionism, seems to have followed a straighter line of philosophic development. His exhibition, too, is a thoroughly inclusive one, ranging from a couple of small student copies of Velázquez, in the Prado, away back in 1906, to a series of seven gouaches done as late as last year. After Velázquez, it was the emergent Cubists who attracted him, and the next group of pictures ("New York," of 1912, and "Fourth Dimension Interior" are typical) are all more or less in the Delaunayesque "fractured" style that was then evolving. Weber's deep religious feeling, however, came early into evidence. There's still some overlapping in this period, of both subjects and influences, and one sees references to such disparate artists as Picasso, van Gogh, and Cézanne. But around 1920, in his somehow Italianate "Invocation," one finds him working on religious motifs, and from around 1930 on he devoted himself more and more to them. To be sure, Weber's is an odd sort of religiosity, half fanciful, half realistic, as playful as it is devout, and the style he finally developed for it—quick, discursive, highly simplified, and yet with undertones of ritualistic tribal patterns—is in the main admirably suited to its expression. There are certain slight flaws in it. As with Graves, there's a touch almost of caricature that can be disconcerting, and the color is often unnecessarily murky. What his work has, though, is an immediacy of emotional appeal that is almost childlike in its innocence and spontaneity, and it's this, I think, that makes such paintings as "The Reader," "The Holy Book," and the bizarre and delightful "Hassidic Dance" truly attractive performances.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

WHAT LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

In Europe there are approximately 1,100,000 Baptists, 500,000 of them in Russia.—*Time, December 5, 1955.*

The Baptist church has over three million adherents in Russia.—*Life, January 9, 1956.*

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL

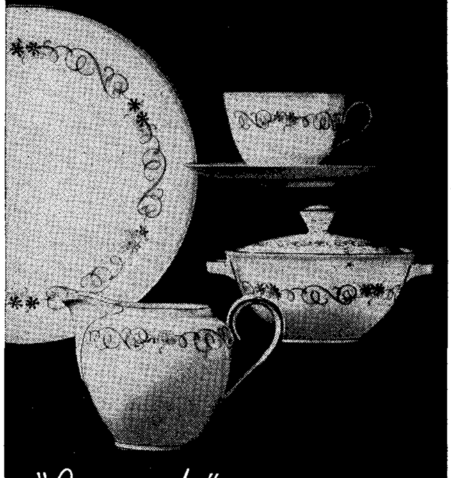
TALK about bonanzas! Thanks to a trifling expenditure of thirty-five cents, I have before me a new kind of do-it-yourself book—“New Standard Book of Model Letters for All Occasions,” by Leo J. Henkin, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English at Brooklyn College—by means of which I confidently expect to rise from my present obscurity, make a fortune, and have a whale of an interesting time in the process. Not that Dr. Henkin’s book is *intended* to be a do-it-yourself book, at least of the kind that, as I get further and further into it, I clearly perceive it to be. It is intended to be what its title indicates—a guide to the writing of social and business letters. “Letter to a Friend Who Has Had an Accident,” “Letter Threatening to Withhold Shipments”—this is the sort of thing it contains by the bushel. (I bought it to find out how to write a Letter to an Uncle Who Broke His Leg Tripping Over Your Pomeranian and Is Threatening to Cut You Out of His Will.) But “New Standard,” like Emily Post’s “Etiquette,” also has the makings of a novel; it practically invites the reader to use it as source material for a book, though for a book that, unlike the dated, upper-class novel hinted at by Mrs. Post, will be populated by sympathetic middle-class people in tune with the current social scene. It will be, in short, the kind of novel that is sure to be serialized, before publication, in one of the great women’s magazines, that will be translated into a dozen tongues, sold to the movies, and dramatized on television and radio, and will entail other subsidiary rights on a mouth-watering scale. Millions beckon, and there’s no reason to give Cleveland Amory a cut.

Do you remember Mrs. Post’s Gildings, of Golden Hall, her Worldlys and Kindharts and Wellborns and Oldnames? Well, like them, the people in “New Standard” keep appearing and reappearing, but their social position is less glacial than that of the cast of “Etiquette;” they are human as the dickens, and as given to maddening complications as the people Dostoevski used to dream up. They make love and they steal each other’s spouses. This is stimulating to the do-it-yourself novelist, living in a house he has built himself and working on a typewriter he has fashioned out of the contents of neighboring junk shops, all the while crazy to commission a pleasure dome by Le Corbusier and cram it with Olivettis. So is the fact that Henkin’s characters are suggested rather than defined, their lives only fractionally portrayed, and the threads of the plot never quite joined. What you get from him is a challenging series of glimpses and unsorted bits of information—the ideal do-it-yourself kit for the creative artist. Whereas Mrs. Post sums her people up sharply in trenchant little essays, Dr. Henkin’s dramatis personae are reflected only in the model letters themselves, and beyond that are left dangling. What fun it will be to undangle them!

Take Sally, for instance. In the beginning, under “Letter to a Friend about a Proposed Visit” (I propose, in my proposed undangling, to draw upon Professor Henkin’s social letters and let the business ones go hang), we find her writing her friend Joan:

> Please forgive me for not having written to you sooner, but I was away on assignment for the *Journal* and did not get back until yesterday.
>
> The great news is that I shall finally be able to get away for a couple of weeks, and Christmas time it will be. You don’t know how much I am looking forward to visiting you and my other old friends.
>
> Do you realize that in a couple of weeks it will be two years since I left Watertown? Believe me, Joan, it seems more like two hundred years. If it hadn’t been for my correspondence with you and Ellen Mills, I believe Watertown and all its wonderful people would have been just a

“And that goes for your damn butterflies, too!”



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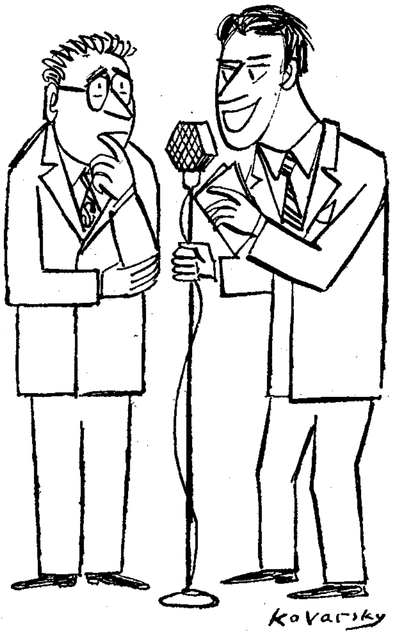

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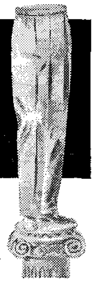

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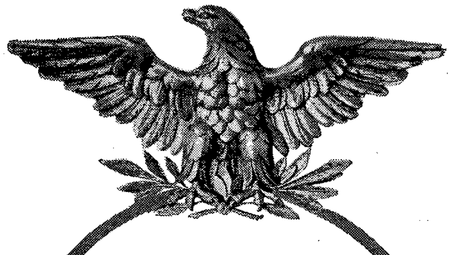
> memory. But thanks to you and Ellen I've kept in touch with everything that's happened in Watertown and when I go back for that visit I'm sure I'll be able to greet everyone as if I'd been away only on a short vacation.
>
> Since I wrote you last I've seen a number of plays which have been on tour and which I've enjoyed immensely, particularly Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* and Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard.* I also saw the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Central City is lucky in being included in the itinerary of most road companies. Seeing plays was the one thing I missed in Watertown; it's one of the advantages of being in a large city. Since I know the drama critic of the newspaper quite well, I didn't even have to pay for the tickets. And if you can keep a secret, Joan, I'll even whisper to you that I accompanied him to both the shows. But don't go leaping to conclusions. He's just a friend.
>
> Lovingly,
> SALLY

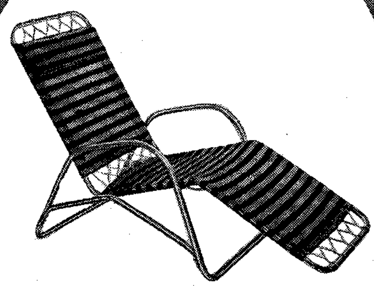
Sally apparently muffs the Christmas visit, perhaps because she is so busy with the drama critic, for next, in a "Letter to a Friend Who Has Moved Away," we find another friend, Evelyn, writing her:

> DEAR SALLY,
>
> Here's a parable:
>
> A young man was busily fishing by a little stream when a stranger, passing near, caught sight of him.
>
> "How are the fish?" he called.
>
> The young man shook his head gravely. "I can't say. For three weeks I've dropped them a line every day—but so far they haven't given me the courtesy of an answer."
>
> Any resemblance between this story and the state of our correspondence is purely coincidental. But it is true that for three weeks—four weeks would be closer—I haven't heard from you. Is anything the matter? Or should I assume that with cold weather coming on you've decided to go into winter quarters like the bears and forget about the world? . . .
>
> And now, Sally, about that visit you've been promising to make. Everybody is longing to see you, so don't disappoint them. Could you perhaps manage to get away Easter week? . . .
>
> Love,
> EVELYN

Sally never does give Evelyn the courtesy of an answer (*Had* she gone into winter quarters with the drama critic?), and with her next letter to Joan, "Dinner Invitation to an Intimate Friend," the do-it-yourself novelist's ingenuity really begins to be taxed:

> My cousin and his wife are coming in from Baltimore for the week-end, and we are having them over for dinner on Saturday, October sixteenth. To round out the party we just have to have you and Warren come also.
>
> I know you usually go out dancing or to the theater on Saturdays, but I think you'll enjoy a social evening for a change. We're planning to show the color movies





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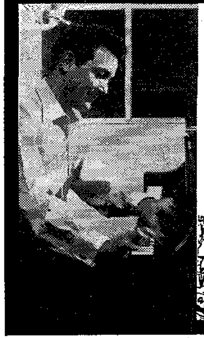

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we took in Mexico last winter, and I know you and Warren are considering going there in December.

Dinner is at six-thirty—on the dot! Ed and I will have the welcome mat out for you at that time, so don't disappoint us.

As ever,
Sally Fairfax

When did Sally get back from Central City? None of the letters in Leo Henkin's book are dated, but Sally's first one, with its reference to an impending Yule visit, *sounds* as though it had been penned later than October 16th, the date of the projected social evening of the second letter. I think nearly a year must have passed between these epistles. This would explain Sally's marrying Ed Fairfax and entertaining on her own hook. Sally muffed both the Christmas *and* Easter visits to Watertown because she was busy, as the cold weather came on in Central City, exchanging winter quarters with the drama critic there for warmer ones in Mexico with Ed. She dumped the drama critic, married Ed, spent a honeymoon in Mexico, and went back to Watertown to live, theatre or no theatre. Maybe she was sick of the theatre, after all those shivery evenings with the rejected drama critic. But no! Wait! She refers to Joan and Warren going to the theatre on Saturdays! Has the theatre come to Watertown? Where is Watertown, anyway? I once went to school in Watertown, Connecticut, but I don't think that is where Sally and Ed are living, because it's unlikely that people would come in there from Baltimore for the weekend. Too much of a trip, and not enough doing; no theatre, in any case.

I guess the best thing is to read on. Joan accepts Sally's invitation in "Friend's Letter of Acceptance":

> We wouldn't think of saying "no" to an invitation to join the Fairfaxes and their Baltimore cousins at dinner. No play or dance we've ever attended has been able to give us as much pleasure as we've found in your company. We'll be there, Saturday, October sixteenth.
>
> You may expect us then on Saturday for the premiere of your Mexican movie.
>
> Affectionately,
> Joan Entin

It doesn't look as though Joan and Warren are making too much of a go of it, if they've never had as much fun dancing or attending the theatre as they would going to a dinner party to look at color movies of another couple's honeymoon. Joan sounds nervous—witness the repetition of "Saturday," and the joking reference to the "premiere"—and no wonder. Sally's tone is presumptuous, with her "I

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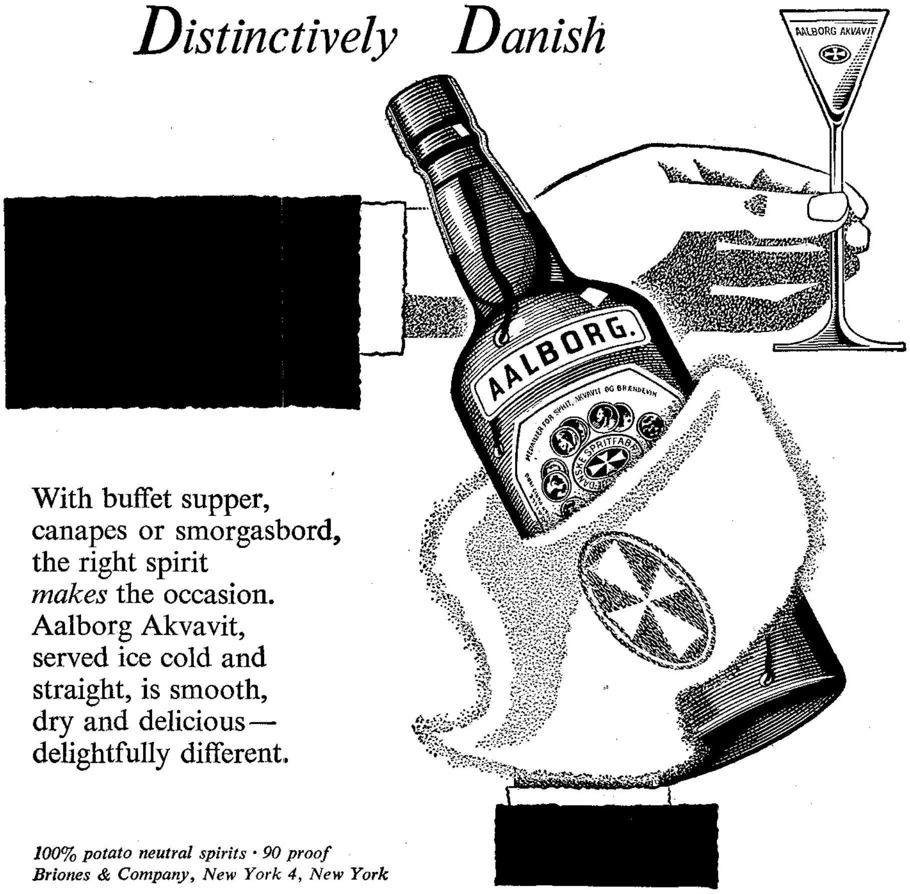

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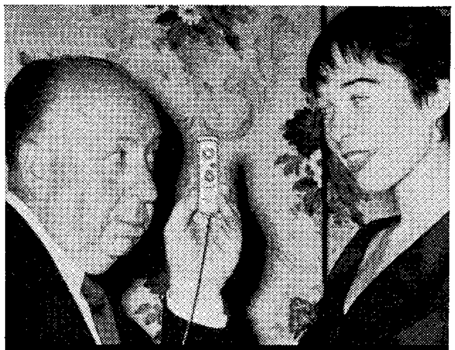
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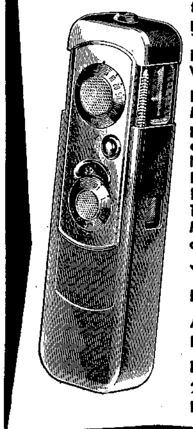
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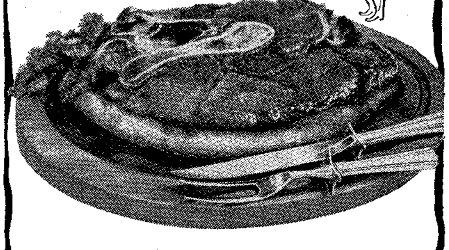

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know"s about the Entins' habits and tentative plans. And why do these girls, if they are still such intimate friends, now sign their letters to one another with their last names?

Well, be that as it may, Dr. Henkin's next letter is a surprise. "Friend's Letter of Regret" finds Joan *refusing* Sally's invitation:

> I can't imagine anything more disappointing than having to turn down an invitation to your dinner party on Saturday, October sixteenth. Yet that's just what we're forced to do, because for that very night we invited the Seldens to have dinner with us.
>
> I believe I told you recently about Harry Selden, who was assigned to help Warren on that new project he's working on. He and his wife have been rather lonesome here in Detroit, so that we've practically adopted them during their stay. They are really fine people, but naturally we'd rather we were spending the evening with you. . . .
>
> Affectionately yours,
> JOAN ENTIN

Has Joan, disgusted with Sally's intrusive tone, quickly put out the welcome mat for the Seldens on the night of Sally's première, and dumped the Fairfaxes? And what are all these people doing in Detroit? When did they move there from Watertown? What a jaunt for the Baltimore cousins! Still, it's a day of jet planes.

THE do-it-yourself novelist must now leave Joan (Leo Henkin never refers to her again) and continue with the congenial chore of undangling Sally. She next shows up in a "Letter about Theater Party Benefit":

> DEAR GLEN,
>
> Here's an opportunity for you and Norma to spend a really enjoyable evening and to help an excellent cause at the same time. The Hospital Fund Committee is sponsoring a theater party on Thursday, March 12, at the Elgin Theatre, where you'll have an opportunity to see the new Theatre Guild play. Sally and I have bought a pair of tickets, and so too have the Jacksons, the Martins, the Walshes, and many, many others you know. Rumor has it that the play is bound to be a smashing success. After the show a number of us are going to the Mermaid Tavern for a little supper party.
>
> Doesn't that sound like the kind of evening in which you'd like to join?
>
> Tickets are at $2.40 and $3.00. Since there aren't many left, Glen, you'll have to let me know immediately whether to have a pair reserved for you. . . .
>
> Cordially,
> ED CRONIN

Ed *Cronin!* What's happened to Ed Fairfax, Leo? Has Sally left him for Cronin? What do the Baltimore cousins think of *that?* Oh, well, at least their

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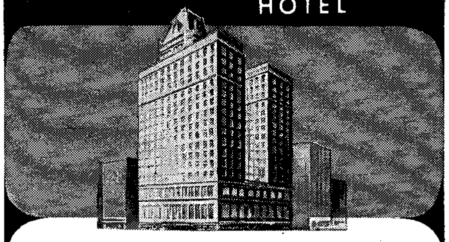
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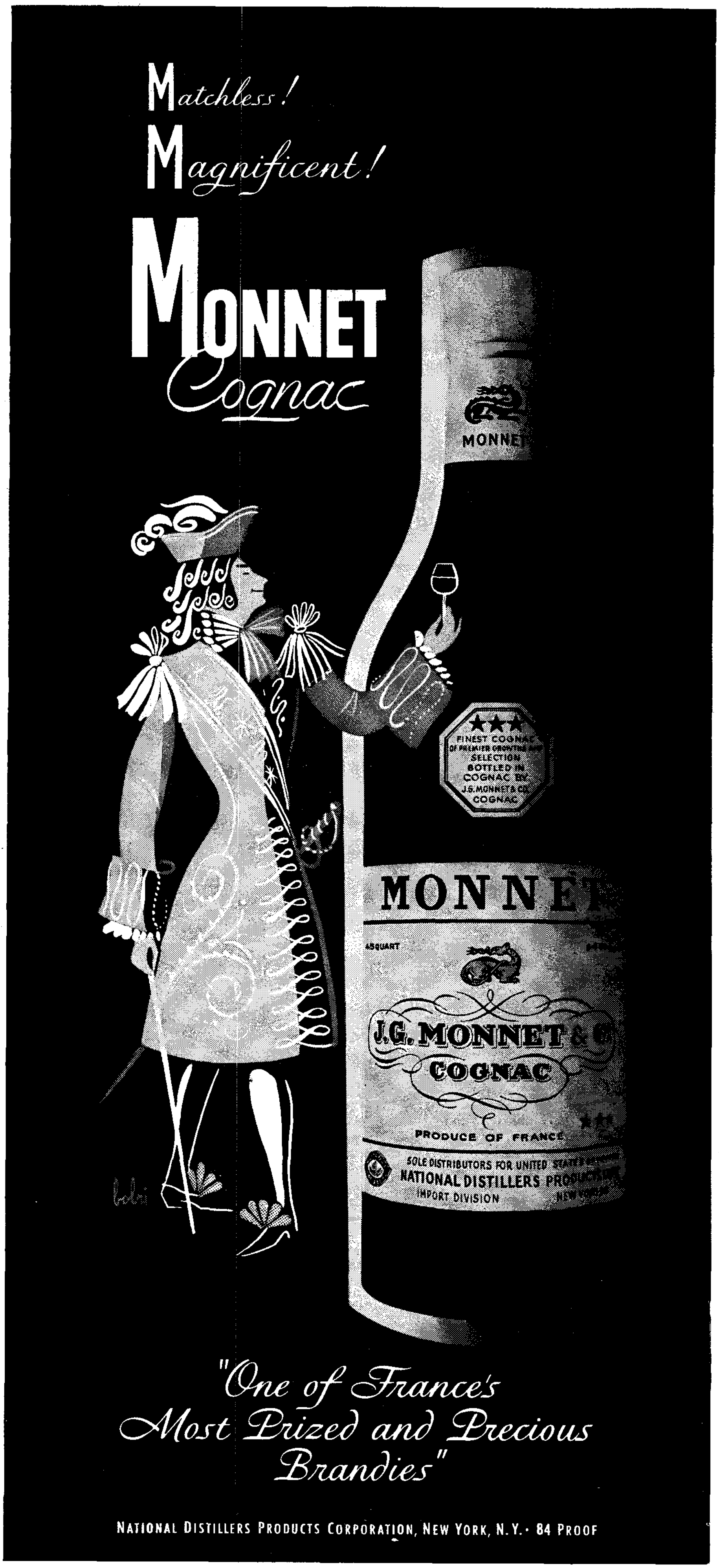
first names are the same, and that makes things easier at times. But Sally doesn't even stick to Ed. The final model letter in which she appears—one of several "Letters on Death of Husband or Wife"—reads as follows:

> DEAR RUSSELL,
> Words cannot express our shock and grief at the news of your great loss. But Sally and I want you to know how keenly we sympathize with you in your distress, and how much we would like to help.
>
> If there is anything, now or in the future, that we can do, please count on us as your friends to do it.
>
> With deepest sympathy,
> JOHN

Sally, after ditching the drama critic for Ed Fairfax, and Ed Fairfax for Ed Cronin, has left Ed Cronin for John! What a girl! What a shifting welcome mat she has!

I'M afraid Dr. Henkin is a bug for emotionally peripatetic women, but this only adds to the do-it-yourself novelist's fun and, I think, to the chances of his novel's success. Remember Moll Flanders? O.K. Let us now leave Sally and consider Harriet Kelson, another "New Standard Book of Model Letters for All Occasions" heroine who gets around a bit. Harriet is first mentioned in a "Letter to a Friend Abroad" from Harry to someone named Vincent. Harry is evidently a good deal less lonesome in New York than he was in Detroit.

> DEAR VINCENT [he writes]:
> While you've been journeying through Europe in pursuit of culture, Vincent, I've been rooted here in New York, practically hibernating. True, I've been to a few good shows, a concert or so, and a half-dozen movies, but that's hardly living in the grand manner as you are doing. . . .
>
> The first stirrings of spring have sent most of my neighbors and myself out to remove a winter's accumulation of debris and to look for the early signs of the season. Our crocuses are up, the pussy willow's just begun to send out its furry kittens, the lilac bushes are beginning to show leaf, and the privet to lose its wintry brown. . . .
>
> Margaret and I have been dusting off our social calendar now that the weather is turning. . . . All our old friends seem to have moved out to Long Island—a matter of a ten or twenty mile drive each way. The Randalls, the Clarks, the Shipleys, the Thorntons—everybody you and I know now lives out where golf courses and potato farms used to flourish. When you get back you'll be attending house-warming parties every week. Other things have changed, too, Vincent. Did you know that Ed and Harriet were married? They decided not to wait until June and dashed off to New Jersey on their own. And their families were planning on a big wedding, of course. . . .
>
> When shall we expect you back? We've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kept the welcome mat in moth balls in our cellar awaiting your return. I hope you give us a chance to bring it out soon, for Margaret and I are very eager to hear more of your European odyssey.

As ever,
HARRY

What an evocative piece of source material for a chapter on the atmosphere of the Empire City! The crocuses, the pussy willows, the lilac bushes, the privet hedges—where *are* Harry and Margaret living in New York, with all those plants around them? The old Andrew Carnegie house? Rockefeller Center? Max Schling's? No matter. Let us get on to Harriet (whose maiden name, we later learn, is Kelson). Her Ed isn't Ed Fairfax or Ed Cronin but, as subsequent letters make clear, Ed Randall. We get a look-see into Harriet's and his prenuptial life in a couple of flashback letters that turn up three or four pages after Harry's letter to Vincent:

MY DARLING!
Your letter was so beautiful, Ed, that it made my eyes all blurry to read it. . . . Darling, if a *letter* from you can stir me that way, I'd better not think of what you yourself could do. I'd better not think of it; it's an easy way to go mad.

You've been wonderful, darling—you've sent me a letter every day. I know I shouldn't expect you to keep that up, but it is a thrill to go out to the mailbox and find a letter there every time. Do you know, my subconscious hasn't gone back on me yet. It knows that I would not miss the first mail for anything, so it wakes me at 6:30 every morning to be sure.

Darling, I'm hoping to hear that you can come to Binghampton soon. . . . If only you were here, Ed darling, I wouldn't have to go searching for words to tell you how much I love you. . . .

With all my love,
HARRIET

HARRIET DARLING!
I'm rushing this letter to you by the very first mail just to tell you again that I love you. Of course I've told you that before, but perhaps you skipped over it the first time, or thought it was a slip of the pen, or assumed that I didn't really mean it. And I just can't risk having you doubt it for a moment, because it is the one thing in the world I'm sure about. So here it is again, darling, clear and bold; in black and white—I love you.

I remember when it was very difficult for me to say it to you. I don't think I even dared to say it to myself. And then came the night—that night under the tree—when I blurted it out, and since then I just can't say it often enough. One of these days I'm going to write you a letter with only three words on it—"I love you." But I'm going to repeat those three words over and over again, a thousand times!

I amuse myself by trying to guess what you are doing at some particular moment. Right now you're probably still sleeping,

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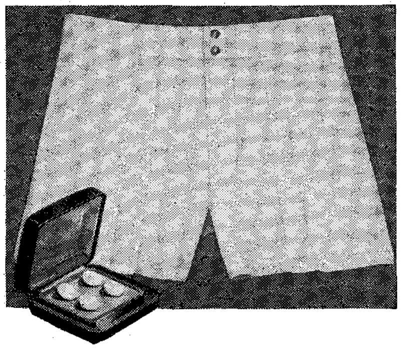

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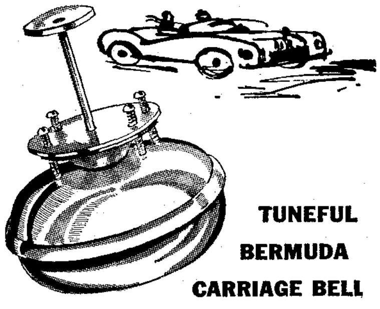

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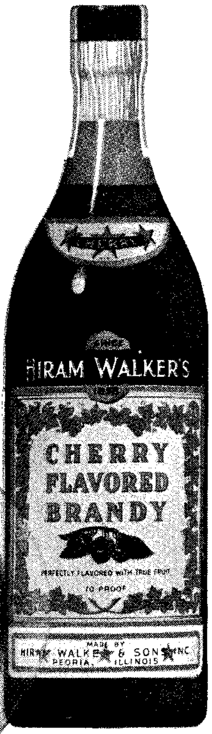
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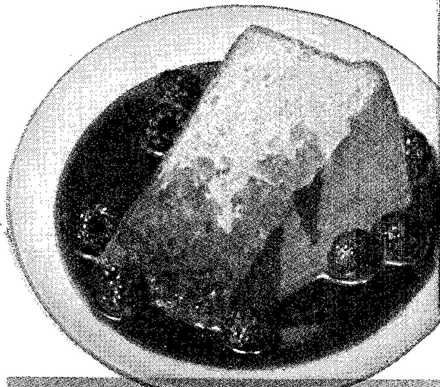

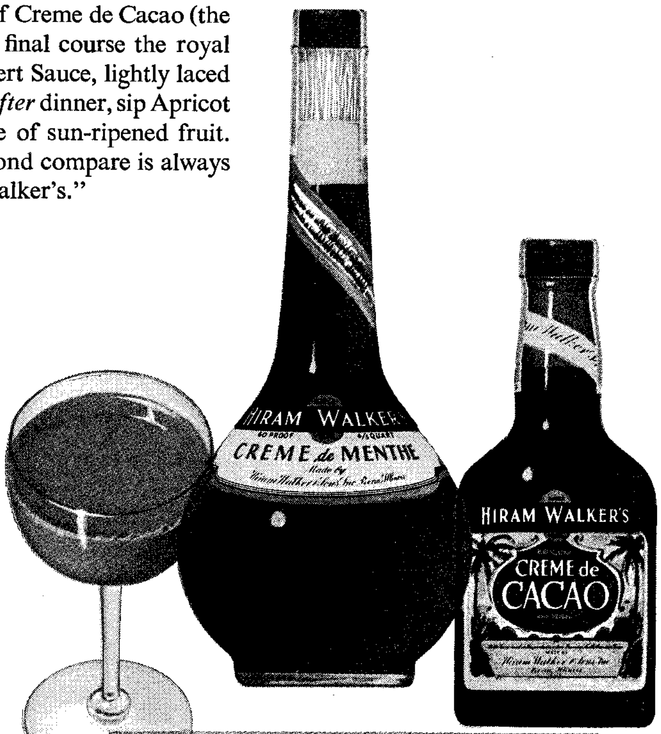
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⅓ sweet cream
Blend with ice, but do not shake.
Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

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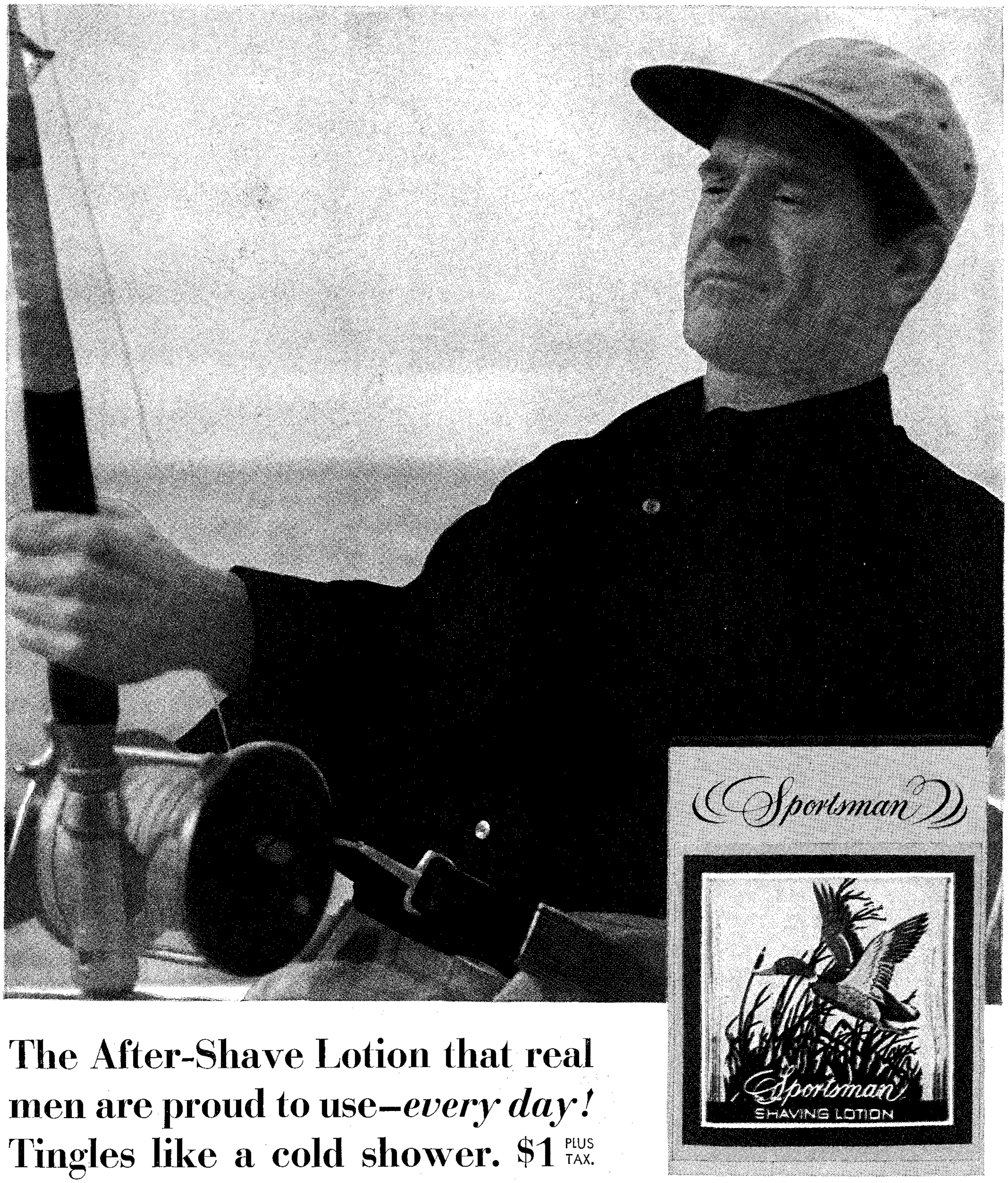
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for men of action

for it's only 6:30. I can just see you, your lips parted in a quiet smile, your head buried in the pillow as if it were my shoulder. It's a delicious thought. . . .

Lovingly,
ED

It's a delicious thought, all right, but it shows that Ed doesn't read Harriet's letters very carefully. Six-thirty is the time she wakes up and goes out to get the mail, and a pretty sight she must make at the mailbox in her nightie! The mailmen in Binghampton have a rough deal, delivering stuff that early, but one of them always has Harriet to look forward to. Ed sounds sort of fuzzy to me, sure of only one thing in the world (and of the one thing no one can be sure of), and planning to write a three-thousand-word black-and-white letter that takes the cake for monotony. What kind of a job does he have? Calligrapher? But I digress. Let's get on, in our study of Harriet, to her wedding invitation, which for some reason comes several pages *after* Harry's announcement of her elopement:

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kelson
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Harriet
to
Mr. Edward Randall
Friday, the twelfth of June
at three o'clock
at 1612 Asheville Highway
Hendersonville, North Carolina
R.S.V.P.

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Bridal Luncheon
in honor of her daughter
Harriet
on Saturday, February the twelfth
at half after twelve o'clock
at the Crest Room, Hotel Lee
Hendersonville, North Carolina
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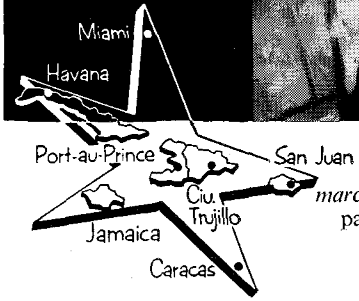
Quite a long interval—four months—between bridal luncheon and wedding ceremony? No! It was much *longer!* Saturday the twelfth of February and Friday the twelfth of June never occur in the same year. If the twelfth of February falls on a Saturday, the twelfth of June that year comes on a Sunday—unless it's a leap year, in which case it comes on a Monday. Between a twelfth-of-February Saturday and a twelfth-of-June Friday *four years* must elapse. What were Harriet and



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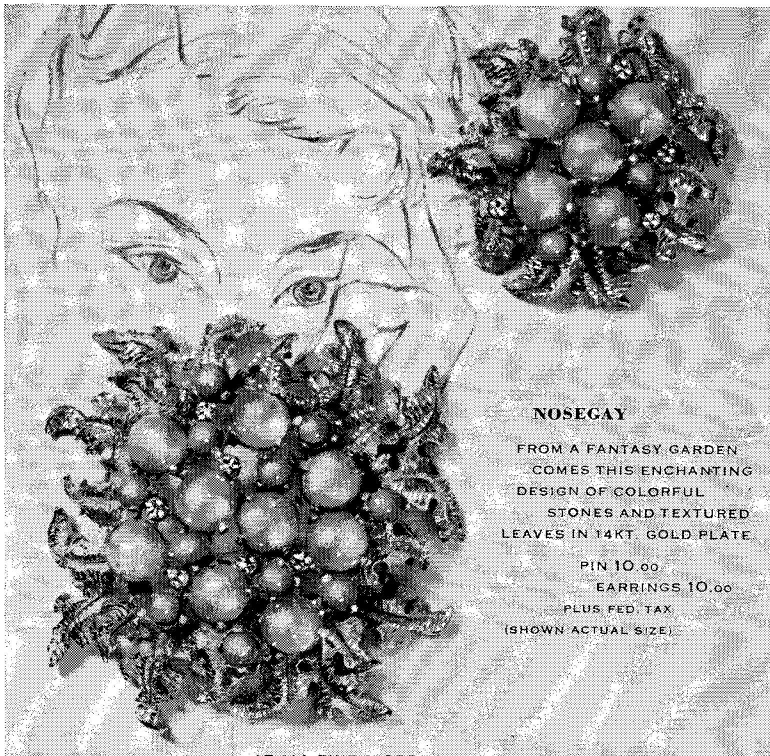

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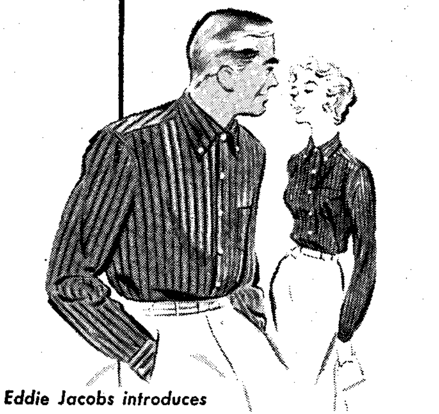

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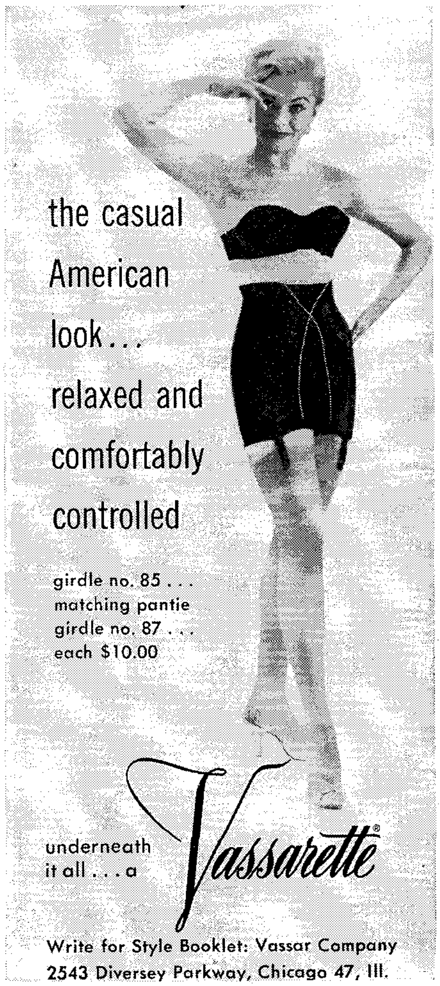
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Ed doing all that time? The four-year interval is in no wise nullified by their elopement, since it must have taken place after the wedding invitation for June 12th was sent out. And where were they all this time? Their love letters place Harriet in Binghampton. Harry's letter to Vincent indicates that they were in New York City and got married in New Jersey. The wedding and bridal-luncheon invitations put Harriet's home in North Carolina. Perhaps her parents have a winter place in the Carolinas, like Bernard Baruch's Hobcaw Barony, but what would they be doing there in June? Swatting black flies? The most likely explanation is that Harriet had a job in Binghampton, dashed to Hendersonville for the bridal luncheon, went back to her job, and, after a four-year wait, during which she received several mail sacks of "I love you"s from Ed but no mention of a wedding date, picked him up in New York and marched him off to a justice of the peace in Newark. It doesn't sound as though Ed were terribly sure of the one thing in the world he was sure of.

Well, I regret to state that his uncertainty seems justified by subsequent model communications. Under "Formal Engagement Announcement" we read:

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kelson
announce the engagement of their daughter
Harriet
to
Mr. Charles Wain
on the twelfth of June
one thousand and nine hundred and ——
in Hendersonville, North Carolina

And, on the next page:

Formal Announcement of Birth of a Child

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Randall
have the honor to announce
the birth of a daughter
Jane Marguerite
on Wednesday, March the tenth
Nineteen Hundred Fifty ——

Informal Announcement of Birth of a Child

It's a BOY Eight Pounds
Richard Wayne Randall
Born March tenth
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Randall

What has happened? Harriet is as bad as Sally! After dragging Ed to the altar, or at any rate to the justice's office, she has divorced him to marry Charles, a Binghampton mailman! Ed has consoled himself with a girl he met under a tree in Central Park, and has had twins—sixteen pounds in all.

This is terrible, but worse is to come. Look at these subsequent model communications, which Dr. Henkin has

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placed in a row—indicating, presumably, a chronological sequence of events:

DEAR HARRIET,
I can't say that the news of your engagement to Ed Springer came as a complete surprise to me, but I can say that it was welcome news. If ever two people were meant for each other, it was you two, Harriet, and I have been hoping for some time that you people would be able to make it official.

How happy you must be. Ed's a swell chap—about as nice in his way as you, darling, are in yours—and that's high praise. Please give him my congratulations. As for yourself, you know I wish you all the luck and happiness life can offer.

Affectionately,
GLADYS

DEAR HARRIET,
Mother has just read to me the announcement of your engagement to Edward Springer reported in the *Herald-Tribune.*

We are delighted to hear the wonderful news and want to wish you both all the happiness in the world.

Sincerely,
CYNTHIA HALLER

DEAR ED AND HARRIET,
We were delighted beyond measure to learn of your marriage last week in New Haven. May you have nothing but joy and happiness in your life together.

When you visit Boston again, we should be pleased to have you visit us, so that we may tell you in person what satisfaction your marriage has given us.

Affectionately,
BERNARD AND FANNY

DEAR ED,
Congratulations!

It's great news to hear that you have finally joined the ranks of the benedicts. I had just about begun to assume that you would be a confirmed bachelor for the rest of your natural life when the announcement reached me. She must be a wonderful girl to have made you change your mind. But then again, you're not such a bad fellow yourself. I guess it was a case of mutual admiration leading to mutual love.

I'm sorry I couldn't get to Syracuse for the wedding, but, as you know, mother has been quite ill and I thought it best to stay near her. . . .

As ever,
JOHN

Ed *Springer!* Harriet is *worse* than Sally! After divorcing Ed Randall to marry Charles, she has ditched Charles for Ed Springer! Apparently, this third marriage wasn't considered legal in New Haven, a decent college town, so she went through it again in Syracuse, where Springer practically *owns* the city fathers. . . .

No! That can't be right! I think all the Eds must be one and the same person. Ed Randall, after Harriet divorced him to marry Charles, changed his name to Fairfax, met Sally under a tree, married her, got into Baltimore society,

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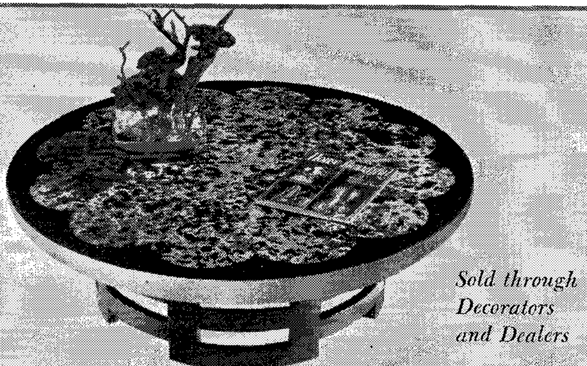
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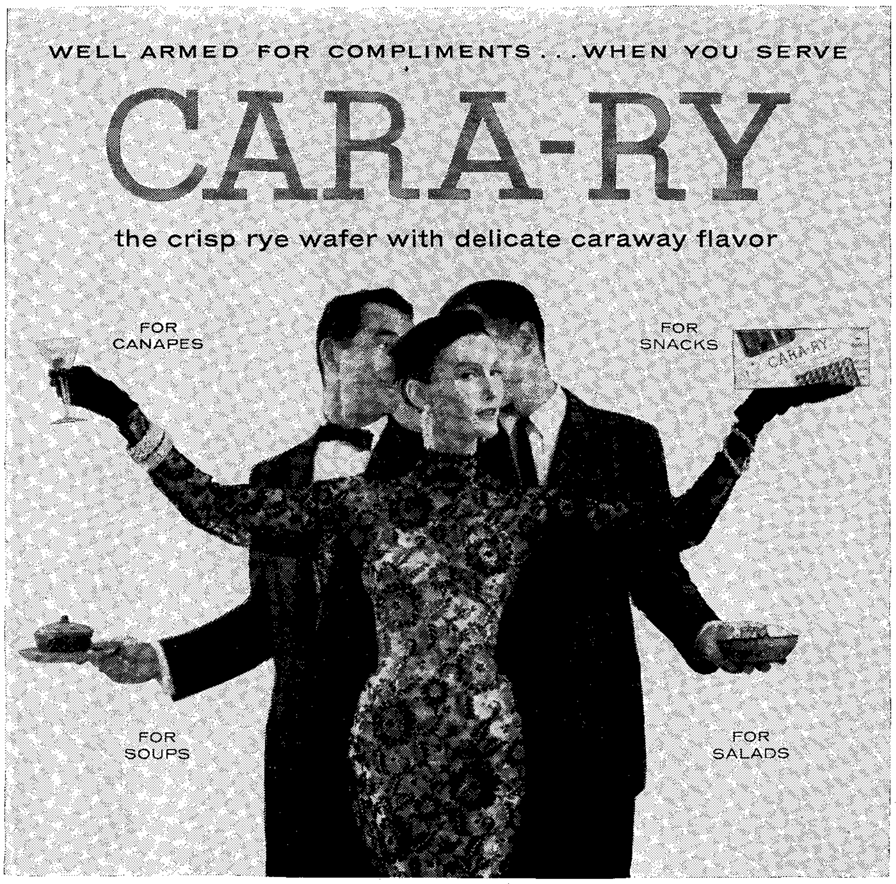

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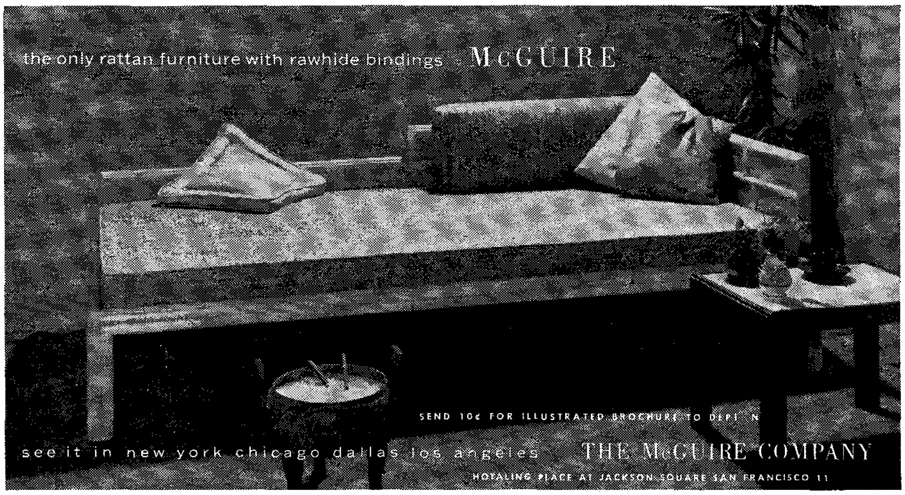

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moved to Detroit, changed his name to Cronin, got into Detroit society, lost Sally to John, picked up Norma in the Mermaid Tavern, took her out under a tree and got her away from Christopher Marlowe, changed his name back to Randall, married Norma, and had twins. He then divorced Norma, lost custody of the twins, changed his name to Springer, got Harriet under a tree once more while Charles was out delivering the mail, sprang at her, persuaded her to leave Charles, and remarried her. Under the circumstances, John's letter of congratulations to the man whom he deprived of his second wife (Sally) is presumptuous. His characterization of Ed—a man who married three different women in five ceremonies in Newark, Central City, Detroit, New Haven, and Syracuse—as a confirmed bachelor is misplaced and in poor taste. But apparently Sally has left John (for Leo Henkin?) and John has gone back to his mother, so we must make allowances for him. No wonder John's mother is ill. She is afraid he is going to marry Norma and have to support the twins, who were probably really sired by Charles Wain. Why else did Norma give her son the middle name "Wayne"? A transparent device! The senior Kelsons are in a nursing home.

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—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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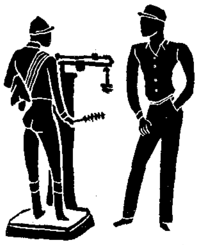
THE RACE TRACK

Bowie Again



ESCAPE to the paradisiacal places in the South still has its attractions, but last week I settled for a trip to Bowie and the opening of the Maryland season—something I haven't missed in years. Bowie has come a long way since the days when I went buckety-buckety out to Prince George's Park (the original name for it) in a wooden trolley car and trudged up the hill to the cold and forbidding concrete stand. It used to be fashionable to sneer a little at Bowie—and some of my best friends did—but things have changed. Don Lillis and his associates, who run the place, have done such a fine job of renovating the plant and adding amenities during the past three years that Bowie compares favorably with almost any track you could name. Their newest innovation is the Terrace Room, a clubhouse dining room that has three terraced levels and juts out so close to the racecourse you'd be willing to bet that the horses galloping around the first turn would splash mud on its glass-enclosed front. Not only is the decorative effect brisk and handsome but Joe Stevens, of the celebrated Stevens clan that does the catering for all the major tracks, including Bowie, says that the whole setup is the best arranged he has seen anywhere. What's more, in the rear of the dining room there is a cocktail lounge on a balcony above the betting ring, hardly more than a dozen steps from the ticket-sellers' windows. As for the old dining room on the first floor, that has been turned into a lounge—it's called the Pine Room—where horseplayers can ponder past performances in comfort.

While the racing was hugely entertaining, it would be unwarranted to say that it was any better than you usually see the first week at Bowie. To add to the gaiety, there was a spate of beaten favorites—six the first day, six the second, and seven the third. (Hartack, the latest wonder jockey, didn't do too well, either; in three days, he rode only four winners.) Oh, well, that sort of thing invariably happens when fagged-out horses from the winter tracks meet fresh, fat ones from winter quarters. For example, Informant, who hadn't been out since early last summer, won the Burch Memorial Handicap last Thursday in a driving finish with War Age, who had been a winner in Florida, and Golden Admiral, who had done well in New Orleans. Easily the most popular victory was that of Dark Charger in the Miss Maryland Stakes on Saturday; after all, she was the only favorite to win that afternoon. She gave big weight and a beating to half a dozen other three-year-old fillies, and 25,917 people—the largest crowd that has ever watched a day's racing at Bowie—were on hand to see it. I suppose there won't be elbowroom when the better horses come out for the richer purses later in the meeting.

WELL, Bobby Brocato did it again. Now a lot of critics, including me, who said that he was only a sprinter and that his success in the Santa Anita Handicap was a fluke are revising their opinions, for he led from the beginning to the end of the San Juan Capistrano Handicap over the mile-and-three-quarters turf course at Santa Anita last weekend. Only one other racer has ever brought off that double—Noor, in 1950. This naturally makes Bobby Brocato top of the heap with the Californians. Still, I can't help remembering that neither Manotick, who was second, nor Honeys Alibi, who was third, has won this year, and that Social Outcast, who was fourth, was running over a track he didn't like. Be that as it may, Bobby Brocato has taken four stakes and $211,125 in prize money at the meeting, and that is nice going. By the way, in case you haven't heard, the horse was named after one of the sons of James Brocato, a New Orleans restaurateur who is better known as Diamond Jim Moran and has gone Diamond Jim Brady several better by wearing diamond rings on all his fingers, diamond-tipped shoelaces, diamond-encircled sunglasses, diamond-studded buttons on his coat and waistcoat, diamond-strewn ermine neckties, and a scattering of large diamonds set in his front teeth.

THE big event this weekend will, of course, be the Gulfstream Handicap in Florida, in which Nashua will go for another hundred-thousand-dollar purse. My guess is that he'll win it, too, although the wiseacres fancy Jet Action. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if it were Nashua's last race. His owners probably don't want to take any more chances on having him beaten.

—Audax Minor

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Night of Stravinsky

IN the confusing area of contemporary musical aesthetics, it is useful, I think, to distinguish between two entirely different types of music, one of which might be termed the communicative and the other, for want of a better word, the decorative. In the first type, the various ingredients of musical structure—notes, phrases, chords, instrumental coloring, and so on—form part of an extensively understood and fairly traditional language, and are used to evoke ideas and emotions in a way somewhat analogous to that by which words evoke them in the art of writing. In the second type, these ingredients are used as objects in themselves, and make their appeal not through any commonly understood meaning but purely through their sensual effect on the ear. So great is the disparity between the composer's approach to these two types of music that they seem to constitute two quite distinct arts—the former seeking to convey to the listener the emotional content that lies behind the actual sound, and the latter seeking to fascinate or startle him through the more or less ingenious manipulation of the sound itself. The communicative approach is the more widely accepted, being found in virtually all the religious, symphonic, operatic, and other masterpieces of the past, as well as in all folk music and all contemporary popular music. The decorative approach, though discernible in the work of such earlier composers as Berlioz and Debussy, is largely a phenomenon of the present day, and has been used by countless modern composers, often with results that have been at least momentarily arresting.

Of all today's decorative composers, Igor Stravinsky has proved the most resourceful and the most consistently interesting. He is, like other composers of the type, primarily a creator of sound effects. But his sound effects have been produced with such wizardry and such an unfailing flow of invention that they have continued to astound audiences for more than a generation. One finds him at his best as a composer of ballet scores, and this is hardly surprising, for the ballet, with its frequent emphasis on light, bizarre, and exotic theatrical effects, offers great scope to the writer of decorative music. Here Stravinsky is an unequalled master of artifice and a musical scenic designer of wit and originality. In the concert hall, he is, I feel, less satisfying, mainly because the decorative approach is extremely limited in its capacity to move an audience.

I was reminded of these things in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening of last week when Leonard Bernstein, the Symphony of the Air, and various soloists undertook the performance of three of Stravinsky's finest scores. The first of them was the opera-oratorio "Oedipus Rex," written in 1927 for a libretto by Jean Cocteau and first performed here under Leopold Stokowski in 1931; the second was the "Capriccio" for piano and orchestra; and the third was the now very familiar "Firebird" suite, an unquestioned masterpiece of its genre. I had not heard "Oedipus" since the American première by Stokowski, and I remembered it as an imposing composition, somewhat dour and ascetic in character but full of theatrical thunder and loud declamation. When I reheard it, I must confess that it struck me as slightly dated. The Stravinskian fireworks were still there, but they were not sufficient to sustain any real grip on my emotions, and the whole hour-long production had something of the atmosphere of a prosy essay on archeology, suggesting the parched grandeur, and the bloodlessness, of an ancient sarcophagus. Here and there, as in the narration by Jocasta at the beginning of the second act, there was an inhibited approach to a kind of lyricism that recalled the style of Gustav Mahler, but even such moments were rare, and as a whole the work seemed noisy, pompous, and devoid of life. I much preferred the "Capriccio," which is unpretentious, brilliant, and frankly superficial in its aims, and which offered the pianist Jesús María Sanromá an opportunity for an impressive pyrotechnical display. Mr. Bernstein conducted throughout the evening with vigor and dramatic fire, proving himself as eloquent a Stravinsky interpreter as I have ever heard. The soloists in "Oedipus"—Conchita Gaston, David Lloyd, Lee Cass, George Gaynes, and William Horne—coped bravely with their declamatory roles, and though I should hesitate to refer to their activities as singing, they did manage to squeeze a certain amount of grim melodrama out of the lines allotted to them.

AT Thursday evening's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, Bruno Walter continued the current festivities in honor of Mozart with a program dominated by the composer's great Requiem in D Minor. This magnificent work was preceded by the early Symphony No. 25 in G Minor (K. 183) and the "Et Incarnatus Est" from the C-Minor Mass (K. 427), in which Irmgard Seefried sang the vocal solo. With all deference to the majesty and beauty of the Requiem, which is surely one of the Master's greatest compositions, the high point of the evening for me was Miss Seefried's scrupulous and well-phrased singing. Mr. Walter, though he conducted the Requiem in his usual spirit of dedication, and occasionally drew an agreeably warm tone from the orchestra, did not, to my mind, succeed in making the work the exciting and awe-inspiring experience it should have been, and neither the Westminster Choir nor the soloists, with the exception of Miss Seefried, seemed moved to the state of artistic enthusiasm that the work demands. As for the G-Minor Symphony, it struck me as a thing of merely documentary interest, demonstrating that at the age of seventeen even the great Mozart was capable of some rather platitudinous writing.

ON the preceding Tuesday evening, I dropped in at the City Center to see the New York City Ballet's production of a new item by Jerome Robbins, entitled "The Concert." Whether this novel presentation is a ballet or a succession of vaudeville skits I am not quite certain, but I can say that I found it, on the whole, one of the most hilarious concoctions of its sort that have recently come to my attention. It depicts the dream world into which a number of rather comic people are thrown on listening to a program of music by Chopin, and this dream world eventually reaches such fantastic proportions—including a battle between angry butterflies and a sequence in which umbrellas become an integral part of the choreography—that it verges on complete lunacy. In the middle of these proceedings, there is a series of blackout scenes that I found less than funny, and that might well be eliminated in the interests of incisiveness. But I left the City Center with the impression that Mr. Robbins had created a hit.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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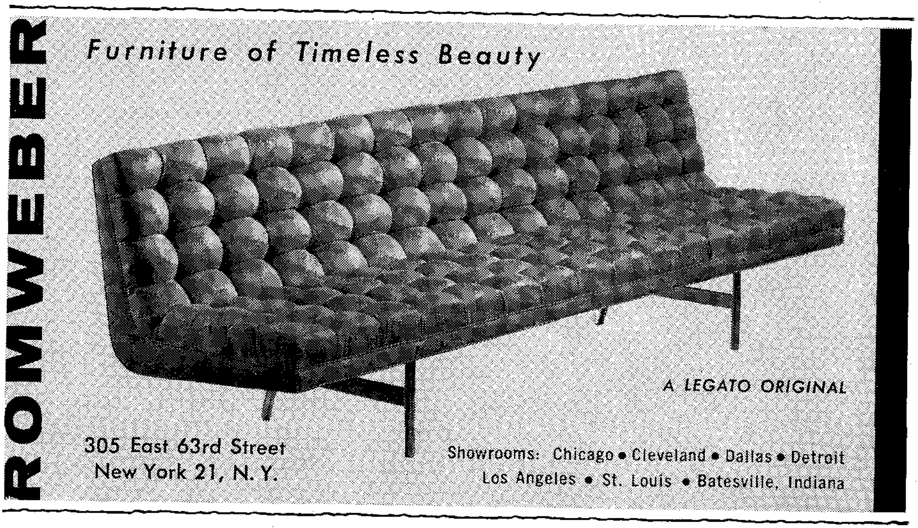
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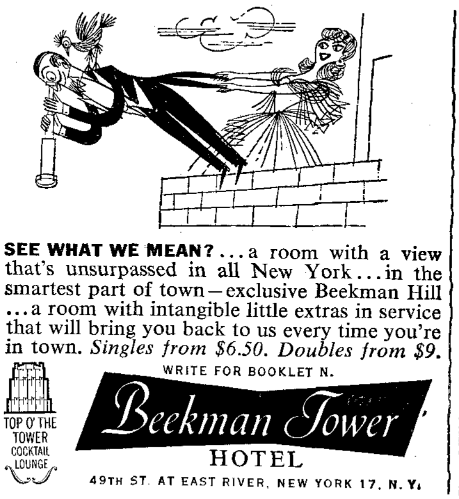
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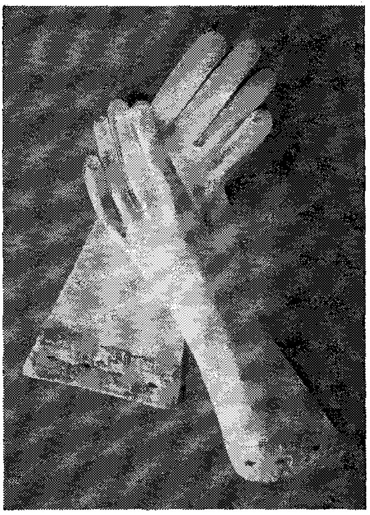

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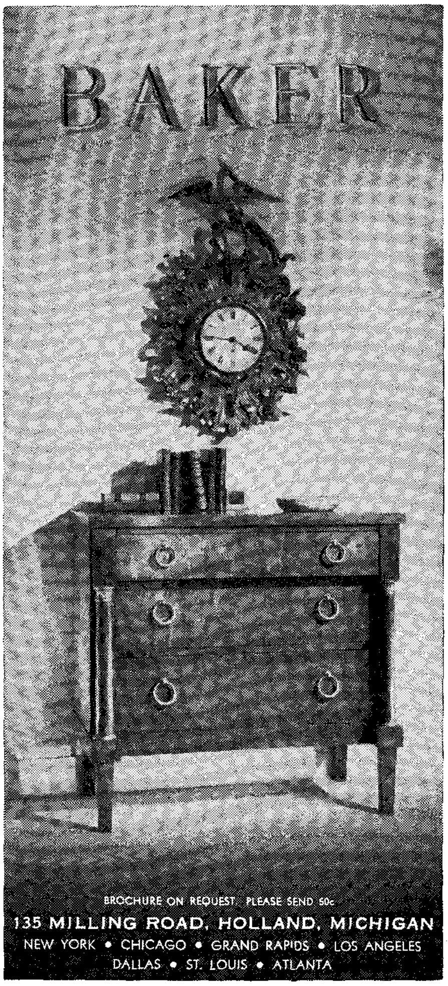

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whole thing is devoted to a particular singer, instrumentalist, or group, and this sort of largess grows wearisome. There does seem to be a way out, though, and I wish the record-makers would give it a little more consideration. As an example of what I mean, take a new long-playing record entitled "Piano Interpretations" (Norgran). Here, in a notable demonstration of modern-jazz techniques, are three performances apiece by Art Tatum, Bud Powell, Oscar Peterson, and Teddy Wilson. (Four of them—Wilson's "Tea for Two" and "Oh, Lady Be Good," and Powell's version of "Tea for Two" and "Hallelujah!"—have been released before; the others are new.) It's a darned good concert; the artists are all distinguished, and no one of them is allowed to wear out his welcome. Only Tatum is unaccompanied—the rest are supported, variously, by guitar and bass, bass and drums, and drums alone—and it occurred to me as I listened to the set that although the piano is the only true solo instrument among our standard concert instruments, it is the exception, rather than the rule, to find it unaccompanied in modern jazz. Having made this fairly obvious observation, I decided that the principal reason for the phenomenon is that in almost all modern jazz the emphasis is on the treble register of the piano, which readily lends itself to flashy playing; it's as a substitute for the piano's bass register that other instruments are needed. Then, too, the establishment of a beat by, say, a bassist and a drummer allows the pianist greater freedom. Since the timbres of the different instruments blend agreeably, the device is not at all unattractive, but it represents to some extent a corruption of the pianist's art, and there is much to be said for a fully rounded artist like Tatum, in whose performances most of the possibilities of the piano are realized. On this record, for instance, I think his three numbers—"Can't We Be Friends?," "The Man I Love" (a few "Porgy and Bess" tunes are neatly interpolated here), and "Stompin' at the Savoy"—are the most absorbing.

There is a great deal to be said for the others, too, of course. Powell's brilliant, driving technique is stunningly applied to "Tea for Two" and "Hallelujah!," and he also contributes a highly original treatment of "Willow Weep for Me," in which he seems to nag the melody along. Peterson gives sensitive expression to "Body and Soul" and "I Cover the Waterfront," and in the final number on the record, "The Sec-

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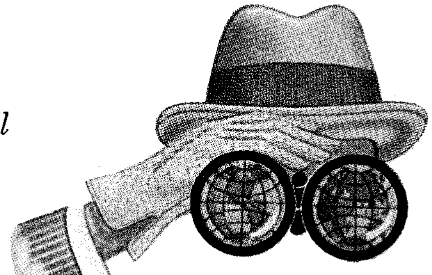

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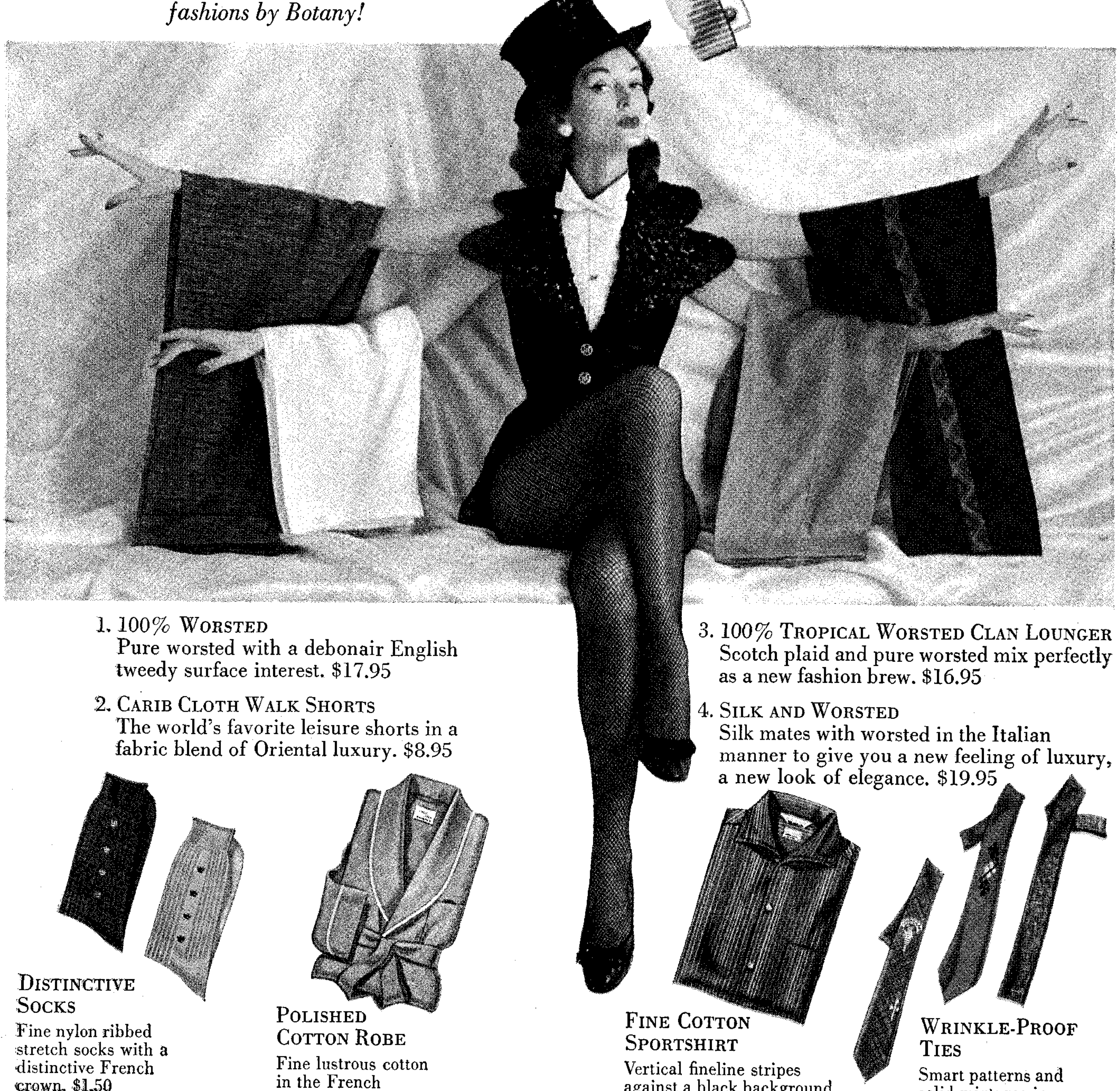

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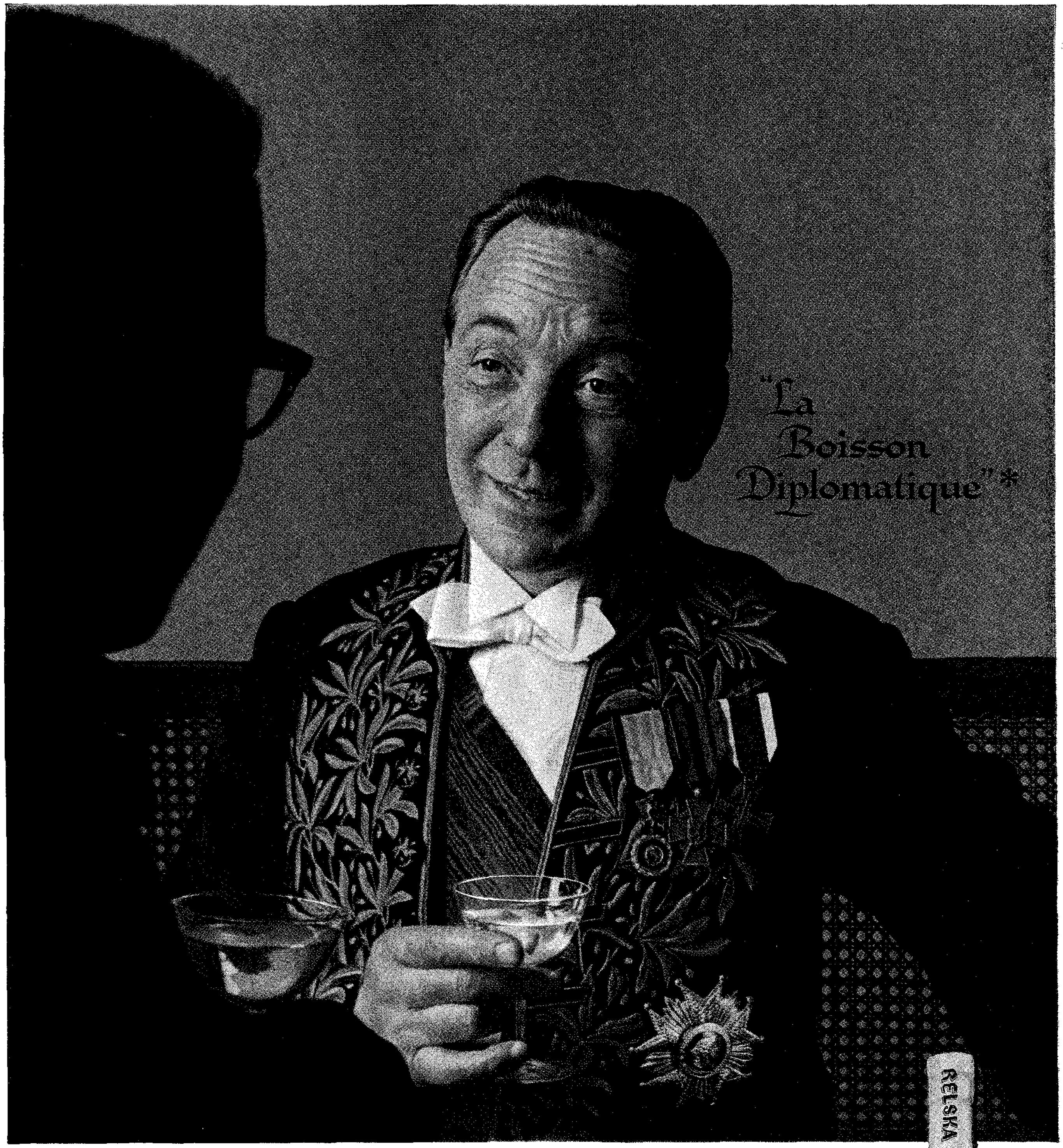

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ond Astaire Blues," which is a fleet creation of his own, he is marvellously inventive. Wilson is impeccable, as always, in his lightly conceived interpretations, which, in addition to the two I've mentioned, include "Everything Happens to Me."

TWO other jazz pianists have turned up lately on interesting releases. One, Enrique Villegas, makes his North American début on a Columbia record. His is a cautionary tale. An Argentine concert pianist who, according to the album notes, specialized in Brahms, Schumann, and Bartók, the poor fellow became a hopeless jazz addict in the year 1933, when he was exposed to a Duke Ellington record entitled "Rude Interlude." I would guess that things have never been quite the same with Villegas since the year he took the fall, but he has survived, and here, twenty-three years later, we find him a polished and individual jazz artist in whose work plangent chords, an arresting staccato, and a fine sense of dynamics are prominent. While his approach to jazz is largely intellectual, his efforts are fluent and expressive, and he has first-rate support in Milt Hinton, on bass, and Cozy Cole, on drums. With the exception of a Chopin prelude, the nine works he plays are popular American standards; his treatments of "Yesterdays," "What Is This Thing Called Love?," "Where or When," and "Embraceable You" are particularly fascinating.

The second pianist, Joe Sullivan, offers good, solid performances of some old jazz pieces, some standard popular songs, and several original works cast in familiar jazz forms. These renditions, just released, were recorded in San Francisco in 1953, by Riverside, and demonstrate that the pianist, a member of one of the early Bob Crosby bands, is an outstanding jazz traditionalist.

"JACKIE AND ROY," put out by Storyville, is a refreshing set in which you will find Miss Jackie Cain and Roy Kral doing a great deal of spirited and engaging two-part jazz singing. There are also a couple of sensitive solos by Miss Cain and some stimulating playing by a quartet in which Kral is the pianist, Barney Kessel the guitarist, Shelly Manne the drummer, and Red Mitchell the bassist. Miss Cain and Mr. Kral are a supper-club team these days (when I first ran across them, some ten years ago, she was the vocalist and he was the pianist in a small jazz unit headed by Charlie Ventura), and it seems to me

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that essentially they are vaudevillians with a new slant on the familiar boy-and-girl singing act. In the first place, the majority of the songs they offer are unhackneyed, and, in the second place, their manner of presenting them is unusual. I suppose you might say that they use their voices the way jazz instruments are used. Indeed, in two of their pieces, "Bill's Bit" and "Tiny Told Me," the two-part vocal line is simply a boppish vocalise, skipping along above a four-part rhythm section. On the other hand, Miss Cain, whose voice is slight but pure, can sing ballads to fine effect, and the three she presents are worth hearing. I guess her best contribution, though, is her delicate intoning, to Kral's piano accompaniment, of that pleasantly disturbing work "It's a Lazy Afternoon." My reservations about the pair are few, and perhaps niggling: I don't care for their occasional habit of altering lyrics, and I take little enjoyment in yet another wild chase with "Lover."

NOW for some records I'd like to talk about briefly:

BENNY GOODMAN—Practically all the old Goodman stuff has been pouring out of the Columbia and Victor vaults in fresh packages, but here is a new Goodman recording. It was made last summer by a group the leader assembled here for a recording date (not the band appearing with him now), and Harry James, Lionel Hampton, and Mel Powell can be heard from time to time. While the full-band selections are moderately entertaining, the high spots of the record, as of many other Goodman records, are the chamber-jazz episodes. Here, Goodman, Hampton, and Powell, accompanied by bass and drums, turn up with delightful versions of "Avalon," "Memories of You," "Moonglow," and "China Boy." *(Capitol)*

THE GIRL I LEFT HOME FOR—Gwen Verdon, with orchestra. An expert dancer and comedienne, Miss Verdon is, I fear, a girl who should be seen while she is being heard. Nevertheless, some of her peculiar charm manages to assert itself in the course of this song recital, and I found her encounter with an old Rodgers and Hart piece, "Why Can't I?," particularly appealing. *(Victor)*

IT'S LOVE—Lena Horne, with orchestra. Like Miss Verdon, Miss Horne has always been, for my money, a girl who should be both seen and heard. I must say, though, that she has been making some of her best records lately, and the title song of this one, as well as "It's All Right with Me," both of which were issued on singles last year, are excellent. *(Victor)* —D. W.

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FICTION

Mano Majra, by Khushwant Singh (Grove). A painful and memorable story of the massacres that followed the partition of India. The time is the summer of 1947, and the inhabitants of Mano Majra, a tiny Sikh village just on the Indian side of the new frontier, are almost unaware that a migration of ten million people is taking place—Hindus and Sikhs fleeing Pakistan, and Moslems desperately trying to reach refuge there. One day, a train from Pakistan loaded with the corpses of refugees who have been ambushed and murdered stops in the village. The Moslems and Sikhs of Mano Majra are all old friends, but shortly after the arrival of the "ghost" train, the Moslems, who constitute the tenant half of the village population, receive a police order to pack what they can carry and go to a distant departure area, where they will board a train for Pakistan. As the train approaches Mano Majra, with the Moslems from the village aboard, an ambush is threatened and the story reaches its climax in one man's ferocious and final act of heroism. It is putting it mildly to say that Mr. Singh has written an important novel.

Some Inner Fury, by Kamala Markandaya (John Day). Miss Markandaya examines the tragedy of an upper-class Hindu girl and a young Englishman who are in love but cannot disown their personal and political loyalties sufficiently to find happiness together. Mira, the girl, and Richard, her lover, are caught in the whirlpool of India's struggle for independence, and the author uses their story to show, among other things, how Indian women have emerged into public life and how a well-to-do young Hindu—Mira's foster brother—could develop into a nationalist and then into a terrorist. Miss Markandaya says what she has to say clearly and economically, but the melancholy of her tone has a cultivated sound that detracts a good deal from the impact of her novel.

The Acceptance World, by Anthony Powell (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Although the publishers make no mention of the rather pertinent point, this is the third section of a long British novel called "The Music of Time," which is being brought out in parts. In the first two parts, set in the late twenties and early thirties—"A Question of Upbringing" and "A Buyers' Market" (neither of them published in this country)—Mr. Powell established characters, scrutinized their social backgrounds, their schools, and their colleges, and launched them on their careers. "The Acceptance World" describes the first crises in their personal, political, and business lives, the theme of this section of the novel being the effect of adult experience on not quite mature people. A good many of the situations are very nearly incomprehensible without a knowledge of what went on in the two earlier volumes, and there are indications that several other situations that don't make very good sense in relation to what goes on here are included by way of preparation for things to come. The effect of all this on a reader who takes the present volume, as the publishers seem to want him to, as a novel intended to stand on its own is to make Mr. Powell seem sometimes merely incompetent and sometimes excessively portentous about trifles. Such an impression is to be regretted, because Mr. Powell is, in a deceptively mild and gentle way, writing what begins to look like a very tough-minded analysis of his generation of English men and women of the governing class. There is a great deal of pleasantly relaxed farce along with the serious matter, which may make some people take the book as comedy and forget Mr. Powell's more ambitious intent. Perhaps this is the best approach until there is more of "The Music of Time" to consider.

Jean Santeuil, by Marcel Proust (Simon & Schuster). This novel was pieced together out of some seventy notebooks discovered in Proust's study after his death. As a novel, it is unsatisfactory. As reading, it is always interesting and often superb. For students and devotees of Proust, it is of immense interest, because it shows the genesis, and

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something of the growth, of his great later work. The job of assembling this novel was done by Bernard de Fallois, and there is an introductory preface, or discussion, by André Maurois. The translation is by Gerard Hopkins.

THE MALEFACTORS, by Caroline Gordon (Harcourt, Brace). This tedious novel describes a period of crisis in the life of Tom Claiborne, a middle-aged poet who, when we first meet him, is living from day to day in a lethargy where imagination is crippled, emotion is stagnant, hope is absent, and only heartache remains active. The scene opens on a luxurious Pennsylvania farm owned by Tom's rich wife, Vera, a gentle woman who breeds bulls for a hobby. On the afternoon of Vera's big party for her prize bull, Best Man, two women who shared the Claibornes' earlier years in Europe arrive. One is Catherine Pollard, whom the Claibornes remember as a vivacious, wild beauty but who is now monolithically nunnish; they presume the change has been brought about by her conversion to Catholicism, which has led her to devote her time to meditative prayer and the performance of good works on the Bowery. The other familiar but long-lost face belongs to Cynthia Vail, a cousin of Vera's, who has been transformed from an almost invisible girl into an aggressive intellectual poetess. Cynthia steals Tom away from Vera, who confronts the pair, rather crudely, in Catherine's Village apartment. Tom, who has no money of his own, becomes editor of a new literary magazine that is to be put out by a New York publishing empire, and proceeds to live with Cynthia in a regal apartment lent him by some friends while he waits for his divorce. Cynthia, however, faces him with a good many problems, so he resolves to go searching for Vera, and he finds her on a broken-down farm not far from New York City. The farm, a community enterprise, is under the direction of a red-faced Irish alcoholic, reformed, who is said to be a priest. Vera, who has brought Best Man along, takes care of the hogs. After seeing her in this dismal environment, Tom has a revelatory dream and decides what he must do. Miss Gordon's tone is earnest and provokes echoes that sound as though they ought to be significant, but there is always the possibility that she in-

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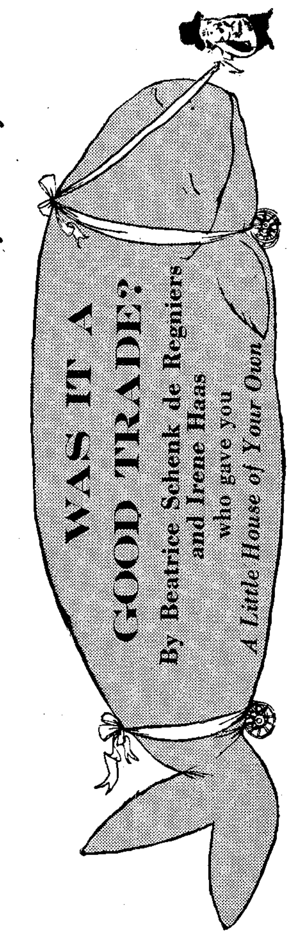
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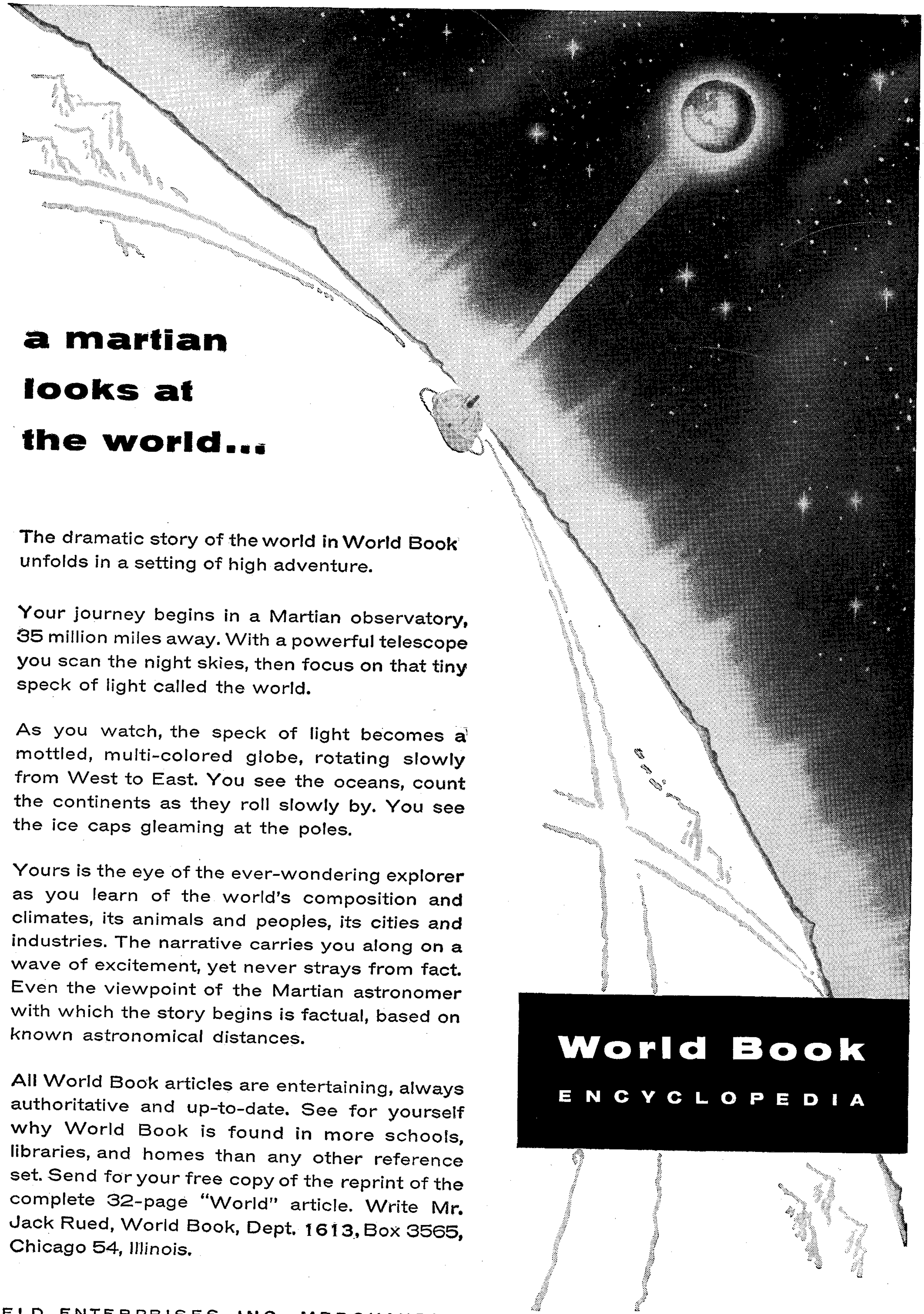

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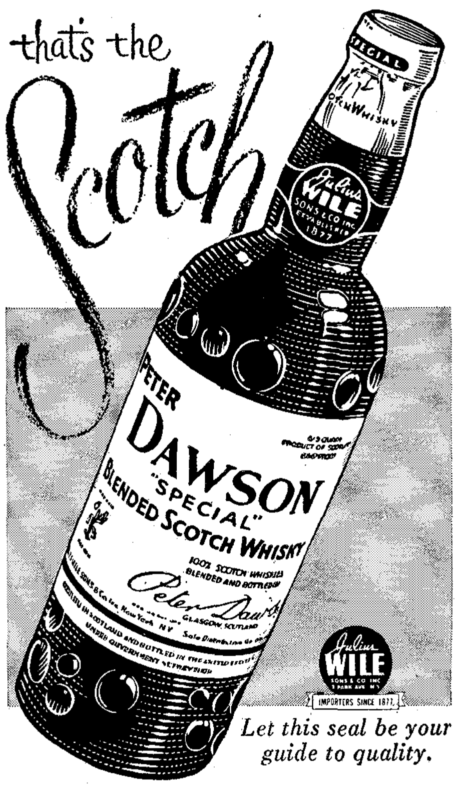

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tended her work to be taken as a satire.

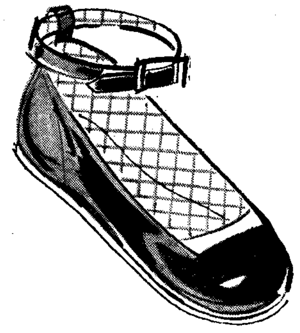
NOTE: Doubleday has published "The Presence of Grace," a volume of nine short stories by J. F. Powers. Four of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

WHAT I THINK, by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper). A selection of over thirty of the political and nonpolitical speeches, commencement addresses, magazine pieces, and so on that Mr. Stevenson has written since 1952 on such subjects as medicine, farming, big business, government, the right to individuality (this, if anything, is the unifying theme of the book), conservation, education, Congress, the modern wife, labor, and foreign policy. What is immediately apparent here is how well most of this basically ephemeral material stands up in book form. Mr. Stevenson is, of course, a gifted and educated writer, who can bounce quotations from Matthew Arnold or Learned Hand off the skull of the reader as lightly as if they were ping-pong balls. In addition, by unabashedly putting down phrases like "a world in which peace is a prayer" and (to a group of Princeton seniors) "now in the serenity and quiet of this lovely place, touch the depths of truth, feel the hem of Heaven," he revives—stripped of its customary palpitations—a style of near-poetic platform rhetoric that disappeared with the tidy and the cracker barrel.

THE SECRET OF DEMOCRACY, by Suzanne Labin (Vanguard). The secret, says Mme. Labin, a French political writer who is here apparently carrying on an argument with her Communist and Poujadist compatriots, is that democracy is infinitely stronger and better than any variety of totalitarianism. She somewhat spoils her good case by exaggeration ("If given the choice, scarcely one of the supposedly sovereign workers of the U.S.S.R. would hesitate to exchange his lot for that of a victim of American race prejudice"), and although the jacket describes her as the French Barbara Ward, she seems rather more like a French Dorothy Thompson. Translated by Otto E. Albrecht.

I AM A MATHEMATICIAN, by Norbert Wiener (Doubleday). A continuation of "Ex-Prodigy," the story of the author's early years as a forced intellectual plant. The present vol-



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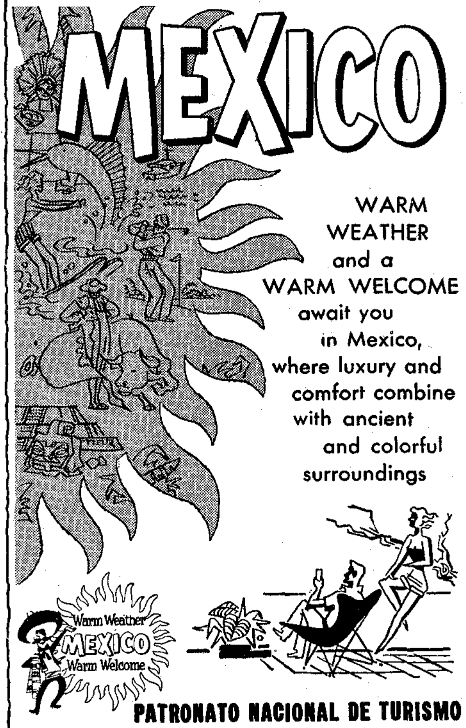

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ume is a fascinating exercise in revelation, not so much personal (Professor Wiener has strong opinions about what is the reader's business and what is not) as mental. One of Professor Wiener's principal contributions to scientific thought is the concept of the impermanence of scientific achievement, and he here elucidates it eloquently. "To me," he says, "logic and learning and all mental activity have always been incomprehensible as a complete and closed picture and have been understandable only as a process by which man puts himself *en rapport* with his environment. It is the battle for learning which is significant, and not the victory." This concept, which led the author to his discoveries in the sciences of computation and control, or "cybernetics," has also led him to a philosophy that might be called a positive, or optimistic, existentialism. As he sums it up, "We are not fighting for a definitive victory in the indefinite future. It is the greatest possible victory to be, and to have been. No defeat can deprive us of the success of having existed for some moment of time in a universe that seems indifferent to us."

THE BOY IN THE MODEL-T, by Stephen Longstreet (Simon & Schuster). An account of a marvellous, Tom Swiftian cross-country trip that Mr. Longstreet made in 1919-20, at the age of twelve, in a second-hand Model T with his mother and his grandfather, who, though nearly eighty, was evidently a combination of Barney Oldfield, Shelley, and W. C. Fields. In addition to travelling roads that often had the texture of old oatmeal, the Longstreets were pulled out of a bog by a shrimp boat, met a three-hundred-pound policeman who fell in love with Mrs. Longstreet, went hawking, had gout, boils, and fever, and bought a great deal of milk glass in Delaware. What keeps this from being a first-rate memoir is Mr. Longstreet's tendency to lapse into bucolic nostalgia, which now and then suddenly reduces his prose to a kind of beery and impassable poetry ("the full black of summer" and "the good earth like a night beast drinking in the rain"). Drawings by the author.

YANKEE REPORTERS: 1861-1865, by Emmet Crozier (Oxford). A stimulating account of the Civil War from the point of view of the men who covered it for Northern newspapers. Mr. Crozier is concerned here chiefly

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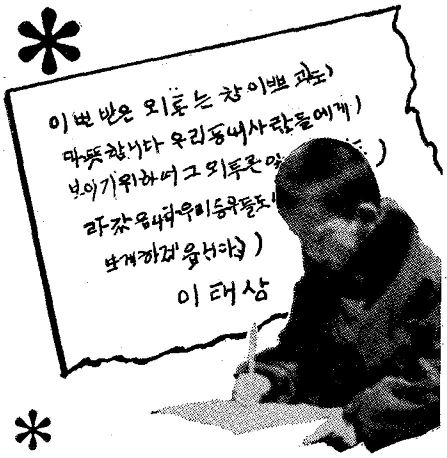
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— Tae Sang

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with the "specials"—the salaried reporters who travelled with the troops, wrote byline stories (or "letters," as they called them), and were the forerunners of the modern war correspondent—and he tells of the difficulties these pioneers had to surmount, such as crippling censorship, rickety communications, and the naked hostility of commanding officers, many of whom looked upon newspapermen as spies and treated them accordingly. In the end, Mr. Crozier says, the reporters proved themselves and made a notable contribution to the victory.

THE COLUMBIA, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Rinehart). The fiftieth volume in the Rivers of America series. Although Mr. Holbrook's study of the Columbia itself—its sequestered origin high in the Canadian Rockies, its wild thousand-mile boxing of the compass, and its eventual majestic plunge through the Cascade Range of Oregon to empty into the Pacific—is rather more impressive than his reconstruction of the fur trading, the salmon fishing, and the *power harnessing that* enliven its brief recorded history, he has produced a generally satisfactory piece of Americana. Maps, and drawings by Ernest Richardson.

•

SIR: I read with interest the news about the new hotel to be built on King St. W., to be called the "Lord Simcoe." Who is this fellow? Can it be the same as our old friend in past history, Governor Lt.-Col. John Graves Simcoe? Has he been given a posthumous honor by being elevated to the peerage, 150 years after his death?

R. S. D.

Toronto

(Editor's note: The company building the new hotel has explained that while they are well aware that Governor Simcoe was no lord, they also operate the Lord Elgin hotel in Ottawa and the Lord Beaverbrook hotel in Fredericton and they want every hotel in their chain to have "lord" in its name.)—*Toronto Star.*

And no nonsense.

•

LIFE IN LAS VEGAS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, Feb. 13 (AP).—Movie actress Terry Moore disclosed today she was married to Eugene McGrath, a Panama and Caracas business man, in Las Vegas, Nev., New Year's Day. . . .

The couple said they were married between courses at a dinner with actress Debbie Reynolds and crooner Eddie Fisher. The other guests were not aware of the ceremony, they said.

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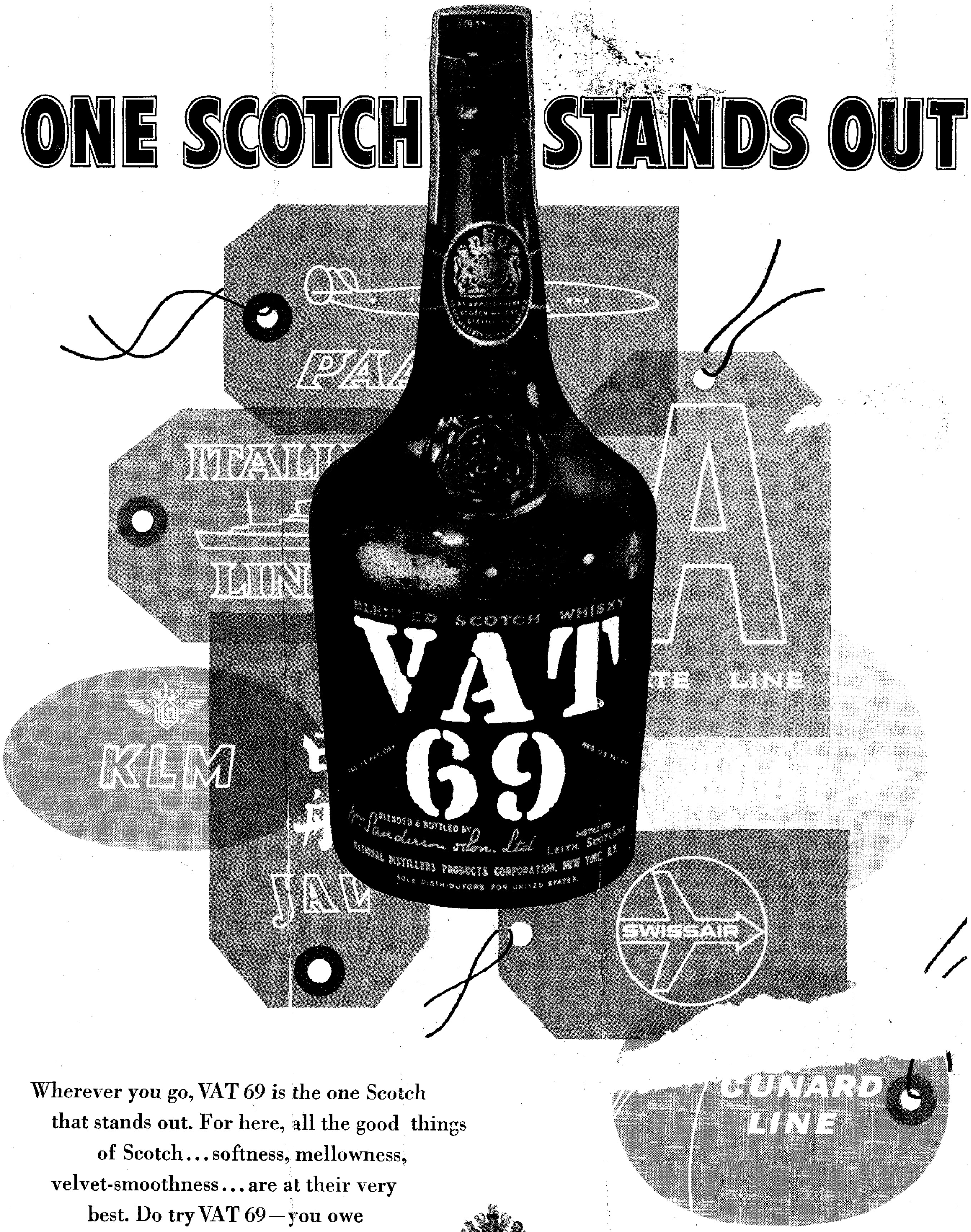
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